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GETTING BREAKFAST.—PAGE 49

FORE AND AFT;

OR, LEAVES FROM THE

LIFE OF AN OLD SAILOR.

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WITH GRATEFUL RESPECT,
THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

To Capt. ELEAZER EDES BRADSHAW,

AND TO THE MEMORY OF HIS BROTHER,

Capt. ROBERT EDES,

BOTH OF CHARLESTOWN, MASS.,
MY EARLY AND MUCH-VALUED FRIENDS.
THE ONE STILL LIVES, A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE OLD
CLASS SEAMAN, MERCHANT AND GENTLEMAN;
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF THE OTHER REPOSE ON ONE
OF THE AZORES ISLANDS; AND WHILE TIME MOULDERS HIS FRAIL RELICS TO DUST, PRECIOUS
MEMORIES REMAIN TO THOSE WHO
KNEW HIM, OF HIS GOODNESS
AND NOBLE CHARACTER.

W. D. P.

Lexington, 1870.

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CHAPTER I.

MY EARLY YEARS.

BORN within a cable's length of the sea-beat shore, inhaling with my earliest breath the atmosphere of Old Ocean, and descended from a line of sailors on both sides of the house, it was not matter of much wonder that I very early manifested a strong love for the sea, and took to the water as naturally as a duck. These manifestations were not pleasing to the "old folks at home," and they did what they could to shape my course in another direction. In vain was I reminded, time and again, that my father's father and his only brother had both perished at sea, that my mother's three brothers had likewise found watery graves, and that of all our many relatives who had taken up with a seafaring life, but one remained living. All these facts had so little effect upon me, that I must have had a natural inclination for the sea; therefore, as the twig was bent, so inclined the tree.

At the commencement of the war with Great Britain, being then about ten years of age, I was an adept in the management of a boat. I spent every hour I could call my own on or about the water, much preferring the study of modelling and rigging ships, climbing the masts, and the like occupations, to the more proper studies to which, at that age, I should have applied myself in the district school-house.

The spirit of privateering was rife in my native town. Some of the first privateers that were fitted out were very successful; everybody that could go seemed eager to be off after John Bull's boats, and why should not I? Oh, for a few years over my head, and a few inches more to my stature! I was daily on board of every craft that was fitted out, was perfectly conversant with the character of each vessel and crew, and more than once tried to stow myself away and get to sea, but did not succeed. Poor foolish boy! the hard realities of the profession came early enough, when, at last, I was enabled to commence my "march upon the mountain wave, my home upon the deep."

One circumstance in relation to the above is quite fresh in my remembrance. The schooner *Liverpool Packet*, an English privateer, had taken many vessels and destroyed many fishing craft and wood-coasters in Boston Bay, and had become quite notorious. One Sunday forenoon, while people were at church, she made her appearance off the mouth of our harbor, having set fire to a coasting-vessel which she had that morning captured. During service the spirited notes of a drum and fife in the streets thoroughly aroused the congregation, who were just diving into "Parson Hartshorn's" sixthly and seventhly, and describing with their heads evolutions similar to those of a ship pitching into a short, head sea. The men and boys started to their legs, and rushed out of the old meeting-house, not standing much upon the order of their going.

This old meeting-house itself retained some mementos in it of a former war, that were rather provocative of a warlike spirit. When the British sloop-of-war *Falcon*, Captain Lindsay, bombarded the town in 1775, two of her twelve-pound shot entered the meeting-house; one, at least, partly penetrated just under the upper deck or singing-loft, and with its ugly face projecting from the plastering, remained there staring at the minister for many years after the second war; the other one took a lower range, and passing entirely through and through the old craft, and sadly raking the upper works of the pews, left its track, which remained, I believe, as long as the house stood.

With some expectation of a second edition of the above work, we rushed out to see what was to pay, and who was to pay it. The "bobbery," as the Chinaman would say, was to raise volunteers to capture the bold Briton. A new clipper brig was lying at the wharf, which had never been to sea. She was intended as a Letter of Marque, and, I believe, had nothing on board but her ballast; her sails were not bent nor her running-rigging rove, neither had she any armament or provisions on board. However, there was a rush to the wharf by captains and mates, dressed in their claw-hammer jackets, flying-jib shirts, and other church-going duds, and sailors with their neat blue jackets, snow-white duck trousers, wide and fringed at the bottom, sailors' pumps on their feet, and snug, well-fitting, shiny hats, with wide black ribbons hanging in ship-shape manner over the larboard bow. Ah, sailors in those days dressed like sailors; now they dress like what they are. Then a sailor with a slouched hat, and pantaloons inside of his boots, would not have been tolerated on a ship's forecastle.

It was soon settled who should take the command. The officers were chosen, and a sufficient crew were soon on the deck of the *Orleans*. In a few hours she was shoved off from the wharf, and was soon in pursuit of the enemy. In the hurry of fitting out, I thought here would be an opening for an enterprising young man to make a beginning; so after helping to pass about the munitions of war and things in general until just before casting off, I watched my opportunity to jump down the after-hatch, and stowed myself away in the cable tier. But, alas! somebody's eyes were upon me. Old Captain "Joe Babson" was sculling about in the hold to see if all was right; and, in violation of all the rights of a free and patriotic citizen, pitched me upon deck in a very unceremonious manner, with an order to "pass that boy ashore." Who could fight for his country after such treatment?

The *Orleans* returned the following day, without being able to catch the prize, and had a narrow escape from being herself caught by a heavy gun brig, who chased her to the entrance of the harbor.

Events followed thick and fast, creating great excitement among the seafaring people, and, of course, highly interesting to the boys. The daily appearance of the enemy's ships-of-war off our harbor, their frequently sending in boats to cut out or burn vessels, their frequent landings and pilferings, kept our people in constant alarm. As the war progressed we anxiously witnessed the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, and the narrow escape of the frigate *Constitution* into Salem harbor with a squadron in pursuit, both of which events were in plain sight from our shores. One day a barge from an English frigate landed and spiked the guns of a small fort at Sandy Bay. The barge, on her retreat, was sunk by the act of her own crew, who put an extra charge in the bow gun, which burst and sunk the boat, and the crew were left prisoners.

I mention some of these incidents, to show how many causes there were to arouse active spirits and create a desire to have a hand in such matters. My propensity for the sea was quickened, but my various attempts to get afloat were baffled; and finally, to secure me from harm, or, perhaps, from harming the enemy, I was packed off into the country, to Dummer Academy, and was kept there till peace was proclaimed. Leaving there, I went to Boston to learn the art and mystery of the printing business, and staid one year; this I did to please my parents, and at the expiration of the year went to sea to please myself.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST VOYAGE.

MY first voyage was in the good brig *Corporal Trim*, in the responsible capacity of cabin-boy. My captain was something akin to "Uncle Toby," and I shall prefer so to call him, for what more suitable master could be found for Corporal Trim than Uncle Toby? He was a kind-hearted old man, who had so much of the milk of human kindness in his bosom that a fly would be safe to torment him, and permitted to escape with a similar ejaculation to that which accompanied my Uncle Toby's fly out of the window. But report said the above milk had been soured in an uncongenial domestic atmosphere, and the old man accepted a command when his age rendered him incapable of performing the duties incident to it. His life at sea had been mostly in the West India and Bilboa trade, and he was esteemed a respectable master for those voyages. The mate was a rough-and-ready sort of fellow, a good sailor and a tolerable officer. The crew, six in number, were all but one from my native place, and all prime seamen.

We sailed from Boston in September, 1816, bound for Cowes and a market. The passage out was pleasant enough, with no events of interest. We stopped off Falmouth and landed our supercargo, who was to go up to London, while we took a pilot and proceeded to Cowes, to await orders. The morning after anchoring at West Cowes, while the crew were washing decks, the boat was got out, dropped astern, and the boy ordered into her to clean her out. Having accomplished my work, the mate, who had a spice of fun in him, called out, "Boy, can you scull?" "Yes, sir." "Well, scull away then," said he, letting go the painter at the same time. "Where shall I scull to, sir?" "Oh, haul in your painter, and scull ashore."

This was just what I wanted. I had been eyeing the shore all the morning, at half a mile distance: everything was new and strange there; a longing desire possessed me to put my foot on it, and here was an unexpected chance to do so. The mate thought I could not scull, but he was mistaken. I let the boat drift almost out of hail before I got ready to get an oar out, and when I was ready, headed the boat to the shore, and made her travel, to the astonishment of Mr. Mate. He shouted for me to return, but I chose not to hear him, and was soon at the pier. Making the boat fast, I jumped ashore, and this was my first advent on foreign soil. Strolling along for about an hour, and enjoying a look at many nice things suited to make a boy's mouth water, but which I had no money to buy, I returned to the *Corporal*, and took a scolding from the mate because I did not return when hailed, and a slight reprimand from my Uncle Toby, because his boots had not been blacked earlier.

We lay here about a week, and then received orders to proceed to Amsterdam. Taking on board a North Sea pilot from the Isle of Wight, we arrived at the mouth of the river Zuyder Zee, on the sand-banks of which the city is constructed, built, as everybody knows, by piles being driven down to obtain foundations. The approach to the city is interrupted by sand-banks, so that in the time of which I write, only vessels of a light draught could get up there; since then, the construction of the Nieuw Diep Canal permits the passage of large-sized ships. The little *Corporal* was hitched on to by the heavy drag-boats, and after much struggling, pulled through the mud of the "Pampooses." With a fine breeze, we ran up in due time, and moored ship close to the city.

The latter part of November we were ready for sea again. Our cargo had been discharged, and as no freights were to be had, we left in ballast for Boston about the 20th. The ballast consisted of old iron, mostly condemned shot and shell and pieces of old ordnance, left by the French when they evacuated the city. The city of Amsterdam has been so often and well described, that I shall only say that it is so intersected with canals, that it comprises nearly one hundred islands, and has two hundred and fifty bridges; vessels pass through drawbridges, and penetrate every street.

Hitherto the voyage had been on a summer's sea, and there had been but little that was disagreeable or hard about it; but now we were bound on a wintry passage across the Atlantic. We were hardly clear of the land before we encountered violent gales and heavy seas, which prevailed most of the time, until our principal sails were split, and our bulwarks much stove. The iron ballast had been placed too low in the hold, causing the vessel to strain and labor dreadfully. We had been lying-to under close-reefed storm-sails five days south of the Isle of Wight; on the sixth, the gale moderated, with a bad sea running and the wind ahead, when we discovered a small craft to the windward, lying-to. We did not dream of seeing a pilot-boat so far off, and in such weather, but such she proved to be. Uncle Toby said, "If that is an Isle of Wight pilot, and I can get him on board, we will run into port and repair damages." Now, we had sustained no damage to make it necessary to put in, and no one on board had anticipated such a thing; but the old man's gin-case was getting dry, and to him that was a serious matter.

Therefore we made signal to the boat, and she bore up for us, heaving-to on our weather-quarter, and reporting herself as a Cowes pilot-boat. A pilot was requested to come on board; but how he was to get to us was the question. No small boat could live in that sea, and the vessels could only approach each other within hailing distance. The pilot-boat, under snug sail, kept to windward, and hailed us to "stand by and throw them a line." Having made his arrangements, he bore away for us, and, luffing up under our quarter, at a distance to prevent collision, we threw the rope, and it was caught. Our vessel was lying-to, with the main topsail aback. We saw an old, small-sized man examine the rope, and then make it fast around his body, leaving about a fathom spare-end, which he made fast to a lanyard of a tarpaulin bag.

"Haul in the slack," shouted the pilot; and we did so. "Stand by to haul in handsomely;" and we stood by. "Haul in," shouted he again, at the same time jumping overboard. We hauled in as quickly as was consistent with safety. Sometimes he was on top of a sea, and the next moment hid from our sight behind it; and finally we safely hauled him and his bag up the gangway. The old sea-dog had no sooner got one leg over the vessel's rail than he squirted the salt-water from his mouth, and took a look aloft. "Fill away the main topsail there. Hard-up your helm," and walked aft to trim the yards, with as much unconcern as if he had stepped on board from a wharf.

The port was under our lee, so, with square yards and a reef let out fore and aft, we were soon spinning towards it; and now, being at leisure, we looked to see what kind of a fish we had hauled on board. He was an old man of over sixty years, and said he had three sons on board his craft, who were all branch-pilots. In reply to Uncle Toby's question why one of them had not come, he said "they were stout, heavy men, and not so easily pulled in."

That afternoon we anchored at Spithead, and remained there about two weeks. A few fresh provisions were laid in, and the schnapps were not forgotten. Uncle Toby had a love for hot toddy, and could occasionally take it cold; but hot in the morning, with a bit of toasted biscuit in it, which he called a frog, he had a particular weakness for. To do him justice, I do not remember that he ever got so much over the bay as to be noticed for it during the voyage.

We left Spithead with a fair wind, that in five days ran us one-third of our passage; after this, continual heavy gales from north-west to south-west kept us under close reefs most of the time, and very frequently we were under bare poles. For twenty-five days we did not make as many miles towards our port. In fifty-six days from Spithead we were up with the Banks of Newfoundland, and in thirty-two days after struck soundings on Georges. From this point, thirty-four hours' fair wind would have run us into port; but we were fated otherwise. During the passage thus far, there had repeatedly been times when the vessel was hove-to, or under very small canvas, and doing nothing, when she should have been under a press of sail, and making good progress; but she was not attended to by those in command, hence the length of the passage, and the troubles that followed.

We were now on our coast, in midwinter; our sails mostly blown away, the spars crippled, bulwarks and stanchions partly gone, the stern-boat washed away, the vessel sprung aleak. We were short of provisions and water, and the ice was making over the vessel. The day after reaching soundings, we had a furious gale from the north-west, and piercing cold weather. While lying-to in this gale, the leak increased. During the night all hands were at the pumps, and even Uncle Toby had his head out of the companion-way. The storm was raging fearfully; the poor little *Corporal* staggering under a close-reefed main topsail, frequently shipping bad seas, and groaning at every joint. No man could be spared off deck. I was ordered by the mate to "take a lantern and go down into the hold, and see if the water was rising there." Passing through the cabin, I got below, but could not get far down, as some of the water-casks had broken loose, and many other articles were travelling from side to side in a dangerous manner. I could hear a tremendous commotion of water, but could not tell whether it was inside or out; what with the clanging of both pumps, the noise of the water rising between the timbers at every roll of the vessel, the fury of the gale above, and the stamping of the men on deck, together with the peculiar service I was on, I was, for the first time during the voyage, frightened, sea-sick, and sick of the sea.

After the vessel was freed from water, the mate went into the cabin to consult with Uncle Toby. The result was that she was put before the wind, the foresail and fore topsail were set, and the *Corporal* was soon marching south, with a quick step, to look for kinder skies. The leak, which was mostly in the upper works, decreased, and we had to pump only about half of the time to keep her free. We supposed the object in running off the coast was to get into the warm water of the

Gulf, to clear the vessel of ice, repair damages, and make another push for Boston Bay; but we reached the thawing-out place, and still, with all sail set, kept steering to the south-east. The crew were wondering what the old man was up to, and finally concluded to deputize old Jack Day to go aft for information. Uncle Toby very kindly informed the people's representative that he was nearly worn out by hanging on the coast and trying to get in, and had concluded to bear away for the West Indies. This was received by the crew with murmurs of discontent. "Trying to hang on," said Abe Low; "the truth is that he hangs on to the gin-cask so long that all his trying is to get into his berth." "We can get into Newport, or New York," said another.

The general feeling, at last, was that of pleasure: we should get rid of the winter; pay was going on, and, if we did not starve before we got in, it was all right. I was not a competent judge of such matters then; but have since been convinced that there was little occasion to abandon the coast as we did. But to the same lack of good seamanship and general good judgment, which was responsible for our long passage thus far, this unnecessary and unwise determination must be attributed.

After passing Bermuda, and before reaching the trade-winds, we were becalmed for about two weeks in the "Horse-latitudes"; and here we lay, day after day, our eyes familiarized to the same fields of Sargossa weed, through which we could not urge our way, — the sails hanging idly from the yards, the pitch oozing from the seams, provisions growing short, and the fresh water becoming anything but fresh. A porpoise, a dolphin, or a shark would have been a God-send, but none came near us. While in this condition it was thought best to muster up all the provisions on board, and see what we actually had, and this suggestion came from the forecastle. It was found that we had one barrel of good bread, one ditto of mouldy, the last barrel of beef was on broach, and less than one hundred gallons of water remained. It was determined at once that the provisions should be equally divided, and that but one quart of water a day should be served out to each man. In the division of the bread, it was suggested by the mate that the boy should have one-third less than the men, and my Uncle Toby was of like mind; but, "No," shouted old Jack Day, "the boy's life is as dear to him as yours is to you, — we'll all share alike"; and we did. Each one had his little bag of good bread, the same of bad, to do with as he thought proper.

A few days after this, we took a light breeze, which fanned us into the north-east trades; we were now steering well to the eastward, calculating to get into the latitude of the Island of St. Bartholomew, well to the windward of it, and then bear away west. Chronometers were not common in those days. A plain quadrant, to get the latitude at noon, was the only nautical instrument on board with which to ascertain our position. As for lunar distances, no one on board knew anything about them, consequently our longitude was pretty much all guess-work. Of course, when we were in the latitude of the island, we had nothing to do but steer west (guessing we were east of it), and keep a good look-out for land ahead. Uncle Toby and his assistant navigator judged we were fifty miles to the east of the island; after running that distance, no land was to be seen two days later; and when we had run over a hundred and fifty miles after bearing away, the Island loomed up before us. When we had made the land the water allowance had been reduced to a pint a day, and it was with difficulty we could use up that, not on account of the quantity, but the quality. The nose had to be held while drinking it, and it would rope when held up with the thumb and finger.

Since that voyage, in over forty years' experience at sea, I have never suffered anything from hunger and thirst compared with my sufferings then. How often did I, in my dreams at night during that time, imagine myself by the green mossy banks of some murmuring brook, with its clear, cool water leaping from the little falls, and gurgling among the dark stones, or spreading itself into thin, clear sheets over a gravelly bottom; how I lay down on the bank to drink, and drank, and drank, and drank, but remained unsatisfied. Then I was away again in the milk-room of the "old farm," where I had spent the happiest days of my boyhood,—the nicely-sanded floor, the spotless shelves, the huge pans of cool, rich milk glistening in a row; how I seized one of the pans and hurried it to my lips, but they refused to be satisfied; and soon the cry of, "You boy, turn out!" disturbed the feast, and dissipated the dream. The remembrance of the dreams of that time is now so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I never see a running brook but I am inclined to do it reverence; and as for the milk-pans, the cat has often been condemned for depredations in disturbing the cream, which might be safely charged to my account.

Kind and considerate Uncle Toby, your advice to me to eat up my mouldy bread first, and keep the best to eat last, as you were doing, I did not heed. My motto was, eat the best first, and then you always have the best; and, to prove that I was right, I will add that, when we reached port, I had just about finished my good bread and he his mouldy. About a week before our arrival we spoke a Dutch brig, bound to St. Thomas, which, at first, was quite cordial to us, but as soon as she ascertained we were in want she hauled her wind and left us. After a passage of one hundred and twenty-one days, we approached the harbor of St. Bart. We hoisted a signal of distress, and were soon boarded by some half dozen boats from the American vessels in port, and supplied with everything necessary for our comfort. Our crew were too much enfeebled to do the work of furling sails and mooring ship, and were not allowed to do anything by our kind countrymen, who did not leave our decks so long as they could find any opportunity of helping us.

Uncle Toby took up his quarters on shore, and left everything on board in charge of the mate. A survey was held on the vessel, by parties appointed by the consul, who decided that the vessel must be hove out for repairs. Accordingly she was placed at the end of the wharf, the ballast put out, the sails and light spars were landed, — stores and provisions there were none, — and the carpenter's gang, with our crew, got all ready for turning the *Corporal's* keel up for inspection. A large purchase-block was lashed to the mainmast head, and the lower block secured to the wharf. A stout fall-rope led to the crab or capstan on the wharf, at which our men and about thirty negroes were heaving. The topmasts were kept up, and the yards were "cock-bill." There was quite a number of spectators on the wharf, men, women, and children. The masts were gradually descending over their heads, as the keel was being turned up in the opposite direction, when the masts snapped off just above the deck, and the vessel was righted in a hurry. This was a careless and expensive job, but the worst of it was, a poor black woman was killed by the falling mast; the blame rested on the master carpenter, who had the sole charge, and who had to put in a new mast at his own expense.

About the middle of April the repairs were all finished, sails and rigging put in good order, the vessel painted from water-line to truck, and all ready for sea; but the Captain thought best to hold on till the first of May, when all fears of bad weather on the coast were past.

We arrived home after a pleasant passage of eighteen days, having been nine months on a voyage which probably could have been accomplished in five, but for the mistaken economy of the owners in putting a cheap captain in command. The apathy of owners and underwriters in this matter is astonishing.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN AFLOAT.

IN September, 1817, I sailed from Boston in the *Pickering*, a fine large brig, bound for the Pacific. Our object was to procure a cargo of fur seal-skins for the Canton market. Our captain was S. B. E., an old sealer and north-west trader, an accomplished seaman and navigator, and also what the sailors would call a "Tartar." We were fitted out for three years. The ship's company consisted of three mates, carpenter and cooper, cook and steward, and eighteen hands before the mast, of whom only four shipped for able seamen, the remainder being green hands. I was the only boy. We had no wages, but went on what is called a "lay voyage"; that is, the crew were to have a certain proportion of the net proceeds of seal-skins and oil, and the earnings of the ship; my lay was one share in one hundred and eighty.

The plan was to leave gangs of men on different islands where fur seal and sea elephant were to be found, to collect the fur of one and the oil of the other. While these collections were making, the vessel was to be engaged in the freighting business wherever it was to be found. For collecting oil we had on board several hundred casks, and material to make others of, and an experienced cooper, with everything needful for his department. We also had in frame, and taken apart, a schooner of fifty tons. She was to be put up at one of the islands, to be employed as a tender, and to ply among the islands. We had five boats, and the usual quantity of other articles for prosecuting such a voyage. Landsmen who were stout and strong were best adapted for the shore business of killing elephant and seal, hence the large proportion of green hands. These were expected to acquire a knowledge of working in boats before reaching the scene of operations, and would also learn something of seamanship.

I was in the last boat that put the owner on shore just before sailing. At parting, he said to us, "Boys, you've got everything on board but cream; that you'll get off Cape Horn." We had been at sea but a few days, during which all hands had been kept at work stowing away the hemp cables and unstocking anchors, putting on chafing gear, etc., when the rules and regulations for the voyage were written by the Captain and posted in the forecastle and steerage; also the scale of allowance of provisions to be served out to the crew, with the minutest detail of everything eatable and drinkable allowed them. The bread was served out every Sunday morning — six pounds to a man. We took our bags aft and received separately all the bread we were to have for a week. The beef, pork, and other things were served out each day as they occurred on the bill of fare. The water, one gallon a man per day, was measured out every night after the decks were cleared up.

In choosing watches, the second mate took me into his watch. Mr. B., our second officer, was an excellent man, and, next to the Captain, the best seaman on board; he took a fancy to me, and was my friend so long as we were together (about three years). He knew how to carry on work to advantage, was prompt in his duty, and permitted no idling in his watch. I was sent to the wheel at the commencement of the voyage, and allowed to take my regular trick, while stout green hands were not permitted there. In short, Mr. B. saw that I was desirous of learning a sailor's duty, and he was determined I should. There was a great variety of work to be done on the passage out with reference to the wants of the gangs who were to be left on the islands, so that all hands were kept on deck every afternoon, and sometimes all day; watch and watch only being allowed us at night. The captain was afraid we should get the scurvy if we were not well worked.

The work we did not mind, but we were not allowed sufficient food. After getting well over sea-sickness, green hands, especially, ate all the meat at dinner which was intended for three meals; consequently for supper and breakfast they had nothing but tea and bread. Sometimes mush was served out for breakfast instead of tea and coffee, and on those days we got along very well. There was no occasion for short commons, as there was an abundance of provisions on board. We divided ourselves into messes of six persons in each; and when the kid of beef, or pork, or whatever it might be, was brought into the forecastle, the caterer of each mess for the week would divide it into six parts; telling one of the others to turn his back to the grub, and, pointing his knife to one portion of it, he called out, "Who shall have that?" An individual was named, and so it was all allotted. There was not always fairness in this: for instance, with an understanding between them, the caterer was first named, and then the caller, for the first two pieces, which were always the best. It was some time before this arrangement was found out; but, as a general thing, the greenest hands got the poorest pieces.

We ran to the eastward until we took a heavy blow from that quarter, and then crossing the Gulf Stream, made good progress towards the Equator. We experienced a heavy gale in the Gulf, with terrific thunder and lightning, and heavy rain. And here we were exercised pretty severely; in the night, all hands were called to reef topsails, and then the royal and top-gallant yards had to be sent down. Of course, bungling work was made of it. This was the first really bad weather we had experienced. Some of the fellows were sea-sick, and had as much as they could do to hold on aloft without doing much else. I could rig, or send down a royal yard, before I went to sea; therefore I got along very well.

After a long job of it, the yards were got down, the rigging all taut, and coiled up, and we were in hopes of hearing the order "go below the watch," as it was our watch below; but no such good luck: we had no "Uncle Toby" on the quarter-deck now. The Captain was not satisfied with the way the work was done. "Keep them up, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Chapman, the chief mate, "and let them strike the top-gallant masts." "Larboard watch up forward, and starboard watch aft," was the order; so up aft I travelled, with the only able seaman of our watch, and one or two others. The night was as stormy as it well could be: it rained in torrents, the brig was under double-reefed topsails, the incessant thunder and lightning was terrific, and the darkness between the flashes seemed double-distilled. We rove the mast-rope, cleared away the rigging, and sung out, "Sway away;" but we could not start the fid. The rascally riggers in Boston had driven it in tight, it had swollen from being wet, and we were about two hours in getting the mast down. The fellows forward were more successful. All hands were on deck all of that night, but the Captain was there too, so nobody could grumble.

As we entered the north-east trades, the weather became fine. All hands had now got their sea-legs on, and the work became easier. The principal occupation for the crew was making seal-pegs. It would require fourteen pegs to each skin to stretch it out on the ground to dry; for this purpose we had on board a great many ash staves, to be converted into pegs about a foot long, and sharpened at one end; so for about a month all hands, in the afternoon, were spread about the forward deck, sawing, splitting, and sharpening sticks. This whittling business was quite agreeable, but we were still pinched in our provisions.

In about sixty days from Boston, we made the island of Trinadada, off the Brazil coast, a barren, rocky place, without inhabitants, and with scarcely any vegetation on it. As our Captain knew that sea-fowls and rock-fish abounded here, a boat was sent in shore in the afternoon, while the vessel was becalmed, to catch fish. She returned after dark, with a fine lot of fish, and reported the wreck of a vessel, partly burnt, lying on shore. There were sails, rigging, etc., scattered about the rocks, and nobody there; therefore the Captain concluded to lie by for the night, and send the boats on shore the next morning, to see what "wee things" were to be picked up. At early daybreak we started for the island, then about three miles distant, with two boats. I was in the chief mate's boat, to which I had been appointed some time before; so that when the larboard quarter-boat was lowered away, I was always to be in her. The boats had always been lowered when it was calm, and the boat's crews exercised at the oars. This suited me, for it was soon found that I pulled as good an oar as any one on board. I was often sent in charge of the boat, to teach those who were green at the business.

During the night we had joined company with the whaling ship *Coquette*, of London, and in the morning found that her boats were pulling in after us. The shores were rough and rocky, and the surf was breaking heavily. The wreck of a brig lay at the water's edge in a small cove open to the swell, and where a boat could not land, but a protection was found under the lee of a projecting point of rocks, where, by watching the chance between the rollers, we backed in, and landed some of the men with a rope to make fast to the shore. One of the boats was then anchored well out, and the shore line hauled taut. The other boat was hauled off and on with ease and safety. I was left at the stationary boat, and while the people on shore were ripping the copper from the wreck, and getting cargoes ready for the boats, the boat-keepers were employed in fishing.

The wreck appeared to be that of a brig of about two hundred tons; from books and papers found about her, it was evident that she was a French vessel. There was evidence that she had caught fire in the vicinity of the island, and that the crew had remained some time on shore, as the tents constructed from the spars and sails still remained, with many cooking utensils, and quite a variety of the vessel's furniture, much broken. The shore abounded with quantities of cheap toys, trinkets, and stuff, which appeared to have been intended for native trade, on the coast of Africa. Our fellows, who landed, came on board loaded with a variety of trinkets of little value, but we got a supply for all hands of pots and pans, spoons, knives and forks, and lamps, which, though much battered, served a good purpose during our voyage.

We returned on board in the afternoon, both boats deeply laden with copper, sails, rigging, and fish; the *Coquette's* boats shared about the same.

One of the crew brought on board, from the island, a lady's slipper, which he found in one of the tents; it was a beautifully embroidered article, of delicate shape and proportions, and was totally different in character from the other things that were picked up. The fellow who found it searched for its mate, but without success. We called it the "Cinderella slipper," and intended to have it hung up in the forecastle in a glass case (if we could get one), as a thing to be held in reverence; but the skipper heard of its marvellous beauty, and demanded to see it, and of course it went to ornament his room. Our common eyes never looked upon this thing of beauty again; but it found its mate in after years, and I will digress for a minute to tell how and where.

Between two and three years afterwards our vessel was at the Isle of France (Mauritius); the Captain was at a dinner-party at the house of a French merchant, and with the lady of the house was examining her collection of curiosities, when his eyes rested on a slipper lying on a mantel, which seemed to him to be a counterpart of the one he had on board. He said as much to the lady. She replied, "If you have the mate to that slipper you must have got it at the Island of Trinidada, for I lost it there some years ago." "It was there I found it," said the Captain, "and I should be happy to restore it to its owner." It was then ascertained that the lady was accompanying her husband on a trading voyage to Madagascar; when near Trinidada, the vessel, from some cause, took fire, which they could not extinguish; they smothered it until they could run the brig ashore, and landed with what they could save. They were taken off by a passing vessel a few months after, and brought to the Isle of France, where the merchant established himself in business The lady, in gathering up her things to leave the island, lost her slipper, which, after long separation, was now restored to its mate.

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.

WE soon left the south-east trade-winds, and as we approached the Falkland Islands, the weather was getting to be cold. Our allowance of provisions had been insufficient in warm weather, and was less satisfying now, as we needed more food to withstand the cold; the allowance, in fact, was really less than heretofore. We now had but five pounds of bread a week; one pound had been stopped, and, in lieu of it, one potato a day was served out to each man. We could not stand this, and chose a man from each mess to go aft and respectfully ask for more. The Captain called the steward, and asked him "if he did not serve out potatoes to the people every day." "Yes, sah, I give them what you told me to, — one potato apiece every day." "Well, isn't that enough for you?" asked the Captain of the poor fellows, who, with their hats in their hands, and not much in their stomachs, stood before the well-fed corporation of our autocrat. "No, sir, it is not enough." "Then, steward, give them half a potato more apiece, and burst the b——s," using a coarse epithet. We had a little addition to the quantity, but nobody burst in consequence.

I was a growing boy, blest with good health, and a corresponding appetite, and required as much, if not more, food than a man. I have frequently taken my week's allowance of bread on a Sunday morning and finished it all before night; others did the same.

One of our able seamen was Mike, an old English man-of-war's-man. He was in the watch to which I belonged, and I think he was a good sailor. When he came on board in Boston he brought with him a man-of-war's-man's clothes-bag, containing all the clothes and duds, of all descriptions, which the fellow owned, and now, when we were three months out, he owned the best chest in the forecastle, well filled with good clothing; and he had, besides, a good mattrass and bedding, and the best stock of boots and shoes on board. The Captain had any quantity of slop clothing, tobacco, etc., that a sailor is likely to want. The store-room was opened on Sunday morning, and he was ready to sell us at sea prices, to be paid at the end of the voyage; but Mike had never patronized the Captain to the amount of a plug of tobacco. Mike, the man-of-war's-man, ate very little bread, but an immense amount of tobacco, and, like most old sailors, did not require nearly so much food as green hands do after they get over their sickness; so that while others would have used up all their bread before the week was half out, Mike would have nearly half of his remaining at the end of the week, and what he had over he was willing to lend us, who were always "short," provided, at the next serving-out day, we paid him at the rate of two biscuit for one, — heavy interest, to be sure, but there were always borrowers enough in the market. Well, Mike set up banking on his own account. Business was brisk with him, and on serving-out day he would sometimes have paid into his bank from ten to fifteen pounds of bread. Having thus secured a capital, and keeping a number of bags of his bread, as a basis, in reserve, he began now to invest his weekly income in something that could not be eaten up.

We were all, or most of us, in debt to the bank, which, like all institutions of that kind, had no mercy for its debtors.

"You can't pay in kind, but I will take clothing, and will begin with a chest to put it in," said our "Shylock." So one poor debtor had to part with a chest for perhaps a dozen biscuit; then jackets, trousers, flannel shirts, tobacco, shoes, etc., followed for a similar consideration, and the contents of our chests and bags were being rapidly transferred to Mike's, at ruinous figures, and much below the home-cost. Those who were getting short of their assets could draw from the Captain's slop-chest to meet their liabilities; and on we went, being ground by the two millstones (the Captain and Mike), and trusting to luck for what might turn up. Mike was bidding fair to become a second Rothschild, and his customers were almost bankrupt. One morning, when it was blowing hard, and we were under close-reefed topsails, and pitching into a head sea, I was at the wheel, just after daylight, when it was discovered that the lanyard of one of the bob-stays had parted. The watch were busy reeving a new one. It was just finished, and Mike was under the bowsprit fastening off the end, when the vessel pitched heavily into the sea, and Mike was washed off. I heard the cry, "A man overboard!" and saw men rushing to throw him ropes. The lee main-brace was coiled up on a pin abreast of me, and, letting go of the wheel, I sprang to the quarter, caught up the coil, and, looking over the side, saw the man abreast of the main chains, floating along aft, apparently unconscious, as he was making no effort to save himself. I threw the coil of rope upon his breast; but he heeded it not, and sank to rise no more, a short distance from the stern. The main-topsail was being backed, and the helm was ordered to be put down; but Mr. B., the second mate, saw it was useless, and the vessel was kept on its way.

The watch below were not disturbed, and knew nothing of the event. Before it was time for my relief from the wheel, I was thinking where my breakfast was to come from. Hunger had overcome my grief for poor Mike: a thought flashed into my mind. I asked the officer to have me relieved from the wheel, and I was soon in the forecastle, overhauling the deposits of the bank. I had opened the chest, and transferred a bag of bread to my own, and was picking out the articles of clothing which belonged to me and had been pledged as collateral, when some of the watch waked up and asked what I was about. I told them that Mike had gone astern, and I was taking quiet possession of what belonged to me. That was enough for them; their berths were soon emptied, and so was Mike's chest, and the chest itself appropriated by the original owner. Thus Mike's estate was promptly settled without reference to the courts, and the heirs were all satisfied. After breakfast (and I had a good one), the captain sent the mate forward to have the dead man's things taken aft; and the bag that the poor fellow brought on board with him was passed up, with but a Flemish account of clothing in it. I do not pretend that the manner of appropriating the goods was strictly legal; but then justice and law are often at variance with each other, and in the present case nobody will say that the Captain had as much right to the property in question as we had. So ended Mike, the man-of-war's-man.

I stated in a previous chapter that I made way with a week's allowance of bread on the day it was served out. This needs explanation — it was thus: the allowance was five pounds, about half of which was due, and had to be paid to Mike; the remainder it was not difficult for a hungry boy to put under his jacket in the course of twenty-four hours. Well, it may be asked, what did you do for bread the rest of the week? We were allowed a gill of rum a day, each man, which was served out at noon, with dinner. At that time this article was considered an indispensable item among ship's stores; but, to the credit of our crew, there were but few, excepting the old tars, that drank their grog. Our merchant, Mike, took all the grog he could get, and drank it, too. I am not sure but that had something to do with his falling from the bowsprit; however, the standing price for a gill of rum was two biscuit. We also had flour duff for dinner two days in a week, and, as on those days we who did not drink could generally exchange grog for duff, it helped us out. The meat for the twenty-four hours was only sufficient for one meal; as a substitute for this, we used the slush from the cook's barrel so freely, to eat on our bread, that the salt slush had to be locked up from us.

It chanced that, one morning, while we were off Terra-del-Fuego, in the latter part of the middle watch, I was relieved from the wheel, and on my way forward sat down under the lee of the galley. The night had been cold and wet, and we had been much exercised; I was wet, hungry, and tired, and the bread bag was empty. I remembered seeing the steward bring up something from the cabin the previous evening, and heard him tell the cook to put it in the oven for the cabin breakfast next morning, and I made up my mind to get it, if I could. "Hunger," it is said, "will break through a stone wall"; and, of course, it was no great job for me, with a marling-spike, to draw a staple and effect an entrance to the cook's galley. This I did, and after overhauling the premises, found the large part of a pudding. Tucking my prize into my bosom, between my shirt and jacket, I went, unobserved by any one, along the lee side of the deck and up the lee rigging into the fore-top, where I sat down, and had what I considered a glorious tuck-out, without any thought or care as to how the bill was to be footed. Our watch went below at four o'clock, and turned in. At seven bells, the watch was called as usual, but with the unusual addition of "All hands muster aft on the quarter-deck." I well knew what was coming; but aft I went with the rest. All hands were ordered to form a line on the lee side; the old man was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, so much excited that it was evident to every one that the subject of his address would not be of a peaceable character. "Now, you scoundrels," he began, "some of you have broken into the galley and stolen my breakfast. I am going to find out who it was, and when I have found him I will flog him till I see his back-bone." Then he put the question: "Was it you?" "No, sir." "You?" "No, sir." "You?" "No," and proceeded down the line. I was at the extreme end, purposely. I did not know but somebody might say "Yes," before I was reached, or, if not, I, being only a boy, might be overlooked; but no such good luck. He came to me with, "Was it you?" On the first taking of the question, I thought it best to vote with the majority, and did so, probably to see what the effect would be. "So you all deny it, do you? You'll get no breakfast then. The matter shall be owned, or you remain as you are." I at once stepped out, and said, "All hands should not be punished for the sin of one. I did it. I stole your pudding." The Captain grabbed me by the throat, and shook me. "You? you young scamp, are you the thief?" "I am that individual." "Then I shall flog you." "Well, sir, you'll flog on a full stomach, that's some comfort." My jacket was pretty well dusted with the rope's end, the crew were piped to breakfast, and that was the end of it. And here I will say that this was the only time I ever received a blow from a captain, or any officer of a ship, in all my sea-life.

It was not long after this that a pig was missing from a litter that was fattening for cabin use. This, also, was charged to the crew. He had been thrown overboard for revenge, the Captain thought, and all hands were punished for it by being kept on deck at extra work. Some weeks after, the pig was found dead in the hold, having tumbled down the hatchway. I know of no other reason for the crew remaining so quiet as they did under such treatment, than that they were mostly green hands, and afraid of the Captain.

After reconnoitering about the Falkland Islands, without finding seal enough to warrant us in leaving a gang there, we ran over to Staten Land, and Terra del Fuego, where for several weeks we had some very hard and dangerous boating about those shores, without bringing the vessel to anchor, and finding the prospect here discouraging, we steered south, for the South Georgia group of islands. We hove to, off Wallis's Island, landed with two boats, and procured about fifty fur seal-skins and a quantity of birds, but the seal not being very numerous, we steered off further south for Sandwich Land, which was considered at that time the southern Thule.

After some weeks of hard buffeting with gales of wind, amidst icebergs and cold weather, we approached near enough to the islands to see that they were covered with snow and ice from the mountain tops to the water's edge; we could not make a landing here, on account of the ice, and quitting this forbidding-looking place, we ran to the eastward, and brought up next at Gough's Island. Here some seal and sea-elephant were found, but not enough to induce us to remain there long. Continuing to the eastward, we next called at the south island of Prince Edward's. Here the prospect of obtaining what we were in search of was much better, but we continued on farther east to the Crozett Islands, and finally came to anchor in Christmas Harbor, at the Island of Desolation. After leaving the South Georgia group we had a long run to the eastward, had crossed the meridian, and were in about 70 degrees east longitude; the Captain, after taking a lunar distance, and working it up one evening, when we were running with a fair, strong breeze, told us to look out for a small, high island, right ahead, called "Blijh's Cap." "At 10 P.M. you will see it, if my reckoning is right." Within five minutes after ten, the look-out aloft sung out, "Land ahead!" The old man's reckoning was right; for, as I have said before, he was an excellent seaman and navigator.

The next day we were at the entrance of Christmas Harbor, and it took us all of one day to beat up to our anchorage. It was, in fact, a deep bay, with bold shores on each side, so that we could stand close in. Throughout the day it was blowing hard, with strong squalls directly out, therefore we had a dead beat to windward. I was kept at the wheel most of the time, which was rather tedious; but as the Captain was pleased with my steering, and spoke many words of kindness and encouragement, I was proud to be there. The next three or four days we were engaged in the boats, looking round to see what chance there was to pick up a cargo. We did not find many seal, but sea-elephant were plenty, and the Captain concluded to leave a gang here, and build our schooner as a "tender," to hunt among the islands of the group. It was blowing hard every day, with white squalls; but the water was smooth, so that the boats could be out and work along the shores. We soon obtained a bountiful supply of birds and fish, and fared pretty well for provisions. There was an inner harbor, into which we intended to warp the vessel, land the material with a carpenter and a gang of men, and then return to Prince Edward's to leave another gang there. This was the plan then decided upon by the Captain, as he graciously informed us; but on the morning of the fourth day it was blowing a furious gale, with white squalls, right out of the harbor; and although it was quite smooth, the vessel made snug, and yards pointed to the wind, the anchor started, and the vessel dragged out to sea with a heavy anchor down, and ninety fathom of chain attached to it. We did not get the anchor to the bow till after dark the following day. The Captain then concluded to abandon Desolation, and return to Prince Edward's, where the prospect was better for our business than any place we had been at.

While lying at Christmas Harbor, I took a pretty cold bath, and came near losing the number of my mess. We had returned to the vessel about dark with our boat, and were hoisting her up. I had remained in the boat to hook her on; she was nearly up, and I was stooping down to take out the plug from the bottom to let the water out, when the stern tackle fall parted, and the end of the boat fell into the water, pitching me overboard. The tide was running very strong, and swept me astern. The water was cold, the thermometer being just above zero; I was thickly clad, and with heavy boots on I could not begin to stem the current, although a good swimmer. Therefore my only effort was to keep above water until a boat could reach me. This I found a difficult task. I was chilled through, and about sinking, when the bow-man grabbed me, and hauled me into the boat. On this occasion the Captain treated me with the utmost kindness. I was taken into the cabin and well cared for.

CHAPTER V.

MY ISLAND HOME.

WE arrived at Prince Edward's Island again, in due time, and as it became my home for over two years, I will give some description of it.

Desolation was an appropriate name for the island we had been driven from, and it would answer equally well for Prince Edward's. Indeed, the advantage was on the side of the former, as it contained a good harbor, while the latter afforded not even safe anchorage. There are two islands here, about fifteen miles apart, lying nearly north and south from each other, and in about latitude 47 degrees south and longitude 37 degrees east. The south island is the largest, being about thirty miles in circumference, extending its greatest length north and south. Near the middle, and running through its entire length, is a range of uneven, ragged mountains, destitute of vegetation, and covered with perpetual snows.

The mountains on the western part approach near to the sea, terminating in precipices; while on the south-west side there is a gentle ascent from the shore to the foot of the mountains. There are many deep gulches and streams of water, terminating on sand beaches at the shore, with level spots in the rear, which, during certain seasons, are literally covered with immense collections of penguins, which, in the time of breeding, spread over hundreds of acres so thickly, that one cannot pass through without first opening a road by knocking them over with clubs.

The beaches, and, for half a mile from the shore, the outlets of the valleys, contain great numbers of sea-elephant. The fur-seal, formerly very numerous, were now much thinned off; millions upon millions of aquatic birds burrowed in the banks; geese and albatross were scattered in all directions over the low lands, bordering the shore; the cliffs and beaches were alive with flocks of large, white pigeons. There was also a large brown bird, which is called by sailors "Peemow," which we found to be a troublesome customer; also, a large, gray, filthy sea-bird, which we named the "Blubber-Dragger," a kind of sea-vulture. The habits of all these birds are carnivorous. There was neither tree, bush, nor shrubbery of any kind on the island; all the vegetation it produced was a stunted grass, in the valleys, and a kind of skunk-cabbage and tussock on the sheltered banks.

The island had the appearance of volcanic origin; at a distance of two hundred yards from the shore it was encircled by a broad belt of long grass, or kelp, which grew in deep water, attached to the rocks at the bottom; some of this was as large as a man's arm, and fifty or sixty feet long; there was not the least shelter for a vessel to anchor in with safety, consequently we had to keep under weigh while landing the material to be left for the gang.

The whole appearance of the place was forbidding in the extreme.

The land animals were a few live hogs which were propagated from a couple left there by our Captain on a former voyage, and the whole island was infested with common house-mice, which had also been introduced from some sailing vessel, probably with the stores of the gang; and they had multiplied until their name was legion. They thickly populated the beaches, and inhabited the caves; they burrowed with the birds in the banks, and were found among the snows of the mountains. Of fish there was not much variety, and only one kind of which we could obtain any considerable quantity. This was a species with head and horns, somewhat resembling our American sculpin, and was good eating. These, with cockles and muscles, were about all we found in the way of fish.

Having pitched upon a spot on which to set up our works, we commenced boating the casks on shore, — which, for snug stowage, had all been shooked and packed in bundles,— wooden and iron hoops, heading, etc., try-pots and coolers, and, in short, all the material for sealing and oiling. As the weather was quite tempestuous (a gale of wind blowing about one-third of the time), it was quite slow work. There being no anchorage where we could hold on with the cables and anchors we had, it was necessary to keep the vessel as close to the landing-places as possible, and work sharp with the boats while the weather would permit, as the vessel could not long retain her position in shore. She would frequently be driven off to sea, and sometimes three or four days would elapse before she would get back and resume operations. While the vessel was thus absent from the islands, and out of sight, there was always a boat's crew left on shore. The first mate, Mr. Chapman, was the officer who was to be left in charge of the gang, therefore his boat and crew were the ones that remained. I belonged to his boat, and, of course, was on *terra firma* while the landing was going on, but it was not decided, or known to us, who the gang were finally to be. We were short of "grub" on board; while on shore we could cook and eat to our heart's content.

About the first time we landed on this island, at our first visit, it was at early morning, and with two boats; the object of the visit being to hunt wild hogs in the mountains. We had left the brig by daylight, three or four miles distant from the land. The boats were hauled up on the beach, and I was left alone to take care of them, and also to cook breakfast, and have it ready for the party on their return; for this purpose we had cooking utensils belonging to the boat, also tinder-box, matches, and a little kindling stuff, which were always secured in a tarpaulin bag. About the beach where we landed, and on the rocks in the vicinity, were probably forty or fifty sea-elephant lying in groups, regardless of our presence. The mate ordered me to "kill an elephant, take off his blubber, and make a fire, using the blubber for fuel, and then take out his tongue, heart, and liver, and fry them in oil," which of course was to be obtained from the blubber. Receiving instructions how to kill the "critter" with a lance, I was left alone to get a breakfast for ten men. I knew nothing of the habits of the elephant, had never seen one killed, and there I was, with a lance two feet long on a pole-staff of four feet, a seal-club, a butcher's knife and steel, with orders to kill, butcher, and cook one of those enormous beasts, the smallest of which looked as if he could dispose of me at a meal. After the boats' crews were out of sight I took a survey of the amphibious monsters, and selecting the smallest one, commenced the battle according to orders. When I hit him a rap on the nose he reared up on his flippers, opened his mouth, and bellowed furiously. This gave me a chance at his breast; plunging my lance into it in the direction of where I thought his heart ought to be, I sent the iron in "socket deep." This was all right so far, but I was not quick enough in drawing it out again, and stepping back. He grabbed the lance by the shank with his teeth, and drawing it from the wound, gave it a rapid whisking round; the end of the pole hit me a rap on the head, and sent me sprawling. I picked myself up, and with a sore head took a survey of the enemy; he had not retreated, but retained his partly erect position, bleeding and bellowing, while his companions in the vicinity joined in the roar, but without moving off, or attacking me.

The brute chewed and twisted up the lance, so that it was of no farther use to me, and the wound did not seem to affect him much, although he bled freely. What was to be done next? "Kill, make a fire, and cook," said the mate, as if the order had been given to the cook on board ship, and the materials were all ready at his hands. Well, there was the fuel, and the food all alive before me, and unless I could transfer it to the fire and the frying-pan, I should get no breakfast,— that was certain,— and I might get another clip in the head from the mate, if I had nothing cooked for him on his return. My next resort was to the seal-club. With this I managed to beat the poor creature's eyes out, and then, fastening my knife on the pole, I lanced him until he was dead; pounding him on the head with a heavy club, with an iron ring on the end, produced about as much effect on him as it would have done on the rock of Gibraltar. The animal was about nine feet long, as large round as a bullock, and he was the smallest of the lot. I killed scores afterwards with ease, but my first lesson was a hard one. Taking a strip of blubber from his back, I proceeded to make a fire upon the rocks. With the chip kindlings it was soon started; and small strips of blubber being laid on at first, and then larger ones, a good fire was quickly under way, and the frying-pan filled with huge slices frying out. The elephant was lying on his belly, and had to be turned, to get at what I wanted to cook; but I could not turn him without cutting him in two. After much labor this was effected, and the tongue, which was about ten pounds in weight, and a portion of the liver, were got ready for the pan. The first panful was well fried, and invested under my own jacket, and a glorious feast of fat things it was; then pan after painful was got ready for my expected company, and when they arrived they sat down to a meal to which ample justice was done. The party had run down, killed, and skinned a hog, and cutting the meat into pieces which they could handle, brought it to the boats.

In about a month from our arrival, everything was landed, and the vessel was ready to leave. I expected to stay in the vessel, and a list was made out of those who were to remain on the island, with the chief mate, but a sad event befell us, which changed the whole programme.

At one time when the brig was blown off, and Mr. C. and the boat's crew remained on shore, we had been occupied in putting things to rights, and occasionally, when the weather permitted, in exploring the shores with our boat in pursuit of seal. The mate was a stout, large-framed man, about forty-five years old, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds, and of fine proportions, daring and reckless, but of more courage than judgment. On one of these excursions we came to a beach, composed of large stones, on which some twenty seal were lying. The surf was too heavy to beach the boat; therefore we were ordered by the mate to back in, so that he could jump out and kill the seal, while we should keep outside the surf and be ready to take him off with the seal-skins, when he got them ready. In pursuance of this plan, we watched a chance, and, backing in the boat, he jumped out, while we pulled off to await his movements. Just above where the mate jumped on shore, there was lying, with his head towards the boat, and watching the intruders with apparent unconcern, an old "whig" seal, *i. e.*, a male seal. On landing, the mate happened to step on a slippery stone, and on turning round to give us some orders in the boat, he slipped and fell on his back. At that instant the old whig leaped towards the fallen officer, seized him by the middle, and holding him up (with as much ease as a cat would a mouse) made for the water. Plunging through the surf, and coming to the surface outside of the rollers, he swam about with him, occasionally giving him a shake and pushing him under water, as if in frolic, while we pulled after them. It was evident the mate could not stand such sport a great while, but the seal's hold was only on the clothing, and that giving way, left the animal with a mouthful of cloth, and the mate was at liberty. We picked the man up uninjured, but furious, and the seal, after a while, returned to the shore, crawled up, and laying his head down, went to sleep.

After repairing damages, the mate sang out "Back in again," and, returning to the charge, with a single rap with his club over the nose he left the old whig straightened out. In two minutes more, he was minus his jacket. We succeeded in getting the mate off again, with about twenty skins. This little affair was but the prelude to a sad accident which befell us the very next day, occasioning the loss of the mate and two of the boat's crew, and two boats. Before detailing this sad event, I will give some description of the locality where we had established our head-quarters.

On the south-east side of the island, which was also the lee side, as the prevalent winds were from west to north-west, was a snug little cove formed by a ledge of high, flat rocks projecting about three hundred feet from the beach on one side, and on the other a high bank terminating in a bluff point towards the sea, extending some distance beyond the rocks, leaving a fine pebbly beach between the points where the water was generally smooth; it was a semicircle, with a broad margin of beach all around, with a perpendicular bank in the rear about two hundred feet high. Above this bank there was a gentle slope of some miles towards the mountains. In the front of the bank facing the cove and sea was a large cave, the top of which was about a hundred feet below the surface, the depth about seventy or eighty feet in the centre of the front, a hundred and sixty feet wide at the entrance, extending back from the face of the bank about ninety or a hundred feet. It was nearly a regular arch. The walls and roof were of dark sandstone, partly firm and compact, and partly of a friable character; small fragments of stone were frequently detached by falling rains, which composed a flooring of coarse gravel, with a slant towards the sea. Building up a stone breastwork in front, we levelled off a good flooring, and had room to put up a hut on one side for the mate and cooper; on the other, a hut for the boat's crew; between the two, and against the back of the cave, was the store-room. In front of all, and extending to the edge of the breastwork, a plank platform was laid down for the cooper to work on. The cook's galley was established on one side, adjoining the men's hut below the wall; in front, we had set in brickwork two large try-kettles and a large cooler, with all the appropriate fixtures for cutting up and trying out blubber. The huts were framed of wood, covered with dried and well-cleaned skins of young elephants, with doors, windows and berths arranged ship fashion, having room for the table, chests, etc. The cave being quite open in front, the sun shone into the back part of it for about six hours of the day in summer, and two hours less in winter, so that we had good light, with a fair proportion of sunshine, and could make ourselves quite comfortable in any weather. On one side we had a pathway constructed, leading up the bank to the level surface over the cave; alongside of this pathway was an ever-rushing fall of excellent water. This was the only place on the island combining so many favorable features for our business, and, very fortunately, it was located just where we wanted it.

At the time of the mate's tussle with the seal, the vessel was blown off, and out of sight, and we did not think she could get back for a number of days. There were on shore, besides the mate and four of us, composing the boat's crew, Bob, the cooper's mate, who was at work on the casks, and Joe, a yellow fellow, who was officiating as cook. On the morning of the day in question, we — that is, the boat's crew — after breakfast, went down to the beach, launched the boat as usual, and were seated in her, waiting for the mate. We were bound on a trip after seal: the wind was blowing hard off the land, but it was smooth water, under the lee of the island, and we were anticipating a good hunt. When the mate made his appearance, Joe, the cook, came with him. I was ordered to remain at the cave and do the cooking for that day, Joe taking my place in the boat. Up to that time, this boat had never been manned, or put upon duty, when I was not in her; mine was the after oar, the one of honor in the boat. I felt a pride in it, and felt hurt at the change, but it was no use to say a word, therefore I obeyed in silence. In about an hour after the boat left, having got the dinner in a fair way, I went up on the bank, over the cave, to see if the brig was in sight. No vessel was to be seen; but, looking up along shore, I saw a boat, bottom up, with a man on her, holding on to the rock kelp, about half a mile from the cave. I concluded, at once, that our boat had been capsized, and that all were drowned but that one. By good luck, the stern boat of the brig had been left on the island when she was last blown off. It was the first time a spare boat had been left on shore over night. This boat was a heavy, square stern "jolly boat," and she lay, bottom up, at the back part of the beach. I hastened down, and telling Bob of the state of affairs, we decided at once to launch this boat, and save our shipmate. After much exertion, we got the boat into the water, and then found there was not a single oar to be had. Bob was a fat, clumsy fellow, green as green could be in all that related to ships or boats, and, consequently, about as awkward on a boat as a cow would be on the ice. Picking up some strips of board for paddles, we shoved off; the wind was blowing very strong from the land, therefore we had no trouble in getting to the man, but how we were to get back was for after consideration. This lone man we found to be Dexter, one of the green hands, and the only one of the boat's crew that could not swim. After taking him off, Dexter said that some oars had drifted off to leeward, which belonged to the capsized boat, so we paddled off to get them, as we could not reach the shore again with our paddles, against the strong wind then blowing. In order to do this, we had to leave the safe moorings of the kelp; although we were not a quarter of a mile from it when we reached the oars, it took us two hours to get back. Making fast to the kelp, we concluded to hold on there until it moderated, before we attempted to put to the shore. While lying here, Dexter gave the following account of the accident:

Pulling along shore, they were passing a sunken reef on which the sea was occasionally breaking; the mate thought he could cross it, between the rollers, but was caught by the breakers; the first one threw the oars from the outer row-locks, and washed them away; the second breaker capsized the boat. She then drifted to the kelp, with all but one of the crew hanging to her. Poor Tom

Allen was drowned under the boat. After getting to the kelp, where they could hold on and prevent drifting farther out, they attempted to right the boat, but did not succeed. The shore was only about two hundred yards distant, but it was precipitous and rocky, with a sea breaking furiously against the cliffs. The mate asked if they could all swim. All answered "Yes," but Dexter. "Then," says he, "follow me for the shore — we can easily reach it; but, Dexter, you hold on to the bottom of the boat." Accordingly the latter hauled some long kelp on to the boat, and, while holding on there, was an observant witness of the fate of the others. The mate was the first one to reach the shore; he was carried in on the top of a high wave, dashed against the rocks, and again carried off by a refluent wave. He was now joined, outside of the breakers, by the other two; watching a favorable opportunity, they all three went in again towards the shore, on the same wave. The mate was thrown part way up the cliff, and held on for a few minutes, but the next sea took him off again. He soon gave up, and sank. Joe, my substitute, was dashed against a cliff, a little higher up than the mate, and was probably killed, as he was not seen again after falling back into the water. The other one, Topham, was thrown just over clear of the top, and was landed where he could hold on, if alive, but, as Dexter did not see him move away, he thought he was also killed.

We hoped the wind would lull before dark, but as there was a prospect of its blowing harder, after we had rested we let go our moorings, and pulled for the shore. We could not get back to the cove from which we started, and found we must beach the boat on a place where the shore was rocky and the surf bad; we put her head for the shore, and went in on top of a roller. The first one left us just short of the rocks; the second wave broke as it struck the boat square in the stern; the boat was thrown completely over end on to the rocks, and we were scattered in various directions, but succeeded in getting clear, with little injury. The undertow took the boat off, and used her up in the breakers. Thankful for our narrow escape, we went to see what had become of Topham. After much search, we found him in a gully in the rocks, lying down, some distance from where he landed, much bruised, and not wholly conscious of what had taken place. We helped him to the cave, stripped and rubbed him, and put him to bed, where, after a few hours' sound sleep, he was quite restored. Dexter escaped whole, but terribly frightened. We made a diligent search for the bodies for many days afterwards, but without success; they were probably taken by the "killers," a large, ravenous fish that are the terror of the elephant and seal, and also of the whale, which they sometimes destroy; hence their name.

On the return of the vessel the landing of the balance of the stores and equipments was completed, and now the party to be left were named. I was on the list, and as my favorite officer and good friend, Mr. Burnham, was to command the party, I was not sorry to go with him. Another inducement was, that on shore we should have plenty to eat and drink, while those who remained on board had no prospect of any improvement in that respect. At length we took leave of our shipmates on board, the vessel filled away on her course to the Isle of France, and we returned to commence our "Robinson Crusoe" life on a desert and desolate island.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW WE LIVED.

OUR party consisted of eight persons — the executive officer, Mr. B., the cooper and his mate, four others, composing the boat's crew, and myself, who was cook, steward, and Governor's Secretary. In my last capacity I had to keep the general record of events that transpired, noting the wind and weather each day, how all hands were occupied, the number of animals killed, the gallons of oil tried out, etc., and was required to write up the log every evening. I also had my quarters in the officers' hut, while the others had their own hut, and messed together.

The Captain said he would return for us in nine months, when he hoped we would have a cargo ready for him. Ship-stores were left us for one year, at the same rate of allowance we had on shipboard, excepting meat; that we were to provide ourselves, and this was no very difficult job, as we had an immense poultry yard close at hand, and had only to choose between albatross, solan geese, pigeons, peemow, gony, ground-birds in great variety, and penguins of four kinds. Elephants' tongues and young seal were also very good eating.

During the season of eggs, we could have loaded a ship with them; and, by putting them in oil, could preserve them until the next season of fresh ones. A musket and ammunition were left us, but we had no occasion to use them, as the birds were taken by hand, or knocked over with clubs; "their tameness was shocking to me." To illustrate this: I was with a party one day on a hog-hunt; wherever we went, we were attended by flocks of peemows soaring over our heads, screeching, and occasionally darting at us, striking with their wings. Being birds of prey, we supposed they thought that we were about to furnish food for them in some shape or other, and were eager for the feast; yet I could not imagine why they selected me to pitch into above the others. Although I killed many of them with my club, I had hard work to keep them off, getting severe slaps about my head from their wings, while they scarcely troubled the others; but the mystery was solved by one of the thieves making a pounce at my head, and flying away with my cap in his claws. My cap was new, of a bright red color, and they probably took it to be a piece of bloody meat; hence their partiality for me. However, they all took their departure with my cap, and as long as we could see them they were stealing the prize from each other, and finally disappeared with it in the direction of the mountains.

Having lost all my notes by shipwreck, after leaving the island, I am unable to give any dates, and must trust to recollection. We had been but a short time on shore, when our duties were well defined, and the work went on with regular ship discipline. All hands were called at daylight; the cooper and his mate went to their particular work, the boat's crew ground their knives and lances, and made the boat ready to start after breakfast, to get a load of blubber, and what seal-skins they could find. Mr. B. was always in charge of the boat; I, having charge of the store-room and galley, had to be up first, to get breakfast ready. We had no night-watch to keep, and we had a reprieve from the calls to "reef topsails, or tack ship," of dark, cold, stormy nights. The change, at first, was quite pleasant.

The eastern side of the island afforded such numbers of elephants, that for the first six months we had to go but a short distance from our rendezvous to load the boat. Sometimes, when the weather was good, two or three trips a day could be made, with the boat filled to the thwarts with blubber. When the weather did not permit boating, the crew were employed in cutting up and trying out at the rate of from four to five hundred gallons per day. In stormy weather, or when a heavy surf was running, so that the boat could not be launched, the work was prosecuted by bringing the blubber from where it was to be had to our try-works, the men cutting it into long strips, each one as much as a person could carry. This was laid across the shoulders as a lady wears her tippet, the ends hanging in front, just clearing the ground; the skin, of course, was next to the person, with a couple of slits in front for the hands; thus the transportation, for a mile or two, was not very hard.

The sea-elephant were classed by us as bulls, cows, and calves. The largest of the former were from twelve to eighteen feet in length, and ten to thirteen in circumference; in general appearance, they were very similar to the hair-seal about our coast, only much magnified. They had large heads, which bore no other resemblance to a land elephant, than in having a considerable trunk, or nozzle, hanging over the mouth. The cows were about half as large. There were two seasons when the cows came on shore very fat, their blubber being from six to nine inches thick. One of the seasons was when they landed to bring forth their young; at this time they remained from two to three months; and again when they came on shore to shed their hair, when they remained some time longer. They would then crawl back into the valleys, at a considerable distance from the shore. Selecting a wallowing place, they would lie there for two or three months, without moving their length, living on the exuberance of their fat. During this time, the old coat of hair would give place to a new one, and the animals would be reduced to skeletons, when they would worry down to the beach, and put out to sea. These animals were not difficult to kill, being very clumsy, and slow of motion. The method was to approach them in front, with a rap on the nose, to make them rise up on their flippers, then to lance them a few times through the heart; they are very full-blooded, and would sometimes be half an hour in dying, with a number of lance-holes through the heart. The blubber was taken off in wide strips from head to foot, the tongue taken out, and the carcass left for the birds, who would clean and polish the bones in a few days; the animal would average over half a barrel of oil, some of them yielding two.

The fur-seal are a different animal; of the average size of a large Newfoundland dog, they have a thick, rich, beautiful fur, about an inch long, of a light brown color, covered with a coat of shiny black hair, or silver gray; they have a head resembling that of a grayhound, are very rapid in the water, can leap their length on shore, and make their way over slippery rocks faster than a man can. They come on shore for the same purposes as the elephant. We killed them with clubs. A single blow across the nose is sufficient to bring down the largest, when they are finished with the touch of a knife under the flipper; the knife is then passed round the head and flippers, and the skin being slit from head to tail, in front, it is taken off with much ease. When taken to our rendezvous, the skins were beamed with a currier's knife, and stretched out on the ground in proper shape to dry, fourteen pegs being put in each skin.

Every day of the week, except Sunday, without regard to weather, was occupied in pursuing the objects of the voyage. Sometimes the work was very hard, especially in the boat; but, upon the whole, not more so than on shipboard, and then we had all night to sleep and rest in, and plenty to eat.

On the Sabbath no work was called for, except before breakfast; our officer was too good a disciplinarian not to find a substitute for washing decks (the usual Sunday morning job on board ship), so there was always oil to fill, skins to be pegged out, or turned, or, in the absence of anything else, all hands were called to see the sun rise. Something must be attended to on Sunday before breakfast, to quiet the conscience of the mate; but after the meal, the hands having been mustered for inspection, in clean clothing, no other duty was required for the day, unless there should be some one who failed to pass muster by lack of cleanliness in person, or clothing; in that case, the delinquent was packed off to bring in an extra load of blubber on his back before he could have his dinner. Poor Bob, the cooper's mate, how many of these Sunday morning trips you had to make before you learned to make the right application of soap and water! We were not without books, and the day was usually spent in washing, and mending our clothes, and reading. Making moccasins was another job which had to be attended to that day. We found that common boots and shoes were entirely unfit for our shore-work, but that moccasins made of green hide of the seal or elephant, were just the thing. We first cut a piece of fresh green skin oblong and oval, the size of the foot, with a suitable margin to punch holes in all around the edge; a string was then rove in the holes, and the skin drawn up snugly over the foot, with the hair inside; with these we used dried grass instead of stockings, thus keeping our feet very comfortable. Whenever, in travelling, our feet became wet and cold, we had only to find a bunch of dried grass, and were all right again; or when a hole was worn in our moccasins, the nearest elephant furnished a pair, and it took but a few moments to transfer them from his neck to our feet.

In my capacity as cook and caterer, I was not much confined to head-quarters, as I had not only to cook the meat, but also to furnish most of it. Three or four afternoons in the week, after having done up the work about the galley and having set things to rights in the officers' hut, like a good housekeeper, I would go on my hunt for meat, to serve for the next day or two. My equipments were a seal-club on my shoulder, and a sealing-knife in a sheath buckled to my waist, a strap of which was rove through a ring on the handle of a butcher's steel, which hung by my side ready for use. Having decided what game to take, I had only to proceed to our poultry-yard, where I felt sure it was to be found. If it was to be albatross, they were to be found sitting about on the most level and grassy places; they would seldom rise, or try to get away; therefore, to knock down as many as were wanted, rip the skin open, cut off the breasts and thighs and sling them on my club, and return to the cave, would generally occupy a couple of hours. The meat thus obtained would be about four pounds from each, but of the young birds the whole carcass was taken. The solan geese were to be found in abundance in their quarter. If ground birds or gonys were wanted, they abounded in and about the banks. There were large pigeons that lived on the beaches and about the rocks in great numbers; they were rather larger than our wild wood-pigeon, and equally good eating. Their plumage was entirely white, legs red, bill black; they were tame as our domestic fowl, and abundant through the year, following us in flocks on the beaches wherever we went, and feeding on the carcass of an elephant while we were taking the blubber from it. About the try-works we had to cover up everything they could eat; or, if our hut doors were left open, they would be sure to commit depredations on our chests and beds.

If fish were wanted, we used to go to the beach when the surf was breaking, and throw a piece of fresh carcass into the water; the fish would come for it with a rush, the surf would throw them on shore, and we had only to pick up what we wanted.

To vary the scene, I was sometimes allowed to change work with one of the boat's crew, and also to go on excursions by land to hunt for seal, in some of which the party (generally of two persons) would be absent a week or more; the intervals between the elephant seasons we occupied in sealing, frequently backing the skins twenty miles.

We had been on the island, after the departure of our vessel, about four months, when we had a call from visitors. One day, two of our party were on the opposite side of the island, hunting hogs, when they saw a brig in the offing approach and send a boat to the shore. Our people met them, went on board and passed the night, and the next day piloted the vessel to our rendezvous. She proved to be the *General Gates*, of Boston, on a sealing voyage. The Captain and sealing-master came on shore, and passed the night with us. We were too lately landed to be in want of anything, but at parting the next day, they put a dog and a cat in our boat, both of which we highly prized, as long as we had them. The cat was very useful in freeing the cave from mice. After a few months' residence with us, she took a notion to ramble away, and probably got frightened by the ground-birds, who at night burrow, and keep up such a tremendous squalling that it is enough to frighten cats or human beings who might land here in the night, without a knowledge of the inhabitants; be that as it may, pussy never returned to us. She became wild. Sometimes, in months after, we had glimpses of her, far inland; but, on sight of us, she would bound away. The dog, "Jack," we had become much attached to; he was my constant companion in my hunts, and of good assistance in rooting out ground-birds. He was with us almost a year, when one day, in digging a bird from a hole in a high bank, over the sea-shore, the bird got him by the nose, causing poor Jack to back astern in such a hurry that he went over the precipice and was killed on the rocks below. He had a decent burial, and was mourned as a friend.

The long evenings of the first winter we passed pleasantly enough. A good portion of a cargo of oil was ready for the vessel, and we were confident of having everything that could hold oil filled by the time of her return. Our quarters were well lighted by lamps obtained from the French wreck; we also made others by filing off one end of a shell of an albatross egg, which was rather thick, and would contain half a pint of oil; a cotton rag was suspended in it for a wick; a half-dozen of these hung up in each hut, gave a cheerful appearance to our domiciles.

Various methods were resorted to for amusement, all of which were promoted and encouraged by the "Governor and suite." We had no theatricals other than the reading of plays and dialogues, in which all took a part. Songs were sung, and jokes cracked. Bob, the cooper's mate, had an old violin, on which he scraped out what he called tunes. The evening was usually closed with a "shave her down" on the cooper's platform, then we smoked our pipes and turned in. We were happy and contented among ourselves, and everything went with a will, whether at work or play. As for smoking, we all smoked. I believe the most ultra lecturer that ever denounced the use of the weed, would have smoked it had he been there. Our pipes were a curiosity: the bowl was a large elephant's tooth, about four inches long, hollow from the lower part, half way up; a hole was bored, and the small wing-bone of an albatross inserted for a stem. In the course of a year, our supply of tobacco gave out; the deprivation we felt to be very great. The greatest sufferer was the old cooper; he was the only one that chewed. After his supply failed, and he had bought, begged, and picked up every bit he could find, he was obliged to finish off by cutting up and chewing every old pocket he could obtain that had carried tobacco in it.

Among the stores which were left us was a demijohn of rum. It had remained untouched for many months. Our grog was stopped when we left the vessel, but that was no deprivation to most of us. The Governor did not drink, but his Lieutenant did (when he could get it). Now his tobacco was gone, he was seized with a longing desire to take a nipper of grog. Being left alone in the cave one afternoon, when the boat was away, and I was out looking for the next day's dinner, the cooper sent his mate out of the way, and, going into the store-room, took a pull at the demijohn, and also filled a bottle. Returning unexpectedly, I found him just leaving the premises, with the bottle under his jacket. He threatened me with vengeance in case I revealed anything to the Governor. I promised to say nothing about it if he would not repeat the offence, and I should not be questioned; but on the mate's return, and entrance to the store-room, the smell of rum was too palpable to escape his notice. As I was closely questioned, I had to tell all I knew. Nothing was said on the subject to the cooper, but he was sent away by the mate on some frivolous duty, and we hunted the cave over to find the bottle, ransacking the berths, chests, and every conceivable place where it could be hid, but without success. The matter was passed over in silence, although the cooper knew he was suspected. We kept a sharp look-out for the bottle, but it never after made its appearance, neither were there any indications while we were on the island that the individual put any more rum to his lips; but that bottle was found twenty-seven years afterwards, and it came to my knowledge in this way:

Many times in my life, in roaming over the globe, I have been brought in contact with persons of whom I had no previous knowledge, and in whose history or experience I could not conceive that there was anything that concerned or would interest me; but sitting down, as sailors often do, to compare notes, long-past events of mutual interest having accidentally been touched upon, subjects have been revived, explanations and developments made, which we little dreamed of. Among seamen, such coincidences are always occurring; mutual friends, long unheard of, are brought up and traced for years after we had lost sight of them. Many, very many, details of men and things are explained and connected, of much interest.

Thus was the history of the bottle revived. In the commencement of the war with Mexico, in 1846, I was in command of a ship trading on the coast of California, and was at the port of San Francisco, where a number of whale-ships were lying in port, awaiting to hear more definite news respecting the war. As there was but little society on shore, the whole population of the place at that time being about fifty persons, the captains were in the habit of congregating on board each others' ships, in the evening, to tell and hear the news, and form plans for defence, in case of attack. Being an old trader on the coast, and having large cabin accommodations, my ship was a general rendezvous. One evening I overheard a Captain Stevens, of the bark United States, of New London, speaking of a voyage on which he was cast away at Prince Edward's Island, in the South Indian Ocean.

Captain Stevens was relating to a number of listeners some incidents of his shipwreck. He said it was a barren, dreary place, where he and his crew remained eight months; that they there found a large cave that had once been inhabited; they also found a pile of salt, some old iron, cooking vessels, etc., which had evidently been used by people of a former generation. In front of the cave there was a heavy piece of stone masonry, which was probably the work of the ancients. "But, most strange of all," he said, "while I was ascending a bank near the cave, my attention was attracted to a bright object about the size of a dollar, glistening in the sun; it proved to be a portion of a common, dark-colored junk bottle, all but the exposed portion being of its natural color, while that small part was white or pearly. It was found to be about two-thirds full of rum, of the best quality I ever tasted; I would give a good deal to know the history of that bottle, and who built that stone wall."

Of course he was much surprised when I told him that I could give him the desired information, without money and without price, as I helped to build that wall, and knew how that bottle came to be there, and how long it had remained buried. I then informed him of the matter of the cooper and the bottle, and I judged that, in his hurry and confusion, the depositor had hid it where he was unable to find it himself afterwards. The final discoverer, no doubt, found it to be one of the most interesting productions of the island.

CHAPTER VII.

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

THE penguins, with which the island abounded, afforded us much amusement as well as benefit. The largest are the "King Penguin"; they stand about three feet high, are white on the belly, with slate-colored backs, black heads, and bright yellow necks. They delight to occupy the level sand beaches during the season of incubation, and while they are shedding their feathers. Many thousands will be gathered together in the rear of a broad beach, a colony by themselves, where they appear to marshal themselves into companies and platoons, under the evident direction of a leader. These different companies execute their various evolutions in perfect harmony, the regularity of their movements, and their bright uniform coats, giving them quite a military aspect. The females produce but one egg a season, and this they are able to transport about with them, nature having provided them with a cavity, or pouch, at the lower part of the body, for the protection of the egg, over which they can curl up the tail, and thus support it while moving about. They do not lie on, but stand over, the egg, or young one.

It was amusing to observe the rascally "Peemows" gather around some unfortunate, on the outskirts of the colony, travelling round with its young one, or egg, held in the embrace of the tail, like a gang of blacklegs, or pickpockets, around a greeny from the country. A crowd of these black villains would get around the innocent penguin; one would fly against and knock her over, while others would be ready to drive their bills into the egg, or seize the young bird in their talons, fly away and eat it, then return for more. But these cannibals would do the same to each other. We held them in the same estimation in which a sailor holds a shark. They were the only bird on the island that our people would not eat.

The king penguin has no nest. The care of the egg, or young, is divided between the male and female. One of them goes off to sea to feed, while the other remains by the deposit. At early daylight, hundreds of companies would be seen marching for the water, always in rank and file, under leadership, distinct and separate from other companies. When the captain stopped they would all stop, without moving out of line; when he renewed his march they would follow; plunging into the water, they obtained their supply of food, and returned towards night, when they again form a line, take up their march, and rejoin their companions. Thus, all day, these companies were going and coming, without interfering with each other. It was curious, also, to see them penetrate through the dense masses to find their companions in the centre or rear of the rookery. In front, and between the rookery and the water, scores of elephant were lying on the beach, while higher up, above the king penguin, separate and distinct from them, and always on an inclined plane, would be hundreds of acres thickly covered with "field penguin"; these were continually travelling up and down, through the day, like the former.

The field penguin are about half the size of the king species; they are more active than the others, and go farther from the water; they scratch up mud and gravel to form a nest, and lay four or five eggs, about the size of a duck's. These eggs supplied us with all we wanted in that line; they are equal in quality to hens' eggs, and we were never without them while we were on the island. Our method of collecting them was to break all the eggs, on perhaps two or three acres of ground, one day, and on the following morning pick up all the new ones on the spot. Of course, everybody knows that penguin, though well covered with feathers, never fly, or rise from the ground; they stand, and walk erect, on short legs, terminating in web feet; where wings are, in birds of the air, the penguin have appendages, with bones somewhat similar to, but stouter than wings; these are covered, like their bodies, with short and strong feathers, which lie close and compact; when walking, these wings or paddles are folded close to the body, and in the water they are fins, propelling them with great velocity. Sailors call them "feathered fish." The field tribe are most numerous. They could strike with much force with their fins, as our legs could testify when we had to pass among them.

There was another tribe, smaller than the last mentioned, called the "maccaroni," or rock penguin, whose favorite haunts were on rocky points, and under cliffs of the shore. These differed from the others, in having ear-locks consisting of a few bright yellow feathers on each side of the head, standing out at right angles, which gives them a beautiful appearance. The eggs of these birds were decidedly "fishy," and we did not use them. In another direction, and near by, might be seen the large white albatross, scattered about on grassy spots, while the flocks of wild pigeons running about on the beaches, the piratical peemow soaring overhead, "waiting for something to turn up," the bellowing of the elephant, the loud, busy hum of the industrious penguin population, and the screeching of millions of birds of various kinds, all mingling together, gave a business-like appearance to the scene. Such sights and sounds must be seen and heard; I cannot do justice by any description of them.

The "albatross" are very majestic and noble-looking birds, the old ones entirely white, the younger with brown backs; they are similar to those off Cape Horn, but larger. I have often measured them eleven feet from tip to tip, with their wings stretched out. They prefer level, moist, grassy land to build their nests on. Pulling up the mud with the grass adhering, in a circuit of ten or twelve feet, they build up a nest from the middle, about two feet high, large at the base, and tapering off in beautiful proportion to the top. This bird has a down similar to the swan's. We cured many of their skins, which I presume brought a good price. When it is calm, they cannot rise from the ground without running a considerable distance to get headway; they delight in strong winds, and will move with ease and rapidity in the face of the strongest gales; over the land they soar at great heights, which I never knew them to do at sea.

In one of my trips to the opposite side of the island, two of us had procured our back-load of seal-skins, and were on our return home, across the mountains. Descending towards the plains, after dark, we came to a moderate-sized hill, which lay in our track: my companion preferred going round; I chose to cross it. I had reached the top, and was leisurely descending the other side; the evening was calm and still, the stars bright enough to light me on my way, when I was suddenly startled by a noise, as of something rushing through the air, over my head. I looked up, expecting to see a comet or meteor cutting through space, but there was none; the sound all the while increasing to a mighty rush. I felt somewhat alarmed, and none the less so when two large white objects fell a few yards in front of me, striking the ground with a concussion that my companion heard at the foot of the hill, and thought was the report of a gun. Getting over my fright, I approached to see whether they were objects celestial or terrestrial; they proved to be two large albatross, and were both dead. I concluded that, while soaring and moving at a rapid rate, perhaps sleeping, they came into collision with each other, and, like two ships at sea coming together in somewhat similar circumstances, both went to the bottom. I was glad when I joined my comrade, for my imagination had been considerably excited.

On another occasion, two of us were sleeping on the shore at the foot of a high, perpendicular, rocky bluff. We had wrapped ourselves up warm in skins, and were lying on the flat rocks with our feet to the fire, which, as the night was cold, we had to replenish often by throwing on it, not a stick of wood, but a strip of blubber. We were started from our dreams by a tremendous whack against the face of the cliff overhead, followed by a large black object falling near the fire. We jumped up, wondering if the old gentleman in black had not come in person; but this time it was only a large "blubber dragger," who had been mystified, probably, by the light of the fire, and had stove in his bows against the rocks.

But every party had something interesting and amusing to relate on their return, after a few days' absence from the rendezvous, and all helped to keep off the blues, which now began to appear in some of the gang, for we had been on the island one year, and our vessel had not returned. Our casks were all filled; we had collected about fifty thousand gallons of oil, and about seven thousand fur seal-skins, and why did she not come? The prevalent opinion was that she foundered after leaving us, and before arriving at any port; consequently nobody knew of our being left on this miserable spot, and we had to trust for our rescue to the chance calling of some other vessel, which might not occur for a number of years.

Some, again, had strong suspicions of "foul play"—that the Captain, in absenting himself so long, had hopes that when he did return he would find a full cargo ready for him, the collectors of which had been taken off by scurvy, or other disease, leaving nobody to share the proceeds with him. Our executive officer, justly imagining what thoughts might occur to us, took the right method to keep us from brooding over the matter by keeping us constantly employed, and at the same time in a healthy condition.

And here let me digress a little, to do justice to our officer in command on the island (Mr. Enoch Burnham, a native of Essex, Mass.). But for his considerate and kind treatment, with strict discipline, properly enforced, in the discharge of duty, accompanied by cheering promises of a good voyage, and a return to home and friends, we should have sunk under the ever-brooding thoughts of our deserted and desolate condition.

Mr. B. was captured by an English frigate in the war of 1812, was confined in Dartmoor Prison for most of the war, and was one of the ball-playing party there when numbers were so ruthlessly massacred by the notorious Shortland. A recital of many of the events and sufferings of that prison-life, with which he frequently favored us, tended somewhat to reconcile us to our island-prison. Captain B., for many years after, was an eminent ship-master from the port of Baltimore, in which city he still resides, at a very advanced age. During the late war, he was in the Government service three years, in command of a transport ship. He is, indeed, a worthy veteran — one of the very few of the Dartmoor survivors, and probably the only one of that band who commanded a ship at so late a period.

To return to the island. The work being less pressing than it had been, parties of two at a time were allowed to go on excursions; and be absent for a week or two; to explore unfrequented places, to hunt for seal, and make any general discoveries. The only article of stores we took with us was a little bag of salt, to season the food which the hunt was to afford. A short-handled frying-pan was stuck into the belt of one of the party, while the other took charge of the tinder-box and brimstone-matches (phosphorus not being then used). These, each having his seal-club, knife, and steel, constituted all the equipment for a campaign for any number of days. In our trips we took no clothing with us but what we had on, always trusting for beds and bedding to the skins we were to get.

A little more than half the shores of the island had been explored — the rest was all *terra incognita* to us — when Topham and myself set out on a tour, unrestricted by any particular orders. We had the matter of new discoveries under consideration a good many days, keeping it to ourselves, lest some damper should be put upon our plan. We had determined to strike across the mountains, and beginning at the furthest point of shore, reached in all previous explorations, to continue on, and finish up the rest of the circuit. So, buckling on our usual weapons, and having our pockets filled with hard-boiled eggs, we set out, after eating a hearty breakfast. Taking a gap in the mountains for a mark, we steered for it with as little deviation from a direct line as possible. Sometimes we would be headed off, and have to travel half a mile round a large field of volcanic scoria, or cinder, which would have been *hole-y* ground for our moccasins, had we attempted to cross it; then we would go out of our course to get round a precipitous hill, so that in crossing the island, where the width was about fifteen miles, we had to travel twenty to accomplish it. We arrived at the opposite shore just before dark. Having selected a lee under the bank for our camp, we proceeded to a beach near by, killed two elephants, took the skins off for our blankets, then getting a fire under way, we soon had a supper ready of fried tongues, boiled eggs, and good cold water.

Making ourselves very comfortable for the night, we started early after breakfast the following morning, examining every nook and every beach for seal. We killed a few on our way, cleaning the skins, and making them as light as possible to transport. About noon, we came to a large, level sand-beach, the low land extending some way from the shore, and almost literally covered with penguin rookeries, elephant, and albatross. After surveying the premises, and selecting a camping-place, we soon had the frying-pan in full operation: having taken a pup seal on the beach, we fared sumptuously. The carcass of a young seal we considered equal to lamb, bread or vegetables being out of the question. Before dark, we killed and took the jackets off thirty to forty seal. After doing so good a day's work, we fed well and slept well, and were early at the beach the next morning, capturing a lot of "clapmatches" and "yearlings," that is, the females and one-year old pups, making over fifty fine skins. And now the question was, what to do with them. We concluded to clean them as well as we could, with our knives, stretch them on the rocks to dry, pack them away in a dry place, and leave them for future transportation across the mountains. This detained us three days. This being the weather-side of the island, there was always too much surf to work a boat on the shore; therefore all the skins obtained here had to be backed to our head-quarters.

Having well secured our furs, we continued on our way. The travel all this day was a rough one; the coast could only be approached in a few places, on account of precipices, and we had to turn off inland so often, that we made only seven or eight miles progress before dark, and then had to pass the night without fire, as we could not get to a beach; but we had some cold meat with us, and each one had taken a half-dried fur seal-skin from our last camp, so that we were quite comfortable at night. The next noon we came, after hard travel, to another large beach, and as the prospect beyond looked unpromising, we stopped there for the night. There were a good many seal about, but as we could not take care of them, we only killed what our present necessities required. We found a rookery of solan geese, which were fine eating. Our camping-place was at the termination of a range of high bluffs, at the foot of which there was a good shelter, and again we passed the night comfortably. The next morning we ascended a high bank, to see how the face of the country looked on our intended route. We found that we had now to cross a low, level tract, of four or five miles in extent, entirely covered with cinders, rough, sharp, and extremely trying to the feet; this could not be avoided by going inland, as a like surface apparently extended a number of miles back, reaching the base of the mountains. Opposite to us, across the field of volcanic matter, and at the apparent distance of four or five miles, high bluffs again occurred, the sides of which appeared to be of easy ascent, and we supposed there might be a beach on that side, as here.

Before starting, we cooked up some meat to carry with us, and our tinder-box was replenished with fresh tinder. Our stock of brimstone matches was reduced to two, and the deficiency could not be remedied; therefore we hoped to be out but one more night before reaching home.

At noon we had travelled four or five miles, when we stopped to dine, and to make moccasins. We found we were not more than half across this hard road. The whole distance thus far had been like walking over the cinders thrown out of a blacksmith's forge, and there was as much before us. Our moccasins were cut through, and our feet bleeding. We were overtaken, before starting again, by a heavy gale of wind, attended by a drenching rain; the grass in our moccasins was used up, and our naked feet, in the thin seal-skin coverings, were but poorly protected from the sharp stones. Frequently we were obliged to stop and repair damages; and, being wet to the skin, were doubly anxious to get to where we could have a fire. There were some rough ridges and ravines to be crossed before we gained the other side of the cinder field, and on reaching the border just before dark, our feet were almost bare. Sadly disappointed were we at not finding a comfortable camping-place.

A bluff bank bordered close on the shore; there was no beach, but in a gully on the side of the bank there were several elephant lying on the rocks; along down this gully, and parallel with the bank, the wind rushed with great fury, while it rained without cessation. We managed to kill an elephant, and then tried to find a protected place where we could build a fire. There was none; but close to the high bank two large rocks had apparently fallen from the cliff, with their edges resting against each other in such a manner that, by fastening up the end next to the bank, we had room to crawl in between them and lie down. So we went to work in the dark, gathering turf and tussock, and banked up the end, so that the wind was entirely excluded. The precious tinder-box was produced, the kindling prepared, and the two matches, worth at that moment twenty times their weight in gold, were held in careful readiness: holding the tinder-box between his knees, Topham, with the flint and steel, made the sparks fly in showers, but they would not catch; the tinder was wet. We both labored at the work until we were convinced that we might as well attempt to ignite a bucket of water as our wet tinder; and now the misery of our situation burst upon us. Every garment on our persons was wringing wet, a long, cold, stormy night was before us, so dark we could not stir from our places, and the surrounding rough rocks forbade us to move about to keep our blood circulating.

The prospect was anything but pleasant. The rain continued to descend in torrents. We found our way down to the dead elephant, took off his skin in the dark, and dragged it up to our hole, then stripped off all our clothes, wrung the water out, put a part of them on again and lay down, covering ourselves with the large, green, warm hide of the elephant, and tried to keep warm. The only article of clothing I had on was my woollen drawers; my arms were shoved through the flipper holes of a seal-skin, and the skin, with the fur inside, tolerably well protected my body. We were soon comfortably warm, and had fallen asleep, but we had been nursing a deluge, which soon burst upon us. By damming up the back of our habitation we had been preparing a reservoir in our rear, where a large body of water accumulated; and this being suddenly increased in volume by a large stream entering it from the high land, we were aroused from our slumbers by the falling of our embankment in upon us, and by a wild rush of water, which washed us bodily out among the rocks. When fully awake, we were picking ourselves up out of the gully from among the elephants; the deluge had also disturbed them, and they were on the move. In the darkness we came in contact with them a number of times, but fortunately received no injury. Both were considerably bruised in washing over the rocks; in the flurry, I lost my seal-skin, and got clear of the wreck with no other garment but my drawers. My companion had a similar garment, and also a flannel shirt on; I had hung up my shirt, in the hope it might partially dry, and lost it; therefore I was in the worst predicament of the two. We groped about among the rocks, hoping to recover some of our clothes, but without success; and then wandered about looking, or feeling, rather, for a shelter from the wind that troubled us more than the rain — but none was to be found. We had to move about as best we could the remainder of the night, climbing over rocks, thrashing our arms, and rubbing each other to keep up a circulation, and wishing for day. We thought our ejectment must have occurred previous to midnight, but it was the longest night I ever knew before or since.

When the day broke a little, we found a shelving rock, under which one of us could crawl out of the wind, and, as I had the least clothing, I took the first watch below. At daylight I tried to get up, but found I could not; I was not weak, but my limbs were stiffened. We judged that, by a direct cut across the mountains, we could reach home by travelling ten miles. Topham was in far better condition than I was; therefore we both thought it best that he should start at once for our rendezvous, and send help to me, while I remained under shelter of the rock. Before he left, he found the elephant-skin, and threw it over me, under the cover of which I obtained some warmth, and fell asleep, while the storm was still raging. When I awoke, I judged it was about the middle of the forenoon; the storm had ceased, the wind had changed, and the sun was shining warm and pleasant. I crawled out, and lay in the sun, soon finding that I was getting the use of my legs. Hunting round for my lost garments, I recovered my moccasins, shirt, and jacket, and picked up a bit of cooked seal, well water-soaked, but I ate it with a relish. By this time I felt that I had better make tracks for home, alone. Without much exertion, I gained the top of a mountain, from which I recognized some well-known land-marks in the vicinity of the cave. I at once shaped a course, which brought me into port before sundown; the distance was just about ten miles. I found that my companion had arrived before noon, that Mr. B. and two others had immediately started off for my relief, and following his directions, had, no doubt, gone straight to the spot where I had been left; but I had deviated from the way to gain the mountain, and we had passed without seeing each other. The party returned after dark, intending to resume the search for me the next morning, but they happily found me at quarters, snug in bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEGINNING A NEW YEAR.

AT the expiration of a year, the only articles of ship-stores served out were bread, flour, vinegar, and molasses. A half pound of flour, the same of bread, half a gill of molasses, the same of vinegar, were given out only once a week, on Sunday morning, as long as they lasted, and were consumed the same day.

As I was chief cook, etc., the materials were intrusted to my skill to make the most of. For the benefit of persons who may hereafter be in like reduced circumstances, and also for the enlightenment of housekeepers in general, I will put on record some facts about the preparation of our Sunday feasts. Mince pies were always voted for, therefore the whole quantity of flour, say four pounds, was made into pastry, well shortened with elephant oil; then about eight pounds of elephants' tongues, corned and boiled, were chopped up fine; to this was added all the bread, pounded (four pounds), all the molasses, and all the vinegar, with salt according to taste; all these ingredients, well mingled together, all kinds of spice being carefully excluded, composed the mince. The pastry was then divided into sixteen equal parts, and rolled out with a junk-bottle, extended to the roundest and thinnest dimensions possible. The filling, also divided equally, was placed on one-half of the circular dough, leaving a proper margin for sealing; the other half was then brought over, and the two edges secured, and duly finished off with a fancy border, producing, as a whole, what some people would call "turnovers," but which we, after they had remained a proper time in the frying-pan, designated by the name of "fried cocked hats." We were all satisfied that "Ma'am Peverilly's" shop could not produce their equal.

Medicines, in the shape of drugs, we had not a particle of, beyond a few doses of salts, neither did we need any. We were on the island over two years; one year without bread or any other ship-stores, wholly without vegetables, and, in fact, with nothing to eat but meat, eggs, and fish, with good cold water to drink; each man averaging full three pounds of meat a day, and a considerable quantity of fish-oil; yet during the whole time I do not remember a single case of a man being laid by for one day with sickness, and, with the exception of one of our fellows who got a severe bite from a seal, we had no one off duty during the absence of the vessel. Being kept continually on the move by our efficient officer, and so accustomed to travelling about the island, we were like goats on the mountains, seldom knowing what fatigue was.

During the last year of our residence here, our life bore some resemblance to Crusoe's on his island. We wore pretty much all skin dresses, using young seal-skins, made soft by being well rubbed with stones and sand. Our garments were cut in the prevailing fashion, sewed together with needles made from the small wing-bones of the albatross, the dried sinews of seal supplying thread. We were also, to all appearance, "out of humanity's reach"; and though we were not "finishing our journey alone," the tameness of the birds and animals was "shocking to me." The greatest difference was, that Crusoe was solitary and alone, while here were eight Crusoes, who could discuss the sweets of solitude among themselves. In some respects the odds were in his favor. "Juan Fernandez" is situated in a mild latitude, with a delightful climate, with trees and bushes, fruits and flowers, to rejoice the senses. "Prince Edward's" was cold, stormy, and without vegetation; the only change of scenery being an occasional iceberg drifting by to the eastward, and the migrating of the amphibious inhabitants.

How often, when crossing the mountains alone, have I sat down with a view of the sea and sky connected all around the horizon, and gazed and gazed, in the hope of seeing something which would remind me that we had friends whom we yet might see, and that they were "sending hopes and wishes after us." Sometimes, for a moment, my heart would jump, when an albatross turned the end of his white tapering wing on a line with the horizon, giving the appearance of a distant sail, and again it would sink, when a sense of our desolation came over me. The lines ascribed to Selkirk, on Juan Fernandez, I so often repeated when a school-boy,— how little did I dream they would ever be so applicable to my own case! Now how often I found myself uttering them, with a feeling never before appreciated!

We thought our brig must have foundered, and who would come for us, or who know of our being here? The *Gen. Gates's* crew might, in after years, remember us, and give information that would lead to our rescue, but that was in the far future. We had serious thoughts, when eighteen months had elapsed, of rising upon our old dilapidated boat, decking her partly over, and attempting to fall in with some outward-bound ship to India, whose track we might cross by reaching seven or eight degrees to the north of us; but the attempt to accomplish this, with our miserable boat, would have been madness. There were some who advocated it strongly, and I think would have attempted it, had relief been much longer delayed. I was in favor of remaining at the island, but I know not what would have been my course had the crisis arrived.

Having much leisure time, we provided ourselves with good feather-beds. The peemows were very abundant, and we made a large net of dried strips of elephant-skins, to set, and spring on them. It was twenty-five feet long, by ten or twelve wide, and worked finely. A party of two would go with it to a large level beach, about two miles from the cave, where the birds were most numerous, and camp there until each one had provided himself with feathers enough for a bed. Our method was, to secure one side of the net firmly to the ground on a level place, with a long line at the two opposite corners, the width of the net being distended by a pole at each end, and pieces of meat being placed for bait; these pieces would soon be covered with the birds, the lines would then be pulled upon, and the net sprung, catching twenty or thirty at a haul. The birds were taken out, put in irons by locking their wings over their backs, thrown into a barrel, and the net set again. They were always picked alive, to keep their feathers clean; leaving the wing and tail feathers on the bird, he was then released, and for a few days there would be lots of the poor plucked fellows flying about. The feathers, when procured and dried in our large try-pot, were equal to any in the world. This was unjustifiable, and downright cruelty on our part, and I cannot but think that by having our hands daily imbrued in the blood of animals, our natures were so changed, that acts of cruelty, which, one year previous, would have been revolting to us, we now seemed to enjoy. In after years I have reflected on our island amusements with shame and sorrow. There is no doubt that scenes of bloodshed tend to the debasement of our finer feelings.

I have spoken of the presence of wild hogs on the island; of these, however, only eight were found and killed by us while there; and we no doubt killed the whole stock. Three of the animals were large boars, wild and terribly ferocious creatures. The last one that was killed was the worst of the lot. We had avoided the ugly customer as long as there were others, as he exhibited a formidable pair of tusks, and was always ready to show fight; but now he was the last of his tribe, and we determined to finish him. Not that we were longing for his spare-ribs or steaks, but we considered him a dangerous cruiser, as he had, on various occasions, given chase to us, and exhibited his ivory in a way not pleasant to behold, when we were peacefully travelling on the king's highway. On the appointed day of the hunt, all hands were piped to make sail in chase of the enemy. The mate had the musket loaded with three balls (for the first time it had been brought into requisition). Some of us were armed with lances, others with seal-clubs, and all with the never-dispensed-with knife, and steel in our belts.

Arriving at the place where we expected to find the foe, we extended our line, each one being about a hundred yards from his neighbor, and thus we swept along in search. I was next the mate; we were crossing a valley, moving along abreast of each other, when, as I was jumping off a shelving ledge of rocks, the old Mohican started out from under it about twenty yards from me. At his appearance we all shouted. The animal was startled, and ran from us; I was nearest to him, and, in the brave pursuit, evidently gaining on the chase; the mate calling out to me where to hit him, and to be sure of my blow. The enemy, all at once, hove to, with his head towards his pursuers, took a survey of them, and concluding to show fight, made towards me with his ivory bow-chasers glistening through the froth. Just then I recollected that I had some business in the opposite direction, and of course I hurried back to attend to it. The mate passed me in the direction of the beast, bestowing a blessing on me for not facing the brute; at the same time the latter changed his course from me to the mate. The governor being now between me and his hogship, I thought it best to let them settle the difficulty (as it is always best to refer difficult questions to the higher powers). As they rapidly approached each other, I was expecting to see the deadly musket levelled, but instead of that it was thrown away, the boar was grabbed by his ears, and thrown on his side. The governor, holding on to his grip and placing his knee on the animal to keep him down, shouted to me to come and put my knife in his throat. Had the mate missed his hold by the ears, he would have fared badly. We did not eat any of that pork, but the skins afforded excellent moccasins. The tusks were seven inches long.

"Killers," as I have before said, are a large, voracious fish, from twenty to thirty feet long. They have a large mouth and very formidable teeth; an upright fin from the back, a foot high, may often be seen above the water when the back is not visible. These monsters prey upon the elephant and seal; they will lie in schools close in by the beach, where the animals are basking on the shore, watching their coming in from sea, or passing out, like the blockading squadron of an enemy, watching off a port for prizes. Sometimes they would get hold of a large bull elephant, who would turn upon them and attempt to defend himself, but it was useless — they would soon tear him to pieces. Junks of his carcass would be thrown in the air, while the water for some distance round, tinged with blood, would be lashed into foam. I feel ashamed to own that one of our cruel sports was to drive a large bull from the beach into the jaws of the killer.

Twenty months ago the vessel left us, and the prospect of her returning was every day lessening. One thing was certain — there could be no want of food, water, or fuel; if we got out of salt, we could supply it by boiling down salt water. Skins would give us clothing, and to all appearance we could hold out for years to come on this desolate spot; but the best consolation we could muster was not very satisfactory. We were all confirmed in the feeling that we were abandoned, and that foul play was intended.

The cave in which we lived we now looked upon as unsafe. I have before stated that the roof was partly composed of a rotten, friable stone, which, after long-continued rains, would become detached, and fall in considerable quantities on our huts. We were apprehensive we might be crushed by the whole roof falling in, and therefore, as it appeared probable we should spend a long time here, we set about building a new house on the upland, over the cave. We dug the trench for the foundations, and laid the stone, the walls were slowly rising — the building was intended to be wholly of stone — but when the work was about half completed, we discontinued it for awhile, partly for the want of stones at hand, and partly for a change of occupation.

To introduce something new into our daily routine, we now separated in four parties, two persons occupying each quarter of the island. We felt it to be possible that some transient vessel might call at one side of the island, while we were all at the opposite side; therefore the gang was divided, and each couple was stationed, at about equal distances apart, around the island. By this means we could take all the seal that came on shore, and, at the same time, keep a look-out for a vessel. The parties had but little household stuff to remove; the all-important frying-pan, tinder-box, matches and salt being the principal articles.

As there was no wood to frame huts with, the parties had to seek out the most sheltered and convenient places under high banks or cliffs, where, with the help of stones, skins, and tussock, comfortable habitations were constructed.

The mate and myself remained at head-quarters. About two or three weeks after all were located, we started from the cave, or government house, as we now called it, to pay a visit to the nearest party, at a distance of about twelve miles. Passing two or three days at this station, we moved on to the next, and continued on round the island, not omitting a second tramp over that terrible, cindery road; but this time, knowing what we were to meet with, we were better prepared.

Thus a system of visiting was established among the parties; it served to break the monotony, and keep up a little excitement, and drive away desponding thoughts.

The oil had been well coopered, the casks well stowed, and protected from the weather. Daily and hourly, sharp eyes all around the island were eagerly watching for the distant sail. Thus passed a number of months; but the time of our deliverance was at hand.

The mate was sitting in the hut, reading. I was standing at the front of the cave, gazing out upon the ocean, the view of which, on the windward side, was abruptly terminated by a high, perpendicular, bluff point. I happened to be looking in that direction at the moment that an object appeared projecting from it in a horizontal direction. What could it be? A ship's jibboom, and so close in shore? It was! It was! There was but little wind, and it moved slowly. I tried to sing out, "Sail, ho!" but was choked up, and could not find utterance. The head sails came in view, then the foremast, the crew on the forecastle, and one at the mast-head, on the look-out. The main-mast opened out, and the quarter-deck, with one on it, whom I at once recognized from his rapid, short step, to be old Sam Edes himself. I rushed into the hut: speak I could not; but I caught hold of the mate and pulled him to the door. The man thought I was crazy, and so I was. Soon he was, also. We both looked for a minute, and were convinced there was no mistake about it. There was the *Pickering*, with the Stars and Stripes at her peak, just heaving-to with main top-sail aback, in front of our cove. Satisfied of the fact, we both laughed, cried, danced, sang, and cut up many ridiculous capers, which were answered by the waving of hats and the cheers of those on board. The boat was soon lowered, and the Captain came on shore. When within hail, seeing but two of us, he shouted, "Where are the rest of you?" The response of "All alive and well," we thought was not satisfactory to him, which opinion was confirmed by events that followed in the latter part of the voyage. However, congratulations were soon passed, and I was started off to call the gangs in. I travelled the twelve miles with a light heart and lighter heels. One man returned with me the same night; the other went in the opposite direction, to summon the two remaining parties. I got back to the cave about midnight. Mr. B. was alone; the boat had returned to the brig, and she had hauled off for the night. Nobody on the island slept that night. Mr. B. had been on board, and had so much to tell us, that morning dawned before the budget was emptied.

The Captain gave, as a reason for not coming for us sooner, "that he feared we would not have a cargo ready, and he knew we could not starve. He had been well employed with the vessel, and making money so fast, that even if we had not collected any oil, he had made a good voyage for us," etc. We believed him, although not satisfied with the excuse; we were too glad to get off the miserable, desolate spot, to make any fuss about it.

The next morning the vessel came in again, and now came to anchor near the kelp. During her absence, a heavy anchor and a long chain had been procured for special use at the island, with which it was hoped the vessel would hold on at anchor while loading. Therefore, all being made snug aloft, with top-gallant yards and studding-sail booms sent down, a long scope of cable was paid out, and the yards pointed to the wind, with preparations made to slip the cable, if necessary. All the boats and all hands were industriously employed in rafting off and hoisting in the casks of oil. The vessel had a ground tier of casks all stowed in the hold, ready to be filled. We rolled our full casks to the beach, and making a raft of about twenty of them, they were towed alongside, and hoisted in; then the oil was started into a large tub placed over the main hatch, with a long hose attached, and conveyed to the empty casks below. This was very hard work, but we kept at it as long as daylight lasted. At night, the decks were covered with casks to be emptied, and the watches were occupied during the night in starting oil and stowing down.

We were thus employed for two days, when it began to blow hard from the land, cutting off all communication with the shore. We now directed all our efforts to maintain our anchorage; the wind increasing, with white squalls, we let go a second anchor, giving her the whole length of two chain cables, being over two hundred fathoms, and hoped to hold on, but the squalls struck her with such violence that the brig, being very light, and high out of water, started the anchors, and away we went, drifting out to sea. The water was smooth while under the lee of the island, and, by working hard, we got the oil on deck secured before we had drifted into rough water. Some of the storm-sails were set, to steady the vessel, and all hands were allowed to turn in for four hours to get a little rest, before attempting anything with the anchors, which were now hanging at the bows one hundred fathoms deep.

The allotted time passed, the shrill notes of the boatswain's whistle, and the summons of "all hands to man the windlass," roused us again to severe toil. The immense weight of the two anchors and chains, and their being foul of each other, made it difficult for us to bring them to the surface; with all the purchases we could bring to bear, and with all hands heaving at the windlass and capstan for twenty-four hours, we only got in about as many fathoms of cable. We were then allowed four hours' sleep, and our labor was renewed. We did not succeed in getting the anchors to the bows until the third day, when, of course, the island was out of sight. Sail was now made on the vessel, so that the next day we got back to anchor again, when only one anchor was let go; we were satisfied of the fact that the anchors would not hold in the strong winds that were of so frequent occurrence here, and, as we probably must get blown off several times before completing our lading, it was best to have only one anchor to heave up.

This time we remained at anchor a little longer, and got on board perhaps one-third of the cargo, when it came on to blow again, and again we drifted to sea. This was followed by another hard day's work at the windlass. This experience was repeated again and again for about two months; all hands from the island would hurry on board when the vessel broke adrift to help get her back. To us landsmen the sea duties came back butt-end first, but we soon became familiar with them. Sometimes the vessel, having drifted a long way off by the continuance of the gale, would be a week in regaining her anchorage, and then, after one day's work with the shore, away to sea again for another week. We were fast being used up. Officers and men were tired out; with our bleeding hands and sore feet, we were hardly able to reef a top-sail. We wished the island, and all on it, would sink, but it was not likely to do so, and another week's work of this kind would be past endurance.

CHAPTER IX.

ONCE MORE AT SEA.

LYING-TO in a gale of wind, we got up a petition, headed by the officers, and signed by all hands, stating to the Captain our miserable situation, and requesting him, the next time we were blown off, not to return; stating, also, that all were willing to relinquish their share of what might remain behind. Our request was complied with; and, on returning to the island, we removed to the vessel all of the most valuable property, and then kept to work on the oil as long as the weather permitted. Another gale soon occurred, and we drifted away, to return no more. Heaving up the anchor with a will for the last time, we soon bore away, with all our canvas spread, for the Cape of Good Hope, leaving behind, on the island, about sixty casks of oil, the try-pots, coolers, and long-boat, and thanking the Lord when they were out of sight. I was employed aloft as the island was fast disappearing, and, when it was gone, I felt that it was one of the few places I had visited that I never wished to behold again.

Thou treeless, verdureless, desolate Isle of the Ocean! when discovered by Captain Cook, and claimed by him as a British possession, if you did not add anything to the wealth and power of

England, neither did you then draw, nor have you since drawn from its treasury for your support, and there is no probability you ever will; neither will you be a "bone of contention" among the nations. To this spot, the reverse of Heber's lines is applicable:

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Taken from any point of view, if there was any pleasant prospect to be found, we never found it. The absence of man, and his vileness, now completes the picture. We are told that every created thing has its uses. Prince Edward's Island is no exception to this rule. Some of its uses may be named. It is a good place for drifting icebergs to bump against and break their heads, which sometimes occurs. It is a good place for a man to flee to who wishes to get out of the reach of his creditors, or the clutches of the law, for here he could live without cash or credit on blubber and birds, with a never-failing supply of excellent water. Here he would also find time and space to repent of his transgressions, and form good resolutions for the future.

We had been so long without bread, that we were some weeks on shipboard before we could relish it again. It was so with regard to most of the ship's stores, coffee excepted. Coffee was the greatest luxury to which we returned. To this day the absence of bread would be no deprivation to me. A hunter, or frontiersman, cares for no luxury beyond fresh meat, coffee, and salt; so it was with us on this island; and we consumed vast quantities of the grossest kind of meat without vegetables of any kind; yet all continued healthy and strong throughout our two years' residence there.

We were now fairly under weigh, and at sea, with the expectation that after a short stay at the Cape, for the purpose of repairs and supplies, we should be homeward-bound, and in the course of three months should see old Boston again, after a three years' absence. But these pleasing anticipations were not to be realized. "Foul Play" was laying his plans, soon to be developed. While the vessel had been absent from us she had been constantly employed in freighting between the Isle of France, Bourbon, Madagascar, and other places, doing a good business.

On one of her trips from the island of Rodrigues to Bourbon, with a full cargo of cocoa-nuts, she fell in with a Dutch 74-gun ship in distress, from Batavia, bound for Holland, with the Governor of Batavia and his family, and a large number of invalids, on board. It was the Admiral's ship. She had been partly dismasted in a gale, and was leaking badly. The crew were worn out at the pumps; there were not able men enough on board to work them and manage the ship, and, with the prospect of soon going to the bottom if they remained on the ship, they very naturally wished to be taken off. A flag of distress was hoisted on the approach of our vessel, and Captain Edes bore away towards her. On boarding the ship, our Captain contracted with the Admiral to take off the crew and passengers, and land them at the Isle of France for $25,000; also to be paid for what cargo he should have to throw overboard to make room for their reception on board.

Accordingly, on the return of our boat, all the cocoa-nuts were thrown overboard from between decks, and the entire company of the ship were transferred to our vessel, where the Governor's lady died a few hours after her removal. No private or public property was allowed to be saved unless we could save the whole. Such were the Admiral's orders. It was remarked that our boats' crews, when going to the wreck, were clad with but few garments; on their return it was very evident that considerable quantities of rich underclothing increased their rotundity. The ship was named the *Admiral Avis*. She was set on fire by the commander himself when the last boat left the ship, and before our vessel was out of sight the fire reached the magazine, and she blew up.

The *Pickering* entered the harbor of Port Louis in about ten days, with the Dutchmen packed about as close as herrings in a keg, under deck and on it. The rigging, the tops, and the bowsprit, were also covered with them. Our vessel was entirely clear of them in fifteen days, and for his services Captain Edes said he had bills on the Dutch government for $27,000, a share of which, and of all other moneys made during the two years, belonged to the original crew, or such of them as still remained by the vessel; and he assured us that, with our oil and skins, we were making, and, in fact, had made, a good voyage.

Of the original crew which left the island in the vessel, only three returned. Of the others, none had died, but from bad treatment they had been driven to desert, thus lessening the number of those who would share the proceeds of the voyage.

We arrived at Simons (or False Bay), Cape of Good Hope, in about three weeks, where there is quite a neat English town, the government having a dock-yard and naval depot at this port. There were lying in the bay some half-dozen transport ships which had brought out troops from Europe. Some had been landed at St. Helena, to take care of Napoleon, and others yet on board were destined for India. As our much weather-worn and badly chafed vessel threaded her way through the fleet, in beating up to her anchorage, the poops of each ship were covered with officers and their wives, looking with astonishment at the dilapidated appearance of our vessel and crew (the one corresponding with the other). We could hear their laughter and jeers respecting us and the Stars and Stripes at our peak, before any words were exchanged. Our Captain was much nettled, and we all shared in his indignation. One of the "lobster-back" gentlemen at length hailed us with, "Captain, where are you from?" The old man replied in no very pleasant tone, with the simple word

"Desolation." "Oh, ah, yes!" replied the officer; "I should think you were."

After the brig anchored, and the sails were furled, the boat was manned to land the Captain. I was the first in the boat, being eager again to put my foot on civilized territory. We landed on the beach, with orders to remain by the boat until the Captain returned. The town and its surroundings were beautiful in appearance; all the people on shore, even the soldiers and negroes who were loafing on the beach, seemed to be dressed splendidly, and so they were in comparison with ourselves, or any mortals we had seen for years.

While we were feasting our eyes on the new objects around us, I was startled by Wilson, one of the island gang, shouting out, "Hallo, Bill, look here! by the hooky, here comes Petticoats and Bonnet; ain't that splendid? And what under heavens has she got towing astern?" I looked, and, sure enough, there was the "woman form divine" taking a stroll on the beach, leading a little child. I don't know how angels look, but if we had been told that here was one just fallen from the skies, I think we should have believed it. For about three years our eyes had not beheld such a sight, and we were both enraptured. We followed her at a respectful distance, until we dared go no further from the boat, and then gazed at the receding forms as if it was the departure of celestial beings. The woman herself appeared to us elegantly dressed, and of wondrous beauty,—the child, too, was a wonder, for we had forgotten a human being could be so very small. After a few days, and after we had seen specimens of a higher character, we again met with her. She then appeared to us, in comparison, a soldier's drab or a camp follower.

About a week after this, the Captain, who had been across to Cape Town, and returned, gave orders to get under weigh and proceed to Table Bay, where we arrived on the second day. Now the plot was to be unfolded.

The cargo was sold, and landed here; the vessel was heeled, caulked in her upper works, and was being refitted throughout, when we were informed that the brig was not going home, but to the East Indies; that new articles would be drawn up for us to sign; that we could not be discharged here, but must go the new voyage. Thus our hopes of being homeward-bound vanished into thin air.

According to the contract signed at Boston, wherever the cargo should be sold there the voyage should terminate; but we were bound to bring the vessel home. The crew were not entitled to a settlement until she arrived in the United States. Here was a pretty fix. We had accomplished the object of the voyage, all but returning home, and this we were very desirous of doing; but to insist upon it that we should now commence a new and indefinite voyage to India, or wherever the caprices of a tyrant might carry us, was the height of cruelty and injustice. Our spirits had been buoyant to this time with the hope of soon seeing our friends and homes, and now how bitterly were these hopes to be dashed!

"The hope of return is the joy of a tar;
'Tis his helm, his compass, his guide, and his star;
'Tis impressed on his bosom the moment he sails;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And brightens new hopes with the dawn of each day."

I had made up my mind that I would not go from that port in the vessel unless she was bound home. The brig being nearly ready for sea, the Captain had the crew go on shore, two at a time, on liberty, and meet him at his room, to get their advance wages. I had openly declared that I would not re-ship, and it had come to the ears of the Captain; therefore I was to be of the last pair to have liberty to go on shore, and the mate was ordered not to let me leave the vessel, for any purpose, until he sent for me.

Wilson and myself were in the anchor watch, by ourselves, at night; we pledged each other that come what would, we would leave the vessel. Two by two, beginning with the under officers, the Captain had received the crew at his room, and by letting them have a liberal amount of money, with permission to remain several days on shore to spend it, being first threatened, if they objected, they were cajoled into signing articles for a new voyage; whereas, previous to going on shore, they declared they would not be forced to do so. These doings served only to strengthen my silent determination to resist; but I was the only boy on board, and the idea of my resisting the tyrant was hooted at.

The order at last came to the mate "to send Wilson on shore, and boy Bill, if he would sign the articles." Wilson was not suspected or questioned by the mate, but I was, and gave a flat refusal; consequently I was to be detained on board, with the alternative presented me of complying with the rascality of the Captain or going to prison. I preferred the latter, but escaped both. During the day I was keenly on the watch for means to escape to the shore. The mate, I thought, sympathized with me, and did not intend to watch me closely; so while he was at dinner, in the cabin, I slipped cautiously into a small boat belonging to the shore, which happened to be alongside, and soon joined Wilson, who was on the look-out for me.

Wilson had called at the Captain's office, and actually got to windward of the villain. He had received his money, and a written permission to remain on liberty for two days. Wine and fruit were also offered him, and accepted. The fine voyage in prospect was expatiated upon, and the articles produced for his signature, but it was not to be had. "He was willing," he said, "to fulfil all the articles he had signed, but now wanted to go home, and not to India, and he should decline the proposed new contract." "Then return the money and go on board immediately, or I will put you in the calaboose." But Wilson chose to hold on to the money and liberty ticket, and walked out of the room, followed by curses loud and deep.

I now tried my luck, and boldly presented myself to the skipper, who received me with a grim smile. "So, my lad, you have come to your bearings, have you?" The document was then offered for my signature. I had hoped that the money, with the wine and fruit, would come first (as in the case of Wilson), but he was not to be caught a second time. I respectfully stated "that I wanted to go home; I did not want to leave the vessel here, but I would not commence a new voyage until the old one was ended and settled up." "How, then, did you get on shore, after my giving such orders to the mate respecting you?" I told him by what means I came there, and ended by saying "that I would not go on board again." "Then you will receive no money from me, and if you are not on board by sundown, you shall be arrested and imprisoned."

Joining Wilson, we went together to the Fiscal, the highest civil officer at Cape Town. We told him our "plain, unvarnished tale," and requested to have justice done. At this time there was no trade between the United States and this port. Our flag was seldom seen in the bay, consequently there was no American Consulate at the Cape.

On the cession of the Cape to the British by the Dutch, some ten years previous, the civil administration of affairs was left in the hands of the latter until (I think) 1825, while the former held military possession.

By the police regulations of the place, if any sailor remained on shore after gun-fire, at sundown, without a written permission from his Captain, countersigned by the Captain of Police, he was liable to arrest and imprisonment until released by his Captain. The charge was one dollar for arrest, and an additional dollar each day for his detention and support. Here he might be kept any length of time, at the discretion of the Captain. The same regulations were in force in regard to the soldiers who might be absent from their barracks after gun-fire; in consequence of which, collisions frequently occurred between the English soldiers and sailors on the one part, and the Dutch police on the other.

Most unexpectedly, we were listened to by the Fiscal, and the Captain was summoned to appear at his office the next day, bringing the contract with him. A pass to remain on shore over night was granted to us, and, with Wilson, I retired from the office, much cheered by the prospect.

Next morning, at the appointed hour, we were at the office, to hear our fate. The Captain soon appeared, and on seeing us could not restrain a look of indignation. Turning to the Fiscal in the blandest manner possible, he stated that those two rascals were deserters from his ship, and requested that they should be arrested, sent on board, and he would pay all expenses.

"Have you the contract by which you claim to hold these men?" asked the Judge. "If so, let me see it."

It was produced, and carefully read aloud. The

Judge then stated the case, in about the following words:

"Captain, by the terms of this document you cannot retain these men against their will, as you are commencing a new voyage instead of returning to America. You must, then, give them a full discharge. I also perceive that they cannot claim their pay until they return to the United States; therefore you must give each a certificate that he is entitled to a share of all the earnings of the vessel to the present time, according to the terms of the contract. You are not compelled to advance them money here, but you must pay their board while they are without a ship. And, further, by the laws of this colony you cannot discharge a man to remain on shore here; therefore you must get a berth for them in another ship, and become security for their month's advance, before you will be permitted to leave this port; and I now require your assurance, before leaving this office, that you will do so."

The old tiger had to submit. When he left the office we were told to report there daily until all requirements were accomplished. We celebrated our victory that afternoon at "Cline Pete's," with a good dinner, and in a glass of cheap Cape drank to the health of our "most righteous judge." "A Daniel had come to judgment," surely.

We could hardly realize that we were reposing that night in perfect security on shore, and in comfortable quarters, with no persecuting captain, or rascally police, to molest or make us afraid. I have, ever since that legal decision, held an exalted opinion of Dutch justice.

After a few days we were informed by the skipper that a chance was to be had in an old coasting schooner belonging to the colony, under English colors. It was some gratification to us that he was obliged to go with us to the owners, give us a good character as seamen and otherwise, become security for our advance, and witness our signing the articles. We received, also, our certificates to the owners in Boston, our American protections, and went on board to duty. In a day or two the *Pickering* sailed for Batavia, and elsewhere.

CHAPTER X.

THE FEJEE MERMAID.

AND now I will relate the conclusion of the foregoing voyage, and follow out the history of Captain Edes, as I learned it from his chief officer and the owners of the *Pickering*, on my return to Boston, about three years after this.

After visiting various ports in India and China, the vessel was sold to a Dutch house in the Island of Java, and the crew turned adrift without their pay. Captain Edes had made, or purchased, a something which he called a "Fejee Mermaid." It was said to be the skeleton of the upper part of a female baboon, connected with the tail of a fish, neatly put together and furred all over alike, after the best manner of John Chinaman, who is well known to be a perfect imitator. This production Captain Edes took with him to London. It was there examined by the board of Surgeon's Hall, and pronounced to be a genuine mermaid. He was offered a large sum for it, but declined selling; after taking it over the continent for exhibition, he returned with it to London.

In the meantime, the only remittance which had been made to the owner in Boston, of the earnings of the vessel for the whole voyage, was $6,000. Mr. Ellery, the owner, now satisfied that the action of Edes meant extreme barratry, went out under an assumed name to arrest him in England. He met him soon after his arrival there, but Captain Edes could not remember him as a person he had ever seen. Mr. Ellery had him arrested. The mermaid, being all the property he could find, was attached, and a chancery suit commenced. This was decided in favor of Mr. Ellery. The ownership of the mermaid was also transferred to him, he paying the cost of suit, £7,000. During the progress of the suit, the animal, or manufactured article, was subjected to a more critical examination, and declared an imposition. The mermaid was brought to New York by Mr. Ellery, and presented to Barnum; and this is the history of the Fejee Mermaid which has excited so much curiosity throughout the country.

Captain Edes had appropriated the whole proceeds of the voyage to his own use. The oil, sealskins, freights, the Dutch drafts, everything, had been used by him in dissipation. He was a sensualist in every sense of the word, and a notorious gambler. It was reported, and believed, that high military officers at Cape Town pocketed the entire proceeds of our two years' labor and exile on the island, while we, who labored and suffered to collect, and in reality were the principal owners of it, never received a single dollar. On my return, after an absence of over six years, I presented my claim to the owner, and was told I must await his settlement with Captain Edes. The owner had been swindled out of ship and cargo, and the crew out of their hard-earned dues. I promised to give a chapter of "Foul Play," without the embellishments of fiction; if the foregoing history does not furnish one, I cannot conceive what would.

The next movement of Edes was in France, where he had some connection with a ship-chandlery at Havre; afterwards he appeared in high life at Paris, where he was cleaned out. He then took passage for New York, where he was arrested by Mr. Ellery, kept in jail about six months, and was liberated at the intercession of former friends, who still felt a lingering interest in him. The same interest, probably, obtained for him the charge of another ship at Philadelphia, which he fitted out for the prosecution of a similar voyage, the result of which was, that after roaming about among various ports of the Indian Ocean, his vessel was cast away at the Island of Madagascar, and he afterwards died a miserable death at Bourbon or Mauritius.

And here I will mention, as a somewhat singular concidence, that the first command of the writer, in after years, was the beautiful brig *Mermaid*, of Boston, principally owned by R. B. Edes, Esq.; no relative, I am happy to say, of S. B. E.

Shortly after joining the coaster, my companion Wilson got a chance to exchange places with a young American on board a ship bound for Europe, but there was no such chance for me. My new shipmate, named Hammond, was much more of a man than Wilson, about twenty-one years of age, stout, strong, and fearless; altogether an excellent specimen of a Yankee sailor. He was a native of Bristol, R. I. I particularize him, as we stuck together, like tarred parcelling to a new rope, in every voyage, and in every condition of weal and woe which befell us, until we reached home, over three years afterwards.

Our first trip under the colonial flag was with a cargo of bullocks, sheep and hay, to St. Helena, the passage down being about twelve days. Napoleon was then at Longwood, about twelve miles distant from Jamestown. This was our nearest approach to the great Emperor, as no person, except on duty, was allowed to put a foot on the island. We were unloaded by government boats, and were ordered to up anchor and be off again immediately, on delivery of the cargo. Even our Captain was not permitted to leave his boat. We remained there but two days, and were again on our passage back to the Cape. We made several other voyages in different colonial vessels, to all the various ports on the coast, during which time we did not meet an American ship, or a chance to get away from the Cape, except to India or Australia, while our desire was toward home. So often disappointed, and meeting with so continued hard luck, I now became careless of where I went, and home was almost banished from my thoughts.

We were lying at Algoa Bay, in the little brig *Mary*, in company with the *Locust*, a government vessel, during a heavy gale from the south-east. We had discharged our cargo, taken in part of another, and were nearly ready for sea, when caught in the severest gale which I ever rode out at anchor. Our Captain, a drunken North Countryman, was part owner of the vessel. His nephew was mate (we had but one), and a very inexperienced, inefficient youth, at that. The gale came on just before night, while the Captain was on shore. The sea came tumbling in with increasing fury; the mate was sea-sick and frightened, and he soon turned in, telling us to do the best we could, and call him when he was wanted. He was not wanted, nor did we see him until the gale was over.

Our crew in the forecastle consisted of only four. We kept a sea-watch that night, H. and myself composing the starboard one. The little brig was what was called "Bermudian built," that is, long, low, and sharp. As the sea increased, we gave her the whole length of both cables, reserving enough to freshen the hawse as occasion required. The cables were both hempen. A sharp axe was kept in a secure place, convenient to use in an emergency. The yards were pointed sharp to the wind, and we could do no more. The sea was now boarding us over the bow, sweeping fore and aft. The cook's galley, hen-coops, everything on deck that was not lashed, found their way over the stern. The last act of precaution we had taken was to batten the hatches down, and fasten the cabin doors, to keep the water out. The mate and cook, the occupants of the cabin, could make their egress by unhooking the skylight from within. It was well that we secured the hatchways, otherwise the vessel would have filled and foundered. It was impossible to remain on deck for five minutes except at the risk of following the cook's galley over the taffrail, therefore the watch kept their look-out from the catharpings under the foretop, the spray drenching us even there.

The craft behaved beautifully. She dove into the seas like a duck, and continued unbroken after the decks were stripped of the movables. The cables were straightened, and as taut as fiddle-strings. At times, when she pitched into a heavy sea, we were fearful the cable would catch over the bowsprit, which lay very low, and take us to the bottom, head first.

But our greatest fear was of the *Locust*, which was anchored right in our hawse at the commencement of the gale. She was at single anchor, and began to drift; but, on letting go a second anchor, brought up about a cable's length directly to windward of us. She was a large vessel, high out of water, and should she drift on to us, our destruction would be inevitable.

The people on shore, supposing that both vessels would be driven from their anchorage, built a fire on the beach, directly under our lee, which was kept up during the night, to indicate the best place to take the beach, if we should have to run on shore. The watch at four o'clock in the morning had just been relieved. We were all four in the rigging. The darkness was intense. We could see nothing to windward but the white foaming tops of the furious waves, as they rolled towards us with fearful violence, threatening destruction to all opposing objects, occasionally catching a glimpse of the storm-lights of the vessel to windward. She had one at each mast-head, and we had one at the fore. As long as her lights were in a line with each other, or nearly so, we were all right; but soon we saw the distance increasing between them, and the shout arose, "She is broadside-to, and is coming down on us."

This we had expected, and had determined what to do, should it occur. One man sprang for the axe, with a few blows from which the in-shore cable was cut; two of us jumped aft, lashed the helm to port, while the fourth was on the look-out, to give warning of any sea threatening to board us. While we were swinging to bring our single anchor ahead, we were much exposed in the trough of the sea. but soon regained the safe position of head to wind and sea.

The *Locust* drifted by us, and so near that we plainly heard the order, amid the howling storm, of "Run up the fore-topmast staysail." The *Locust* had emigrants on board for Graham's Town, part of whom had been landed. We could hear the cries of those on board, as they rushed past us, apparently to certain destruction. The nearest land was about a quarter of a mile distant, along which the wind blew nearly parallel; the fire on the beach, directly to leeward, was a mile from the anchorage.

Finding that our craft was holding on well, and being relieved of the dangerous proximity of our neighbor, the watch below went into the forecastle to get such rest as they could, while Hammond and myself crawled up to the cat-harpings to resume watch and ward. (Modern sailors may not know where to locate us, as the cat-harpings used formerly to thrap a ship's lower rigging into the mastheads, have gone out of date.)

While perched on our lonely and uncomfortable roost, it occurred to us both, and perhaps for the first time, that our past lives had been thus far passed in scenes of hardship and suffering without much respite therefrom. Hunger, thirst, and almost nakedness, we were both familiar with, and the peltings of the pitiless storm we were not strangers to. We compared our lot with those on shore. What to them if the storm howled around their dwelling; there was comfort and safety within. "The warning voice of the lee shore speaking in breakers" did not disturb their dreams, while we "poor nurslings of the storm" had to face the music of Old Ocean, whatever was the tune.

Before the watch was out, we concluded that if we got safe on shore once more, we would make tracks for the interior, and settle down among Caffirs, Hottentots, or any other tribe, and live on shore somewhere out of sight of the Ocean. For our home and our country, we would seek and adopt a place where ships could not get.

Before sunrise the following morning, the gale was over, and our previous resolutions were entirely forgotten.

The *Locust* was a wreck on the beach; some of her passengers we heard were drowned, and others badly hurt.

In a few days we were again loaded, and sailed for Cape Town. On our arrival we were entitled to our discharge and wages. Not caring to sail again with a drunken Captain, and a boy for mate, we went to a boarding-house on shore, and for a time found employment in passage boats; having taken a boat on shares, we felt rather independent.

At the entrance of Table Bay, about twelve miles from the town, is a low, small island, called "Robbins Island," which was then used, and probably is now, as an island prison, where criminals from Cape Town were kept. A guard of soldiers was stationed here, being relieved once a month. The prisoners were principally employed in collecting shells for lime burning, catching and curing fish, etc. We had several charters to take prisoners and soldiers back and forth, and were doing well, but we soon tired of it.

About this time a Dutch bark from Batavia put into Simon's Bay in distress, leaky and shorthanded. As it was the season of south-easters, when it was dangerous for a ship to lie there, men were sent for to help get her round to Table Bay for repairs. The pay was good, and Hammond and myself were of a party of six sailors engaged for that purpose. We were transported across the country in a covered wagon, drawn by five or six yokes of oxen. On joining the vessel, it was found that one pump in constant operation would keep her free; and as it was only one or two days' sail to Table Bay, we put to sea soon after we reached the vessel. The officers and crew were all Dutchmen. They were good sailors, and very pleasant to get along with, and the provisions were good and abundant; but baffling winds prevailed for five days, when we took the first of a south-easter and ran into the Bay. In doubling round Greenpoint, the vessel was struck by a white squall and capsized, the wind being at the time all aloft, with scarcely any on deck.

The hatches being off, the vessel gradually filled, and began to settle. There was nothing to be done but to try to save our lives. The only boat that would swim was speedily occupied by the Dutchmen. We knew the bark would take the bottom in five or six fathoms of water, leaving a considerable portion of her masts out. She righted as she settled, while we hung on to various places aloft. We were in plain sight of the shipping in the Bay, and not more than three miles distant, so we felt sure of being picked off.

After her keel brought up on the bottom, the topsail yards were out of water, and to these we clung until taken off about an hour after the accident. There were six or eight boats from the different ships, and as many from the town, which came to our relief. Nobody suffered except from frequent ducking, as the rolling of the vessel would occasionally put us under water both ways. The main cause of her being so easily capsized was the dissolving of the sugar in the lower hold;

part of her cargo had been thrown overboard from between decks, before arriving at the Cape, but enough remained there to make her crank, while the weight below was daily increasing.

We were landed at Cape Town about dusk, cold and wet. Hammond and myself separated from the others, and were on our way to where we had formerly boarded, when we met a squad of police, who asked for our passes. Of course we had none. We told them the story of the wreck, and they knew it was true; but we had no money to give them, consequently they were kind enough to take charge of and deposit us in the "calaboose," or "trunk." It was in vain that we represented to the Captain of Police that we were wrecked that very day, and had no time to procure a pass, or even to get dry clothes or anything to eat, before we were snapped up by his men. Indeed we felt so keenly the wrong done us that we used language which he considered impudent, therefore we were thrust into prison, where he promised to keep us safe until called for. As we knew of no one who would be likely to inquire respecting us, we concluded the best way was to make application to the Governor himself. As we had been before the Fiscal once, and been befriended by him, we did not like to go again, lest he might now consider us pestilent fellows. We had a little money, and were allowed to send out and buy provisions. We had also obtained writing materials from a clerk of the prison.

We made such a representation of facts, and so strong an appeal to his Excellency, that an orderly was sent with a requisition to have us brought before him forthwith. At this time General Sir Rufane Shawe Donkin was the acting Governor, in the absence of Lord Charles Somerset, who was in England. General Donkin was a veteran in the service, and was commonly spoken of as a kind-hearted old Scotchman, and we found him so. Stating our case to him, he inquired, "Which of you wrote that note to me?" I replied that I did. I felt that I was about to receive punishment for my presumption, and when he approached me and took my hand I expected it was to pass me over to the orderly in waiting, to receive a thrashing; but no such thing. "What part of England are you from, my lad?" was the kind inquiry. "I am an American, sir, from the State of Massachusetts. We are both Americans."

He then asked us many questions about our country, our parents, schools, etc., where we had been, and what we wanted to do; all of which were answered, to his apparent satisfaction.

After giving us some fatherly advice, he gave orders that we should have a pass to remain on shore for one month, or until we could get a ship. In the meantime, and as we were destitute and had no consul to apply to, he gave orders that we should be provided with bed and board at the soldiers' barracks, while we were in search of employment. Thanking him cordially for his kindness, we took our leave and cast about for employment. We found various jobs on shipboard or in boats for about two weeks, but no chance to get a voyage; each night having our supper with the soldiers, and a bunk with clean straw to sleep on, our breakfast in the morning, and then sallying out to see what might turn up.

There were three regiments of troops in barracks and garrison. The barracks were large and commodious, with a spacious parade-ground in front, bordered by a grand walk, well shaded. Here, in witnessing the fine reviews every morning, and listening to their splendid bands at evening, we had much enjoyment. Every three months the soldiers received a portion of their pay; when this occurred, the messes sent out and bought the cheap wine of the country, and, with some other extras, had a jollification in the evening. It was on one of these occasions that H. and myself were making merry with them; as the wine circulated, our entertainers were disposed to "run" us Yankees; songs were sung by them celebrating the capture of Hull's Army and the burning of Washington. Hammond was a good singer, and as an offset he struck up the naval song of the "Constitution and Guerriere." I at first tried to stop him, but as he persisted, I joined heartily in the chorus. The natural consequence was a row. Hammond could handle any one man of his size, but I, a boy, could not render him much help, so we soon found ourselves outside the barracks, after having been the recipients of more kicks and cuffs than were agreeable; and thus terminated the hospitalities of our kind friend, the General. Fortunately for us, we got work for a month or so in a sail-loft, and boarded in the family of an old Swedish sail-maker, where, for a time, we enjoyed the comforts of a home.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

WHILE we were here, several ships were driven on shore in Table Bay during a north-west gale. Hammond was sick. There was an English boy, named George, boarding at the house with us. He had been sick in the hospital, and was rather feeble now, but on the day of the wrecks George and I started together to go to a large Indiaman, which was on shore in a bend of the bay, about three miles from town. We followed the beach along till we came to a broad river, which, at its outlet, appeared to be quite shallow, and the current not very strong. Just the other side of the river was the ship, with two or three anchors ahead. She had dragged on shore stern first; the sea was breaking violently over her bows, and sweeping aft. The crew (mostly Lascars) were on the poop and in the rigging, endeavoring to get a hawser to the shore, where quite a number of persons were gathered trying to render assistance. When we entered the river I was ahead of George, and found the water quite shallow full half the distance across. I noticed that some of the men came towards us from the other side, and waved us back. Their shouts we could not hear, for the storm and the breakers;

but I inferred that they did not want any more company to share the salvage that might accrue from the wreck, so I kept on, with George following. A short distance farther I found the water deepening, and the current increasing so that the sand was being washed from under my feet. I now saw the danger, and understood why they beckoned us back, but it was too late. I turned to tell my companion to go back, but at the same moment the current took me off my feet and was sweeping me towards the sea, which tumbled on the beach in furious breakers. I was a strong swimmer, and tried to gain the bank again, but in vain. I could feel the sandy bottom with my feet, and tried to hold on by my toes, but the sand broke away from them, and I was borne rapidly out among the breakers. I saw that George was taken off his feet also, and was following me out to sea. I now turned head to the breakers, and by diving into two or three of them as they came in succession, I got outside of them unharmed. Getting a good offing to prevent being dashed against the cables, I swam across the ship's bows and tried to land on the other side; going in on a roller, I was thrown on to the beach, but could not hold on to the sands, and the undertow took me off again. Watching for a favorable time between the seas, I struck out for the beach again, and this time a man ran into the surf with the end of a long line in his hand, while others held on to the shore end; he got hold of me, and I was safe, and not much exhausted. In an hour after I was assisting in landing the wrecked crew. Poor George had a harder time; he could not breast the breakers, but somehow got alongside the ship; they threw him ropes, which he could not get, and the sea would have torn him from them if he had; escaping collision with the ship, he was thrown ashore under her stern, where, by the help of the rope, he was picked out of the surf, more dead than alive. He was carried to the nearest house, and it was some weeks before he got over his rough bathing. And here follows another coincidence:

Twenty-two years after the events above narrated, I was at the port of San Pedro, California, with a ship collecting hides and tallow; in port also was another vessel on the same business, the Peruvian brig, *Juan Jose*, Captain Duncan. We had often met before, and had transacted business together in various ports on the coast. On this occasion we had dined together on board one of the vessels, and I was speaking of having been wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope when a boy. Captain Duncan said he was never wrecked, but once, when a lad, came near losing his life at the Cape; he was going to a wrecked ship in company with a boy they called Yankee Bill, and both were nearly drowned in crossing a river.

"Stop!" said I, "that ship was the *Dorah*, of Calcutta." "Yes, and the two boys boarded with Nicolas Raff."

"Why, yes — well then, here we are. You are 'English George,' and I 'Yankee Bill.'"

Early in the year 1821, Hammond and myself had been employed in fishing with a seine at night, and selling our catch in the forenoon to the town's-people. Our companions in this business were Malays, Hottentots, Dutchmen, etc.; altogether we represented five or six different nations, and choice specimens we were at that. This was the only employment we could find at that time; it was neither very productive nor pleasant, and we determined to ship on board the first vessel that came in and wanted men, whatever she might be, or wherever bound. The British sloop-of-war *Menai*, belonging to the St. Helena Station, was that one. She was from Mauritius, and bound for St. Helena. We went on board, under contract to serve his Britannic Majesty for three years, but with some mental reservations in the case — such as, that we would better our condition whenever we should have an opportunity. And now I found myself in the very situation of which I had always entertained the greatest horror; but there was no help for it, and, after being initiated on board, and getting the hang of things, being well treated, well fed, and having easy work compared with that on a merchantman, we found the British naval service not so very dreadful.

We were stationed about the island for nearly two months, being most of the time underweigh, looking after suspicious-looking vessels approaching or passing the island. Once we ran down to Ascension, to get turtle; here a sloop-of-war was always stationed while Napoleon was living in St. Helena, to catch turtle and repair vessels. No foreign vessel whatever was then allowed to anchor at Jamestown, but all were sent to Ascension, if needing repairs. I believe that not a man from our ship landed on the island while she was there.

It was amusing, while on the station, to see with what suspicion a vessel was watched approaching the island, if she had the appearance of being an American, while craft of other nations received but little attention. There was a continual apprehension that the Yankees were planning to rescue the prisoner. One day a clipper schooner made her appearance in the offing; chase was given to her by two or three sloops, and she was ordered not to come within three miles of the island. Another time, a partly dismasted American ship hove in sight, making for the anchorage, and this was considered as decidedly a Yankee trick to communicate with Napoleon; whether it was so or not, she was taken in tow by a sloop-of-war and towed out of sight, it was said, to Ascension Island, where she was refitted. Two officers of Napoleon's family, said to be Las Casas and Gen. Gourgaud, embarked on board our ship, and were landed at the Cape; others of his household we saw go on board of the *Camel*, storeship, for England. Our ship was now ordered to the Cape, with orders (it was said) for the men-of-war there, and at the Isle of France, to join the Admiral at St. Helena. We arrived at Simon's Bay the latter part of May, 1821, when, being on a watering party one day, we saw the coast clear, and struck out for the bush. We had received a little money, and had made some other preparations for this special occasion. Travelling nearly all night near the road leading to Cape Town, and keeping parallel with it, we stopped to rest and sleep ten miles from the ship, and remained there until morning. We had some knowledge of the roads, having passed that way before. The next day, during which we had a good lift in an ox-team, we reached Constantia. We kept away from the houses for a few days in the day-time, until we were sure that the ship had left; and then engaged ourselves to work for an old Dutch farmer, named Van Reen; wages were low, but we had good quarters, lived well, and for three months were quite contented. Our employment consisted in making bags for wheat, canvas coverings for wagons, and pressing hay into bundles to be shipped to St. Helena from Cape Town.

It is a fact that H. and myself do really owe Her Britannic Majesty's Government an unexpired term of service, but then, we carried out the reservations spoken of, and for my part the step we took has never caused me any regret. Perhaps the account may hereafter be settled in the way of offsetting some of the Alabama claims. In that case I am willing the British Government should have the benefit of it.

The country in which we found ourselves was very fertile — cattle and sheep were abundant, and the vineyards teemed with the finest grapes in the world; the famous Constantia wine needs no description of mine. Van Reen had many Hottentots in his employ who were chiefly employed about the cattle, a business for which they are peculiarly well adapted; they were, also, with their wives, working as vine-dressers, and were the best house servants in the country. These people are inoffensive, and faithful to their masters, but the Dutch boors, as a general thing, treated them inhumanly; they seem to be about the last link in the chain of humanity, and from their peculiar formation and manner of living are very near kin to the brute. The Caffirs and Bushmen are seldom seen, as their roaming is away from all civilized places. Lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals were said to be in the vicinity, and frequently carried off the sheep. I have heard them growl at night, but I never saw any unconfined. Baboons were very numerous — these we often came across; they are very destructive to the vineyards, sometimes coming in droves at night, and clearing the grapes off from hundreds of vines. The Hottentots are good hunters, and were provided with fire-arms while keeping watch to repel the intruders; but woe to the poor fellow who happens to meet a gang of these animals unarmed: he is sure to be pelted with sticks, stones, and mud, as far as they dare follow him; and still greater woe to the female Hottentot who falls into their hands: she is carried off and seen no more — at least such was the common report, and I believe it, for I have seen the brute and the human, when, if the faces were only visible, I could not have told to which race they belonged. The English treat the natives with greater kindness than the Dutch did; the Colonial Government forbid their being used as bondmen. They offered a bounty for the skin of every wild beast destroyed. I have seen many of these hunters come into Cape Town bringing their spoils, the man always in advance, encumbered with nothing but his gun,— the woman travelling behind with a pack of skins on her back. On top of that would be a child, and often another child was seated on the hinder projection. Receiving their bounty from government, and selling their skins, or exchanging them for ammunition, Cape brandy and tobacco, they lie around the streets drunk for a few days, and then start off again to hunt.

The Hottentot has a large moppish head of hair, unlike any other people I have seen; it is fine as silk, always well greased, and every hair appears to be curled separately. The Cape sheep are also different from all others, long legged, and clothed with a coarse wool, or rather hair; the mutton is excellent, but all the fat of the animal seems to tend towards the tail, which member is flat at the base, and tapering down; it sometimes weighs fifteen pounds, and has to be suspended with a lanyard to keep it clear of the ground. This fat, when it is tried out, is very white, and, packed in bladders, is sold in the market for culinary purposes, for which it is highly esteemed. The returning teams, which arrived from Cape Town twice a week, always brought up a newspaper printed in Dutch and English, by which we knew what vessels arrived at or departed from Table Bay.

Seeing that a number of ships were in port, and knowing that the *Minai* had gone to England, we settled with our employer, and took passage on one of his ox-teams for the seaboard. Arriving at Cape Town, and not finding a ship to suit, we found employment with an Englishman at the village of Poppendirk, near the town, for a few weeks, and then shipped on board the *Britomart*, of London, Captain Peach, bound to Van Dieman's Land, Port Jackson, and elsewhere, not towards home, but in the opposite direction.

The ship we were now on was what was called a free trader, in contradistinction to those known as Botany Bay ships, which took out convicts to the colony of New South Wales. The *Britomart* belonged partly to two brothers by the name of Scott, who were passengers on board. They were wealthy, and chose this way of travelling for pleasure and seeing the world. The Captain was a good seaman, and an educated gentleman, always kind and pleasant to all around him, and his mates were worthy of such a master. H. and myself were agreeably disappointed in finding ourselves on board of an extremely comfortable craft, with gentlemanly, and at the same time kind and efficient officers; we found, in fact, that the vessel was on a yachting expedition rather than a commercial voyage, and had been fitted out accordingly. The Messrs. Scott had each his own boat nicely furnished and equipped for hunting and fishing, with sails, awnings, tents and cooking utensils, all ready for use as soon as opportunity should offer for their amusement. The ship was well furnished in every respect: even the foremost hands had been selected with care; of sixteen before the mast, scarcely one was objectionable. The boatswain, gunner, sailmaker and carpenter messed by themselves in the steerage, and were competent men in their departments. Two of the crew were left sick at the Cape, and we got their places. I will here record with candor, that on no other ship in which I served while before the mast, under the flag of my own country, or that of any other, did I ever know a crew to receive such uniform kind treatment. We had on board a number of respectable families, farming people and mechanics, who were to remain at Van Dieman's Land as colonists.

CHAPTER XII.

TO AUSTRALIA.

WE arrived at Hobart Town on the Derwent River, after a passage of usual length — nothing remarkable occurring except that divine service was held on Sundays, when the weather permitted, the Captain or one of the gentlemen reading the Church of England service, which was something entirely new to us.

The entrance to the Derwent River is through Storm Bay, with Cape Pillar on the one side, and Tasman's Head on the other. As the passage narrowed on approaching the river, the scenery was beautiful,— the banks well wooded with a great variety of forest-trees with brilliant and variegated foliage, the dark, green hills rising in the background, their smooth sides covered with living green — presenting, as we approached, a picture of beauty to eyes which for months had rested upon nothing but the firmament above and the waste of waters below.

Hobart Town is beautifully situated on the left bank of the river or estuary, about twenty miles from the sea; in a cove fronting the town is good anchorage, with a moderate depth of water. This colony was commenced less than twenty years before our arrival, and was already a very good-looking town

— the public improvements were in active progress, being pushed by the government with the labor of convicts; part of the population were free settlers from England, the rest were convicts sent down from Sydney. We landed the emigrants and their effects, and then commenced a thorough overhaul of the ship, from the keelson to the royal truck, inside and out, stripped to bare lower masts; every shroud and backstay was refitted and replaced, the yards and masts examined, and every block-strap and piece of standing rigging underwent a thorough survey.

The turning in of shrouds and backstays, staying masts, setting up rigging, and all the *et cetera* necessary to get a ship all a-taunto, furnish practical lessons to a youngster which he cannot get in a nautical college on shore, where a few questions asked, which may be found with answers annexed in Bowditch or the Sheet Anchor, are all that is deemed necessary with three years' experience at sea, in these days of progress, to fit a man for chief mate of a ship. My own opinion is, that no man, however smart, is competent to a second mate's duty with less than five years' service at sea, while a first mate's experience should date still further back. The fact that a few captains of American ships are quite young, and of but three or four years' service at sea, all of which has been in the cabin, is no proof of their competence as commanders. The theory of navigation may be learned in the parlor or counting-room, but the practical part, and seamanship, can only be acquired in troubled waters, and under storm stay-sails. The man who does not know what to do with his ship in almost any situation in which she can be placed, cannot be considered a competent ship-master, and ought not to be in charge of life and property on the ocean.

I have been led to these remarks by looking over a book recently handed me, issued from an institution which proposes to certify to the competency of a man of three years' experience, as first mate of a first-class ship on a foreign voyage, with perhaps hundreds of lives on board, to say nothing of property, provided he can get by heart from a book, and answer, a few questions. In case of accident to the master, the command must devolve upon the mate, on whom, in such an event, would rest a tremendous responsibility. The risks and perils of the ocean are fearful enough under the most skilful management, and fearfully are they increased by inefficiency. "They order these things better in France."

While the refitting was going on, our Captain and the Messrs. Scott were generally on hunting expeditions, and were so successful that the whole ship's company was supplied by them with fresh provisions. We had kangaroo cooked in various ways — it was considered excellent meat — while a variety of wild fowl and fish, which also were abundant, afforded us fat living. Of shell-fish we had none but oysters, though there were others which we did not use. By proceeding down the river with the ebb tide a few miles, and letting the boat ground on a mud bank, we could easily load her to the thwarts with the finest and largest of oysters, and float off on the return of the tide. The largest of these bivalves we did not take,—a shell of one such will contain nearly a pail of water, and may sometimes be seen in our cities, indicating the presence of an oyster shop. We remained in port a number of weeks after the ship was ready for sea, and until our gentlemen had hunted, fished, and perambulated the country to their satisfaction. In most of the boat expeditions I was of the crew, and soon showing that I was at home in the management of a boat, before leaving here, I was given charge of one, and also promoted to be coxswain of the Captain's gig, which was a pleasant berth in many respects. The scenery of the country around Hobart Town is equal to any I know of. The fertility of the soil was said to be all that could be desired, and altogether it seemed a very desirable place to inhabit. We left it with regret, and now were bound to Port Jackson, New South Wales, lying about 10 degrees to the eastward.

After a week's passage we entered the port, and anchored close in shore off the town of Sydney, and in the cove of the same name. Here we moored ship, unbent sails, and made preparations for a long stay. Formerly a port regulation was enforced at Sydney, which was very annoying. On the arrival of a ship, a gang was sent from the dock-yard on board, who unbent the sails and took them on shore. The rudder was also unshipped and taken away, and all the provisions, over a week's supply, removed to the government stores, where they were dealt out weekly. In more than one instance, ships had been taken possession of during the night, and run away with by the convicts. Therefore this precaution was taken to prevent any further escape of prisoners. After a ship was loaded and ready for sea, the provisions were returned, the sails bent, and the rudder replaced. The final act was after the ship was under sail, and proceeding to sea; officials came on board and smoked the ship fore and aft, under deck, to bring out stowaways, if any should be hid away. It was but quite recently that all of this, but the smoking part, was abolished.

Sydney is too well known to need any description of mine. It was a large and handsome town in those days, (48 years ago,) finely located, with one of the best harbors in the world before it, with depth of water enough close to the shore to float a frigate. The Paramatta River, which runs down back of the town into the harbor, had then but a sparse population on its banks. It is fair to presume that very great changes have taken place with its immensely increased population, and especially since the discovery of gold there. Then it was hardly known whether New Holland was an island or a continent; now it has no *terra incognita*, and the people are broad-spread over the land; then there were but a few of the aborigines lingering about on the rocks opposite Sydney,—miserable, hideous-looking objects, nearly naked and covered with hair, much resembling the Fuegians in their looks and filthy habits.

After discharging the cargo and taking in ballast, we had but little hard work on board; the ship was kept as trim as possible, the snow-white decks were well rubbed with holystone and sand every morning, the awnings spread fore and aft; at eight bells the colors were hoisted, and the boatswain piped to breakfast. The ship had six guns, and once a week we went through the battery exercise. We had a good deal of company from the shore to dinner parties, and one night a ball was given on board in return for similar attentions received on shore, by the Captain and his passenger friends. All of the festivities on board were enjoyed by "Jack," as the music of the quarter-deck answered for the fore-castle dance, and many crumbs of comfort found their way forward.

The boat expeditions were also kept up — but our gentlemen did not hunt as much here as at the Derwent. Almost every day a boat was sent afishing for the ship's use. I was ordered on one occasion to get the gig ready for a trip up the Paramatta on a hunt. The Captain had a friend residing at the village of Paramatta, about twelve miles above Sydney, with whom he and the Scotts were to spend a few days; the boat was to remain there for occasional use; myself and three others composed the boat's crew.

On arriving at our destination, I had orders to go with the crew to a little public-house near by, get our meals and lodging there, keep the boat clean, and be always ready for a start. I was to go to the Captain's house, about half a mile off, every morning for orders, and if not wanted for the day, we were at liberty to loaf as we liked. The first night at the "Red Cow," for such was the name of our inn, I can never forget. Since leaving the Cape I had not known the luxury of a bed; lying on a chest with my clothes-bag for a pillow, and a blanket for covering, I had not felt the need of any other sleeping arrangements. My island life had inured me to enjoy some things which I should now consider hardships.

Established in comfortable quarters at "our Inn," for about a week we had rare enjoyment; we were seldom wanted by the Captain, and had most of the time to ourselves. The first night, after a good regular supper at a table spread with a white tablecloth, and covered with the usual crockery and fixings to be found at a second-class country inn, all of which was rare to us, we passed the evening in a manner very agreeable to sailors on shore, in the enjoyment of a glass of ale, a pipe, checkers, story-telling and singing, all of which were indulged in temperately, as became the crew of the Captain's gig. On retiring for the night, the landlady conducted me into a snug little bedroom, the like of which I had not seen the inside of for years. Being the officer in command of the party, and perhaps the best-looking, as well as the youngest of the lot, I had the best quarters assigned me; the others were disposed of in one room by themselves. Setting the light down and directing my attention to the furniture of the room, and hoping I should sleep well, the kind and pleasant old lady bid me "good-night" in a manner that at once carried me back to my boyhood's days, bringing so vividly to my remembrance the oft-repeated endearments of a past and far-distant home, perhaps to be known no more, that I sat down and gave vent in tears to the swelling and strange emotions within. I took a good survey of the premises, which were furnished with a carpet of gay colors, with a regular-built four-post bedstead, high, and with fringed curtains, under which was a feather bed and pillow to match, the coverlet and sheets all as white as snow; a wash-stand with all its accompaniments; the walls adorned with pictures, and, as it seemed to me, everything which a luxurious taste could demand. At first I thought there must be a mistake; this could not be for a common Jack Tar; she must have thought I was the Captain of the ship, and I waited some time for her reappearance, to correct the error; but hearing nothing more about it, I concluded to accept the situation, and make the most of it. In order to take the full benefit of the act, I stripped to "bare poles," and turned in, and rolled and revelled in a good feather bed in such perfect enjoyment, that I scarcely slept during the night. Often, in later years, when turning into a very comfortable bed at night, have I reverted, in thought, to the feather bed in that little room at the sign of the "Red Cow" at Paramatta; and with no disparagement to the latter. I wonder if that sign still swings,—the comely red cow, with its stub tail, a perfect *fac simile* of a similar animal owned by the landlady. I shall never forget them while memory holds its seat. May "peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy gates," for thou hast been as an oasis in the desert to the weary wanderer of the sea.

We had much opportunity to go about on shore if we wished, but we were so comfortable and well contented on board, that we seldom availed of it. The hunting and fishing excursions sufficed me for recreation, and we were very shy of the people of Sydney, many of whom were convicts who had served out their penal term, and were allowed to remain in the colony. Those remaining about the towns were small store and saloon-keepers, loafers in general, not pursuing any particular calling, but waiting for something to turn up which brought game to their nets, and especially on the watch for a ship's crew on liberty.

Among our crew we had a man called "Old George," who had made one or two voyages to Sydney before this one. On the passage he often related to us many cases of shipmates who had been taken in tow by these sharks during the day, when on liberty, shown the lions of Sydney, and as soon as it became dark, being just in a condition to be easily handled, taken to a by-place, stripped to their nether garments, and left to get to their ship as best they could. Especially did he caution us youngsters against being on shore after dark: "For," said he, "they will put you to bed with a cold stone for a pillow, and without covering." Poor George! he did not benefit by his experience as well as we did by his warnings. One morning, having the watch on deck just at daylight, I saw a small shore-boat come under the bows, and from this "Old

George" crawled on board, with nothing on but his shirt; he hoped to get on board unnoticed, but failed to do so. The poor fellow was frequently reminded of this adventure afterwards; his was the only case of the kind that happened among us.

This operation was designated by the Sydney gentlemen as "putting a cove to bed and delivering him of his duds," the midwife being a man. We looked upon the people as a set of piratical thieves, with whom it was dangerous to have anything to do. A shore boatman, who was hired to tend our ship with his boat, one night stole the large cat-block which was used for taking up the anchor, and was hanging over the bows; taking it to another ship, he sold it for one dollar. A few days after, our mate saw it there and claimed it — the purchaser stated how and from whom he bought it. Our officer charged the fellow with the theft. "Oh yes," replied the scamp, "it is so, but I will steal it again to-night, and bring it back again." He did so.

CHAPTER XIII.

VALPARAISO.

AFTER remaining at Sydney over two months, we took in as cargo the lower hold full of coal and firewood, and sailed for Valparaiso. Going down the harbor the gang of smokers came on board, and the entrances were closed on a powerful smoke under deck, but no rats made their appearance, and we continued on our voyage. About a week out, we discovered that, by a leak in one of our iron water-tanks, our stock was much reduced; it was therefore determined to call at New Zealand to replenish.

We came to anchor in a small bay at the north end of New Zealand. I think it was called Samiston Bay or Harbor — there was a snug little inner harbor or cove here, where water was to be had, and into which our boats were piloted by a native canoe, which came off to us with a variety of fruit, principally plantain and cocoa-nuts. Two boats were sent in in the morning, with empty casks, the second mate in charge. We observed the natives clustered on and about the rocks which lay at the entrance, and over which the sea broke with violence, at times washing over them, and sweeping all into the sea. On our approach we saw they were mostly females — they were sporting in the surf like the penguin of Prince Edwards, and appeared to care no more for the breakers than the birds did; they left the rocks as we passed them, and swimming after the boats, evinced by their motions a desire for us to land. We anchored the largest boat at a proper distance, and landed the casks, to fill at a small stream close to the shore. The crew of the boat at anchor had muskets, but were ordered not to use or exhibit them without orders from the officer on shore. We found the natives well disposed, and eager to help us, after they ascertained what we wanted. Some trinkets were distributed to those that helped us, and, with the exception of a slight attempt to remove the iron hoops from the water-casks, they gave us no trouble at our first landing.

I was not in the boat at the second trip, when there were but four or five casks to be filled. The second mate had orders not to leave the boat aground, or run any risks with the natives by leaving the boat at all unguarded. The muskets this time were not put in the boat, as there did not seem to be any occasion for them. Several native canoes came round the ship, exchanging their commodities for iron nails, knives, fish-hooks, etc., and during the day the ship was well supplied with fruit and fish. The Captain or chief mate were watching the gang on shore with the spy-glass, and noticed that the casks were filled and rolled towards the boat, where they were left, while the officer and three men were strolling away from the other three left in charge of the boat. Our Captain did not

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like the appearance of things on shore, and his anxiety was soon increased by seeing the others also go off in a different direction, in company with a few natives, leaving the boat entirely alone. Orders were given to load two of the broadside guns, and fire a blank cartridge, to call the mate's attention to the boat, but this did not seem to have the desired effect. Shortly after, the natives were seen rushing to the casks, and were beating them to pieces. A twelve-pound shot was now fired over their heads, and soon our people were seen running towards the boat, where they arrived in time to save a part of the casks; the hoops of the others had been knocked off and carried away, while the natives were laughing over the affair as an excellent joke. No molestation was offered, but they helped the officer to gather up the staves and push the casks off to the boat, with which he returned to the ship. It seems that while he was waiting for the tide to rise and float the casks, he, presuming on the good behavior of the natives, thought it safe to go to their huts, leaving part of the crew to guard the boat. The guard were also enticed by the beautiful scenery to go a short distance, but the allurements led them on until the natives took the advantage. After hoisting in the water, we immediately got under-weigh.

At Sydney the tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs were frequently offered for sale alongside the ship, but here we did not see a single tattooed face. We were here about thirty-six hours, procured all the water we wanted, and though no accident happened, it was not owing to good management. I have often thought how indiscreet our officers were on that occasion. I believe our Captain had been there before, and had implicit confidence in the people. In about six or seven weeks we were off the island of Juan Fernandez, and attempted to stop at Cumberland Harbor, but the wind headed us at the entrance, and we bore away for Valparaiso, where we arrived on the third day.

Passing the point of Angels, and casting anchor in Paradise, I somehow felt that such celestial names must surround us with sweeter influences than had yet fallen to my lot. In about two weeks we had discharged the cargo, put the ship in good order, and were daily hoping to hear that our next destination would be to some part of Europe. There was but one American ship in port — the *Armenian*, of Baltimore, and she was bound home; a single visit to her convinced us that we had better remain where we then were, and prolong our absence from home, than be subjected to the treatment which it was likely we should find under the flag of our country, with bad officers, to whom the knocking down and kicking men under their command seemed to be daily pastime.

In all my changes from ship to ship, and in every situation in which I had been placed, I had always made known my nationality; a "purser's name," *i. e.*, a fictitious one, I had never used, and was never treated any the worse for it. Hammond and myself, on entering on board of an English man-of-war, had distinctly informed the executive officer, in presence of the crew, that we were Americans, that force of circumstances compelled us to enter, and should war occur between the countries, we would not fight against our own; it was with these stipulations we went on board, and I have no right to doubt that good faith would have been observed towards us. I had felt a pride on coming into port and seeing the glorious Stars and Stripes waving over the finest-looking ship in the fleet; but unfortunately we anchored so near her that we were compelled to witness scenes of brutality that caused us to feel ashamed of our countrymen. That ship, we know, was not to be taken as a criterion for American ships in general, but we saw enough to cause us to avoid her. We therefore concluded to stick to the *Britomart*, wherever she went, until we could move in a homeward direction in a decent ship.

We had been in port about three weeks, when we were told that the ship was to be sold, and would not leave port again under the present ownership or officers, and that all hands would now be paid off but a boat's crew. This was sad news for us, as, not being of the original crew, we could not expect to be retained. Therefore Hammond and myself received, with our wages, an honorable discharge, together with a certificate from Captain Peach, and countersigned by the Messrs. Scott, who were part owners, "that we were American citizens, and were good seamen, obedient and attentive to duty, and recommending us as such." With these documents, and about forty dollars apiece in our pockets, we again found ourselves adrift in a foreign land, poor footballs of fortune, little imagining in which direction the next kick might send us.

At a sailor boarding-house, paying four dollars a week, and in company with our shipmates, where we had to keep up our end of the table in every respect, or appear mean, our money did not last long. In fact, we found that money was as necessary, and would go no further, in Paradise than elsewhere. Getting towards the end of our rope, we had been anxiously looking out for a ship, in the hope that an American vessel would come in, and give us a chance to get away; or that the United States ship *Franklin*, the only American man-of-war on the coast, would arrive from Callao.

We had no intention of calling upon the Consul for his kind offices; but week after week passed, our cash was gone, and our best duds had to be converted into daily bread. Our shipmates had all joined the Chilian frigate *O'Higgins*, Chili and Peru then being at war. Lord Cochrane being in command of the Chilian Navy, was daily visiting all the sailor boarding-houses, jingling doubloons in his hands as persuaders to Jack to take service under him. In cutting out the frigate *Esmeralda*, from Callao, the boat expedition, headed by Cochrane himself, suffered severely in men, and he was now using every exertion to repair his losses. A gold doubloon in advance, and a promise of prize-money being the inducements, and the Lord himself being very popular with his crews, for he was a famous fighter, and, at the present time, at least, very familiar, drinking with the sailors, and humoring their fancies, he was successful in picking up all the drift stuff in the vale of Paradise.

Hammond and myself held out as long as possible. As a last resource we went to the United States Consul — told him we were American seamen in distress, wanted to get home, and asked his assistance. He inquired what ship we came there in; we told him: he asked for our Custom House protections; we told him they were lost when we were wrecked at the Cape, but produced the certificates from our last Captain. He examined them, and said: "They will not answer — you came here in an English ship, and do not produce satisfactory evidence to me that you are what you represent yourselves to be;" and would have nothing to do with us. We requested him to question us about the States we hailed from, and if we could not answer to his satisfaction, we would give up our claim. An old man writing at a desk said to me:

"You say you are a Boston boy, so am I; now tell me what is the weather-vane on the top of Faneuil Hall, — is it a rooster?"

"No," replied I, "it is a grasshopper."

"Right," said he; "I'll guarantee you for a Yankee."

But the great Consul, Mr. H., a broken-down Irish Baltimore merchant, would not listen to us. We had been told before going to his office, that if we would hail for Irish Americans, and Catholics, we would be taken care of, and we told him so. We were ordered out of the office, and went, but not before giving him the benefit of our opinion of his public and private character, without fear of the police, which he threatened us with; knowing that we could flee at once to our Scotch friend, who stood ready with his doubloon to receive us.

In after years, in command of a fine ship in Valparaiso Bay, I had invited a few friends on board to enjoy a salt-fish dinner; the seedy old Consul, who yet remained there, but out of office, and poor, and who was said to be generally loafing about the ship-chandlers, where the Captains often congregated, happened to be there on this occasion, and invited himself to be of the party, and he came. After dinner, wishing to impress me with a proper sense of his long official services, he expatiated on the important benefits he had rendered the country, its commerce and seamen. I responded by saying that of course he never turned a deaf ear to destitute American seamen.

"Never," said he; "but I have often used my own funds for their relief."

"Then you must have been quite short, sir, when you drove two poor Yankee lads from your office, and forced them on board of a miserable Chilian man-of-war."

Then, telling the story, I added that I was one of the lads, and had always hoped for an opportunity to remind him of it. I was happy to entertain him with the best the ship afforded, and thanked him for his company. Of course he could

The *Nautilus* was one of the crack China ships belonging to the Perkins's, of Boston. She was from Canton, had left part of her China cargo at Valparaiso, and was at this port taking in copper. We went to work with the crew, and when the Captain came on board he told us that if we went round Cape Horn in the ship, he should put us on the same wages as the others. From this port we proceeded to Huasco, to complete the lading of copper. Being again at sea "in a Yankee ship with a Yankee crew," it seemed that at last we were in a fair way of being homeward-bound. The cargo we were now taking on board was to be landed in Boston — the chance of our being there also when it should arrive, depended on what might happen to us at the next port: peril of the seas was not in the calculation; the only peril we could recognize was contact with a Chilian officer who might recognize us. Therefore it was no small relief, on arriving at Huasco, not to find a ship-of-war there.

We were nearly ready for sea again when our hearts sank within us as a ship made her appearance in the offing, bound in, and we soon made her out to be the *Chaccabuco*. It seemed as if our hopes were again to be dashed, and we had got to return to Cochrane, cockroaches, and Jerusalem crickets. Mr. Sampson told us to keep out of sight, and not go in any boat, and if the man-of-war should send a boat to our ship he would stow us in a large empty bread-locker. We not only watched the movements of that ship's boat ourselves, but all on board watched for us. Before dark a boat was seen to push off from the *Chaccabuco* and pull towards us, with a number of officers in the stern-sheets, and we dove into the bread-locker; but it was a friendly visit. The officers were on a sponging expedition. From our place of retreat we could hear the jingling of glasses, and distinguish familiar voices, which sounded best when they said, "Buenos noches."

Before going into the cabin, two of the Chilian officers took a stroll forward, as if examining the ship; but after they were gone, and we went to the forecastle to supper, the men told us that every one of their faces was closely scrutinized by the officers. The fact of the *Nautilus* having been in a Chilian port previous to coming here, and they having lost so many men by desertion, caused them to watch narrowly every ship bound off the coast. We felt uneasy; and being fearful of a night visit to our forecastle, we took lodgings that night in the foretop. No visitors came; but the next morning, a boat's crew from our ship, being on shore on duty, were tampered with; gold was offered them to take service in the Chilian Navy, but without effect: the Yankee crew were well contented with their own ship; the description we had given of the service did not create a hankering for such a change. Twice during the next day Hammond and myself visited the bread-locker; and when the Captain came on board in the afternoon, with orders to get under-weigh immediately, we sprang to the windlass with a will. Soon, however, we dropped our handspikes; for seeing a boat pulling towards us from the *Chaccabuco*, the mate ordered us below.

not remember anything of the occurrence, but "Jack Walsh," whom everybody knows for his frank and genial hospitality, who has visited Valparaiso any time within ten or fifteen years previous to 1849, exclaimed, "If that is not heaping 'coals of fire on a man's head,' I am mistaken."

We accepted the doubloon, and took service under the Chilian flag in the war which was progressing between that country and Peru, without caring much which party should whip, or be whipped.

I pass over the disgusting details of life on board a Chilian man-of-war, by saying that it was miserable in the extreme, but we had no choice between that and starvation, and our intention was to leave it when something better should turn up. After about four months' service off Callao, Hammond and myself, with about twenty others who were on the Doctor's list, were sent to the sloop-of-war *Chaccabuco* as invalids, to be left at the hospital at Coquimbo. He had received a slight injury from a fall from aloft, and I had a slight cut, obtained in a scrimmage on a boat expedition. Our wounds were of no account, but we fathered them in such a manner that they made a great show, and the young ignoramus of a doctor condemned us as unfit for duty; we were taken to the hospital on litters, though we were actually good for a day's march.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

ON entering the port, our eyes were blessed and our hearts gladdened at finding in port the ship *Nautilus*, of Boston, at anchor, taking in copper. The night we were deposited in the hospital we were able to leap the walls if we chose to do so, but we kept quiet for a few days, waiting for our ship to sail. By inquiring, we found the Captain of the *Nautilus* was staying at the city about five miles from the port, and we were determined to see him; therefore the *Chaccabuco* was no sooner out of port than we started at night for the city, and arrived there early next morning, having slept a few hours on the road. Easily finding the hotel, we inquired for the Captain of the American ship, who soon came to the verandah. He proved to be Captain Charles Pearson, of Beverly; and when we told him who and what we were, and of our burning desire to get home, he entertained us kindly, and gave us a note to his mate to receive us on board and take care of us. That same night we reached the port and got a boat to put us on board, passing as two of the crew returning from liberty on shore. We told Mr. Sampson, the chief mate, something of our past history and our present condition, and solicited his assistance, which was promised.

In our retirement, we heard and knew all that was going on upon deck. The man-of-war's-men assisted at the windlass. "Short stay apeak, sir," called out the mate from between the night heads. "Avast heaving, and loose the sails fore and aft," responded the Captain; the topsails sheeted home, and the three yards ascended to the mast-head together; top-gallantsails and royals the same. "Brace the head-yards to starboard,— after-yards to port,"—"coil up the rigging,"—"man the windlass and heave away," came again from the quarter-deck, answered with the hearty "Aye, aye, sir," of the mate. Cheering as these sounds were to the occupants of the bread-locker, still more so was the call of "*Chaccabuco's* away;" and now the anchor aweigh, and the cat fall manned to the cheerful tune of "Homeward bound," we rushed from our privacy and joined the glad chorus. "A hand to the wheel"; I sprang aft in obedience to the order. The yards were braced sharp to the wind, and as we stood to sea with a fresh breeze, I am positive that not a weather leach lifted while I was at the helm. Occasionally looking astern, I rejoiced to see the Chilian growing beautifully less, until she finally disappeared behind an intervening headland.

And now, fairly at sea in a good ship, not expecting to anchor again until after passing Boston Light, our joy was too full for utterance. A few days at sea, the chafing gear all on, and everything snug, we found ourselves as comfortable as could be desired. We had good provisions, and plenty of them; the officers were gentlemanly, the discipline very strict, but tempered with kind words, with an entire absence of profanity or harsh language. The Captain was a man of few words, courteous to his officers, very exacting of every one on board in regard to every duty; his voice was seldom heard by the crew, and he was not very sociable with his officers, but his eagle glance saw everything below and aloft, fore and aft, when he was on deck; he seldom gave a command, except through the proper officer. Thus good order prevailed throughout. A ship was ably commanded when Capt. Charles Pearson "moved the monarch of her peopled deck."

Approaching Cape Horn, and consequently cold weather, I felt how poorly provided I was with clothing suitable for a high latitude or a winter's coast; bed or blanket I had none, thick clothing or boots and stockings were not among my wardrobe, but I was the fortunate possessor of a heavy Greek greggo, warmly thrummed throughout, with a hood to it. This served for bed, bedding, and thick jacket all the passage home, while our shipmates, from their abundance, furnished us with many articles necessary for our comfort. Experiencing the usual amount of heavy weather and icebergs in doubling the Cape at this season, we passed to the eastward of the Falkland Islands, steering to the northeast.

About the Cape I again met my old acquaintances of Prince Edward's Island, the albatross. They met us in the latitude of the island of Chiloe, and followed us into the Atlantic until past the Rio Plata. A few days after, bearing away to the north, we spoke the American ship *Teaplant*, from New

York, for the Pacific. She had been in contact with an iceberg, losing her foremast and bowsprit. She was now bound to Rio Janeiro, under a jury-rig, for repairs. Our Captain offered assistance, but none was needed. We now learned that our ship was to call at Rio, to try the market for China goods.

We arrived at Rio after a fair passage, ship and crew in good condition, about the latter part of October, and remained here two or three days. Not finding a market to suit, we sailed again after filling our water and obtaining a good supply of fresh provisions, vegetables and fruit. While here, the coronation of Don Pedro the First took place. Processions and salutes by day, and splendid fireworks at night, seemed to occupy the sole attention of the people. Two of us had been to the market with the Captain, and were returning to the boat with bags of vegetables on our backs, with orders to go off to the ship. On our way we somehow got mixed in with a procession moving towards the Cathedral in the Plaza, and as our course was in the same direction, we fell into the ranks and entered the Cathedral with the crowd. We were told the Emperor and the royal family were to be present at High Mass, and the populace were allowed to be present. Barefoot, with duck frock and trousers, and an old Scotch cap for costume (my companion in about the same rig), we compared favorably with the crowd, and but for the bags of vegetables would have made a better appearance than the majority. We got sight of some well-dressed persons in the galleries, among whom were a number of children, and were told that the group consisted of the Emperor and his family; but as we could not stop to be presented, we left, taking it for granted that we had seen the elephants, large and small.

Soon after leaving Rio we entered the Southeast Trades, and the ship was pressed with every useful sail towards the equator. The rigging had been put in the best possible condition previous to our joining her. The watch in the forenoon, and all hands during the afternoon, were principally employed in fancy work. Every block-strap below the tops, and every ring-bolt, were grafted; every rope's end pointed; the spare sails were always repaired and in good order, to replace a split one; necessary work always had the preference.

In contrast to this careful policy, I am reminded of a fine Boston ship in later years, in which I was a passenger from Valparaiso to the States. After leaving port, during the passage to the Cape, we had much fine weather. The crew had watch and watch all the time; the watch on deck were part of the time making fancy manilla and other mats, said to be for presents to the owner's wife, while the ship's work was neglected. The consequence was that while lying-to in a severe gale off the Cape, the best main topsail being split and blown from the bolt ropes, there was not a spare topsail fit to replace it. All the spare topsails had to be got upon deck and examined, the best one selected was hauled into the cabin and the crew set to work repairing it, while the ship, heavily laden with copper, was wallowing in the trough of the sea, and in the absence of this very essential sail, fearfully exposed to foundering, with all on board. On board of the *Nautilus* everything was in constant readiness for any emergency that could be anticipated, and which the hand of man could provide against.

In the latitude of Cape St. Roque we were running before the wind with everything set, when one day, about noon, we made a brig ahead lying-to, with her courses up and topsail aback. As we approached her without altering our course, she hoisted English colors, but had a suspicious look, "long, low and black." She made no attempt to speak us, and we only noticed her by showing our ensign; we passed within hailing distance, but nothing was said. Few men were seen about her; but several spy-glasses were observed just above her rail; those on board were evidently trying to make out the character of our ship, and were undecided about us until after we passed. Our vessel was low in the water, had painted ports, and every sail, from a sky-sail down, was so trimly set, that she might easily have been mistaken, while approaching, for an American sloop-of-war. At half a mile distance from the brig we heard the boatswain's whistle on board; in a moment her rigging was alive with men. She squared away for us, and was soon covered with a cloud of canvas. Our crew were called to quarters, and all our means of defence were got ready; the ship had four twelve or nine-pounders, swivels for each bow and quarter, with a good chest of small arms, all of which were carefully loaded. The boardingpikes, which in those days always encircled the mainmast, were taken down, the cutlasses sharpened, and the crew assigned to their stations. Now let us look at the chase. The ship was dead before the wind, which was her best condition for sailing; the course had been changed a few points. To effect this the yards fore and aft were squared to a nicety, the square sails aloft distended by sheets and halyards to their utmost dimensions; the studding-sails on both sides of the mainmast, top-mast, top-gallant and royal, with the midship cânvas from the sky-sail to the course, and her ladyship, in full crinoline, was "walking the waters like a thing of life."

A thing of beauty she certainly was. The best helmsman was at the wheel, to whom the injunction was frequently given "to watch her sharp, and steer small," the mate watching the helm and sails, shifting a studding-sail occasionally, to catch the transient puffs. The second officer attended to the guns, and directed the crew in the use of them, while Captain Pearson, walking the deck in his quiet manner, his usually dark features now some shades darker, with decided determination in his eye, plainly showed that he meant fight if the brig should overhaul us.

About 3 P. M. the brig was in our wake, two miles astern, the wind about two points on the quarter, the sails all drawing, except the lee studding-sails forward. For an hour or so the distance between us was evidently decreasing — she was gaining on us; the dark countenance on our quarter-deck grew darker; a shot from her bow gun could reach, and might cripple us. "Keep her dead before the wind, and crowd every sail possible on to the main-mast," was the order, and again the good ship flew before a freshening breeze. As the sail shell of the ocean, whose name we bore, finds, as he spreads his membranous sail on a summer sea, that his greatest speed is before the wind, so it was with us.

Our pursuer, up to this time, felt sure of closing up alongside of us; but a "stern chase is proverbially a long one," and she found it so. The brig altered her course to conform with ours, and her yards squared accordingly. It soon became evident that they were short of studding-sails; this gave us another advantage. "Shall I wet the sails down, sir?" asked the mate. "No," replied the Captain, "we are dropping her." The breadth of water was now plainly widening between us. Long before dark the rascally looking craft hauled on a wind to the eastward, and was soon hull down. Our Captain came to the conclusion that she was a pirate, or an outward-bound slaver, looking to obtain an outfit of stores and provisions by robbing a defenceless merchantman, which decidedly objectionable method was not unusual in those days.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AT LAST.

AS we drew towards the Equator we again greeted the North Star, — this time in the North Atlantic, where for years I had longed to behold it, for it brought home nearer. We had also taken our leave of the Southern Cross, and those mysterious clouds, once the hope, and also the fear, of the early navigators. Before passing Bermuda, the tarring, painting, and holystoning had all been gone through with, and the ship was ready to go into port. Northerly winds prevailed after crossing the Gulf stream, and the first land made was Block Island, off which we fell in with a Vineyard pilot-boat, and took on board Sylvanus Daggett, a well-known pilot, to take the ship over the shoals and into Boston Bay. That afternoon we anchored in Holmes's Hole, to wait a fair wind. This was early in December. The next morning a shore boat, with "Daddy Linton" and his three blue painted firkins, containing mince pies, fried eels, and yarn stockings, came alongside — a welcome visitor to those who had money, but forward of the windlass there was none of that commodity. Who ever heard of a sailor going to sea without spending all his money at the last port? He would be considered a lubber, and lose caste with his shipmates were he not to do so. Therefore as we had neither money nor its equivalent to offer, we were obliged to defer our mince pies until we should meet them with a "Merry Christmas" at home.

The next morning we were again under-weigh, and, with a strong westerly wind, made fine progress, passing around Cape Cod during the night; the next noon we were becalmed in the bay. Towards sunset, in the eastern horizon a dark, heavy bank was slowly rising, which we felt to be the precursor of an easterly storm; the wind set in, as daylight closed, from the north-east, with snow and thick darkness. Under single reef topsails we hauled out seaward, sadly disappointed and sorrowful. The next twenty-four hours we had no favorable change. Tacking ship and clearing off snow kept the watches busy during the time, but at length the snow ceased falling, and the weather partially clearing, we made sail into the bay. At 9 P. M. we were lying-to off Boston Light, firing for a pilot; for about two hours waiting, sending up rockets, and keeping a good light, but none came. Again the easterly sky looked threatening; the Vineyard pilot offered to carry the ship in, but the Captain declined the offer, and again we stood off. After midnight it lighted up, and we bore away for the Light again. At daylight no boat was to be seen; so "Sylvanus" was put in charge, the lighthouse was passed, and we kept up the harbor with a fresh breeze from the north-east. Approaching the city, the ship was reduced to the topsails; and now we witnessed the superior skill of our pilot. Heretofore he appeared so lifeless and moping, that he failed to inspire us with confidence that he could handle a ship. All at once he roused himself, and rattled off his orders with a volubility and distinctness that amazed us. "Stations at the braces fore and aft." "Mate, have your hawser ready on the starboard bow, with good lines on the bow and quarter; have your fenders over on the starboard side." All of which was done. We ran up past the wharf, and tacked. Now heading the flood tide, we went through a series of evolutions under the three topsails, backing and filling, until in a masterly manner the ship was placed alongside the end of the wharf, and the final order given: "Get your fasts out, and lower away your topsails." Such a handling of a ship by a Boston pilot in his own harbor, where he is perfectly acquainted with its tides, is expected, as a matter of course; but our Vineyard pilot did not look like a man equal to such a feat.

Two hours afterwards I took my way up Central Wharf, after an absence of over six years, with just about wages enough due me from the *Nautilus* to get a decent suit of clothes, and, thanks to Almighty God for His preserving and protecting goodness, I was in good health, and enriched by a considerable portion of practical experience. On my way towards South End in the afternoon, in search of my kindred, still in company with Hammond, we saw quite a crowd of people clustered around the front steps of a house in Summer Street; on the top step was our pilot, Sylvanus Daggett himself, "pretty well over the bay," — delivering a temperance lecture to his audience. And now I close this long and eventful voyage in parting with my firm friend and shipmate, with whom I had passed through so many scenes of weal and woe. Hammond was a stranger in the city, and accompanied me in my visit to a friend's house in Sea Street, where I met a sister; while I was in a private room with her, he was left in the parlor entertaining the ladies of the house with some of his sea yarns, occasionally refreshing the inner man with cake and wine; soon I was convinced, by the shouts and laughter of the company, that Hammond was "glorious"; but when he commenced singing, and finding a "ready chorus" in the three or four delighted girls who surrounded him, I thought it time to convey him to his boarding-house. We parted the next day, since which time I have never heard of him.

Finding great changes at home, which had occurred during my absence, to which it was hard to become reconciled, and which came suddenly upon me, as I had not heard from home all these long years, and my kindred had long since given me up as lost, I soon felt disposed to be afloat again on my ocean home. Soon finding a voyage and a vessel to sail, I again shipped before the mast for a voyage to the Mediterranean. Perhaps I might have passed muster for a situation aft, but I did not choose to beg for it, and I had no "friend at court" to help me. The vessel was nearly new, commanded by Captain Luce; the mate's name was Luce, and there were three other Luce's before the mast; but there was nothing *loose* about the vessel, the officers or the crew. The voyage to Smyrna and back was pleasant and prosperous, but devoid of incident.

Befriended by my last Captain, I was offered, on returning to Boston, the situation of chief mate of a brig bound to City Point and Europe. I preferred to go as second, but that berth was filled. I had no doubt of my competency to the duties of the office except in my knowledge of navigation, which, although not what it should have been to qualify one for that position, was sufficient to enable me to work out what is called "dead reckoning," and I felt that daily practice, with close application, would soon make all right. I also was determined that I would go through all the regular grades to the command of a ship, should I ever attain it; but here there was no chance to do as I desired, and being assured that I was competent by one who ought to have known (my late Commander), I took my farewell of the *fore*-castle and stepped aft.

In the brig *Eunice* I went to City Point, loaded with tobacco for Cowes and a market, from Cowes to Hamburgh, and back to City Point, performing my duties, I had reason to believe, with satisfaction to the Captain and owners. In my previous voyage to Smyrna I had there met with my old friend of Prince Edward's, Mr. Burnham. He was now first mate on board the *Midas*, of Baltimore, intended to sail from that port for the future, and urged me to come there and sail with him. On my return to City Point I decided on doing so, as I felt that the position of an officer under him would be a good school for me. Arriving there, I was sorry to find that he had just sailed in command of a ship; therefore I kept on to Boston, and engaged as second mate of a ship bound to Rio Janeiro and Europe, carrying out my determination to go through the mill ship-shape.

My purpose in writing from the present time, will be not to describe every voyage or place visited, but in tracing the progress of a cabin boy upward, to give some of the incidents of a few of my voyages which may be interesting, as showing, as they probably will, how differently voyages were prosecuted then and now, and also perhaps some material changes that have taken place in various countries, and in things that relate to the sea. Therefore I refer to my old journals, or the most interesting ones, to furnish what follows. Perhaps some of my seafaring brethren may treat as ridiculous the idea of an old sailor's giving to the public an abstract of his voyages, with observations on places, people and things, which are commonplace and familiar to him, who has travelled over the same ground, and is so well acquainted with similar scenes himself. To such I would say, Brother, I write not for your amusement or edification, but the great majority of the reading public desire to have just such information as you and I can impart to them, of "matters which we saw, and part of which we were." Instead of sharply criticising and finding fault with "Fore and Aft," please to sit down yourself and write out your own experiences in your own way; the world may be the wiser for it. A man who has passed thirty or forty years in roaming over the globe must be laden with rich experiences, unless he has passed along with his eyes shut, which, if imparted to the many who have not been much abroad, cannot fail to interest and enlighten them, and especially the young. Sailors are generally inclined to reticence on shore in answering questions of landsmen in relation to their adventures, for the reason that many mere matters of fact that, almost incredible to dwellers on the land, are of frequent occurrence in a sea life, seem so different from anything known within the horizon of home, that the relator of them is apt to be looked upon as drawing a long bow; or at least he is considered as being a very odd fish, and such he certainly is, for he swims in every sea that divides the continents and washes every shore. Now it seems to me that if the periodical repetition of "Letters from the White Mountains," which are so thoroughly done brown every season, continues to interest the public, surely the men of the sea, who can say, —

> "Far as the winds can blow, the ocean foam,
> Survey our empire and behold our home,"

may be supposed to be able to speak and write of matters new and strange, that may interest many and enlighten some.

The ship in which I now sailed was a tolerably good model for that day, and about 400 tons burden, rather advanced in years, but she was seaworthy, and had comfortable accommodations under deck for officers and crew, where a crew should always be quartered. The ship was insufficiently fitted out, the provisions and stores being all of the poorest description. The owners of this ship were proverbial for the meanness of their outfits, and were an exception to all other Boston owners with whom I had to do in after years. Before sailing, I was ordered by the owner to overhaul the spare rigging on board, and report to him. I did so, and stated that several coils of spare running rigging were wanted.

"What, sir, is there not a great quantity of ropes on board?"

"Yes, sir; but not a spare piece fit to hang a cat with."

"Well, sir, you don't want to hang a cat; what do you want to hang a cat for?"

I could not give any reason for anticipating such an event, but I suggested that it might be desirable to hang a studding-sail-yard occasionally. No new rigging was ordered. From this specimen of economy may be inferred the character of the general outfit. A week or ten days out, all hands were taken with severe pains, and bowel complaints; after diligent investigation it was found to be occasioned by the use of a villanous compound called domestic coffee, burnt, ground, and put up in barrels. It was a cheap article, and would save the expense of burning, and getting a coffee-mill. The coffee, and a good many other articles of like character, were thrown overboard by the Captain's orders, during the voyage, and replaced at the first port with a better quality. It is mistaken economy to put on board a ship poor provisions and stores, as in such cases a portion goes over the lee bow sufficient to make them the dearest to the owner; good provisions are not wasted on ship-board, — they are worked up clean, — the crew are kept contented and healthy; when hard worked they do not grumble, and it is far better for the owners.

Our Captain was a young man on his first command. A tolerable navigator, but not much of a seaman, he had been pushed forward by influential friends faster than he ought to have been, went cheap, and upon the whole was a clever, pleasant man to get along with, but he was too fond of a glass. This habit was hardly perceptible at the beginning of the voyage, but it grew upon him so that twice during the voyage he would have run the ship on shore but for the interference of the mates. A few years after this voyage the poor young man jumped overboard in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and "died as a fool dieth." The chief mate was a good, old-fashioned sailor, who knew his business. "Faithful below, he did his duty, and now he's gone aloft." We also had for supercargo a gentleman who had long been in the China trade, making and losing several fortunes — Bryant P. Tilden, Esq. The ship was chartered by him. He was always gentlemanly, kind to everybody, and very liberal, thereby contributing very much to render the voyage pleasant to all on board.

We arrived at Rio in January, discharged our cargo, and took in another of sugar and coffee, and sailed again for Trieste early in March. In speaking of Rio as it then was, I omit much recorded in my journal, and will only copy an article on slavery, as I then saw it in some of its features.

During our stay at Rio seven slave-ships arrived from Guinea, deeply freighted with groaning, inoffensive human beings. I went on board one of them to buy some paroquets, and beheld a scene of wretchedness that made me shudder. The ship was American built, of about 300 tons burden, and purchased for the slave-trade. When leaving the coast on the present voyage, there were 375 blacks on board, men, women and children, some of the females with infants at their breasts.

The chief mate of the ship, I am sorry to say, was an American, a native of New York. From him I had the particulars which I give, and some others, which, for humanity's sake, I forbear to relate. Part of the cargo was obtained from the chiefs in exchange for rum and muskets; the balance were kidnapped from their homes by the crew of the ship, not by sailors. A sailor who deserves the name of one, would sooner sink with his bark in the depths of the ocean than pollute her deck with such an abominable cargo. The crew, I am glad to say, were Brazilians and Spaniards, with the single exception above mentioned; and this fellow, from a free State, while giving me the details of the voyage, was superintending the preparation of the cargo for market.

They were driven upon deck twelve at a time, the bit of cloth around the waist torn off, the head shaved; after which they were made to get into tubs of salt water filled from the head pump, where they were scrubbed and rinsed off, then placed in the sun to dry before being oiled all over. Ironed together in pairs, they were then taken on shore, to be sold at auction in the public square. "We have lost," said my informant, "190 of them since leaving the coast; being short of water, we had to let some of them perish." And this demon in human shape could inquire of me for news from home and friends, unmindful that he himself had been a principal agent in tearing asunder the holy ties of kindred, and consigning families to misery, whose only crime consisted in being covered with a black skin. But the same condition of things has existed in portions of my own country, the same disregard of human rights, the same scenes of brutality daily enacted, and by those who called themselves Christians, and who tried to cover their iniquities by insisting that the condition of the African was bettered by staying with kind masters to care for them.

Recrossing the Equator, and running across the North-east Trades, we made Saint Mary's, one of the Western Islands, after a passage of 59 days from Rio. This island is the easternmost of the group belonging to the Portuguese. Its first appearance was forbidding, presenting a chain of mountains, without exhibiting any signs of verdure; but on a nearer approach the scene changes — the white cottages appear on the hill-sides — groves of orange and other fruit-trees gradually disclose themselves, and manifest their character by the perfume-laden breeze that greets our senses when a few miles distant from the island. Becalmed here for a day, we felt it rather aggravating that we could not get a taste of the good things that tantalized us with their rich perfumes. Eight days after this we were in sight of Cape Trafalgar, famous as the scene of one of Nelson's victories; two days later we were running along the south coast of Spain, with brisk, favoring gales, and in smooth water. The variegated scenery of the shore has a lovely appearance. The long chain of the Almeira Mountains, that extend parallel with the Mediterranean Sea, their tops covered with eternal snows, contrast finely with the fertile and beautiful valleys that slope gently to the shores.

Another week, and we are between Malta and Sicily; yesterday we were coasting along the Sicilian coast, about two miles distant from it. There are few objects that more delightfully charm the senses of the weary wanderer of the ocean, than the magnificent picture which opens before him like some lovely dream, on an approach to the Sicilian coast; from its green shores covered with luxuriant foliage, he inhales mingled perfumes from groves of orange and citron — fields of clover and flowers, and vineyards teeming with grapes. White cottages dot the surface from the mountain top to the shore, amid such cultivation and fertility as make it seem one continuous garden. The turrets of an ancient castle occasionally appear, and the never-failing monastery or convent in a Catholic country, with villages and towns but a few miles apart, together with Mount Etna, crowned with its eternal snow shooting from among the clouds.

And now we are in sight of Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, at the entrance of the Adriatic. These islands formerly belonged to the Turks; then the seas hereabouts were much infested by pirates; lately they were ceded to the British on condition that they kept a sufficient force there to drive the villains from their lurking-places. And well has John Bull kept his covenant; every pirate that fell into his hands went to the yard-arm without benefit of clergy. These pirates were found to be Greeks, almost without an exception. Two days we were in the Gulf of Venice, with light winds and pleasant weather, the Morea on our right hand and the south coast of Italy to the left. Off Ancona we encountered a severe blow from the north, but the water was smooth, and under double reefed topsails we worked up opposite Rovigno, where we took a pilot for Trieste, arriving there and anchoring at the Lazaretto on the 4th of June. The passage from Rio had been a long one; but peace, harmony, and good order prevailed throughout the ship, and the time passed pleasantly.

We were ordered to perform fourteen days quarantine. The greatest annoyance which persons experience in visiting the Mediterranean arises from the quarantine regulations, and these must be strictly adhered to. The Lazaretto where we performed quarantine and discharged our cargo, was built by Maria Theresa about 1785, as I found by an inscription on the walls. It is cut off from all communication with the city by a high wall which entirely encircles it. It has a spacious harbor, well sheltered by a mole, and is strictly guarded. The Governor of the place has a house within its precincts, and makes his rounds night and day, to see that the guardianos attend to their duty. Extensive magazines are here, in which to store and air cargoes; it contains also thirty-two sets of apartments for passengers, who are locked up every night. The Captains and crews are allowed to go on shore in the daytime, attended by a guardiano, and walk on a large shaded enclosed square, separated by a high wall from one appropriated for passengers; here they walk and exercise most of the day, returning on board before sundown. Every Sunday the crews are allowed to come on shore to church, and attend mass at the chapel of the Lazaret.

There are also small burying-grounds for all of different religions who die in quarantine. Every ship entering the port is met at a proper distance by the Health and Custom House boats, and examined. Those arriving from the Levant, Barbary Coast, or any suspected place, and subject to quarantine, are forbidden to enter the port of the city, and directed to steer for that of the Lazaretto. Immediately on arriving, the Captain lands to report the name of his ship, what his cargo is, where from, length of passage, the number of his crew, and, above all, the state of health on board; if the last item is not satisfactory, he is ordered to sail for Venice, where the hospital, being on an island, is considered the most suitable place for an infected ship. If the report be favorable, the crew and passengers are brought on shore and examined by the physician of the establishment; standing at a short distance off, they expose to him their breasts, smartly striking on them and on their groin, those being the parts in which the plague generally shows itself; should the whole crew stand this test, they are remanded on board under the watch and care of a guardiano, who lives with them on shipboard. As soon as possible the cargo is exposed to the air, and for the week following no communication is allowed with the shore. This period is called "surino." After the expiration of this the cargo is landed by the crew and placed in magazines, where it is opened and exposed to the air until the termination of the quarantine. The crew are obliged to remain on board during this time, unless the Captain or a passenger wishes to be accommodated in the Lazaretto, in which case he is assigned a private guardiano, without whose attendance he cannot move from his apartment; here, too, he may have a few days deducted from his time, as, being on shore, he is considered less liable to infection than those on board. Ships from the Black Sea always have a foul bill of health. There were a number in that trade who had not been out of quarantine for six or seven years, discharging their cargoes and sailing again before the time expired to admit them to pratique. The time of confinement is fixed by the Board of Health in Trieste, who are too dependent to commit any crying injustice. There has been no infection at Trieste since the completion of this Lazaretto. A passenger having rooms here, has not much reason to be dissatisfied, otherwise than at his loss of time; his friends in the city are allowed to send him provisions, wine, books, or anything that may contribute to his comfort; he has a good room to sit in, a good bed to lie on, and a good fire, if wanted, good provisions, good wine and cigars; and a man who could be unhappy in such circumstances, unless sick, I should pronounce a natural grumbler. I fully coincided in feeling with the writer of the following lines, written on the walls of a room there:—

> "By various means we seek from gloom to flee,
> On land in chariots, in ships at sea;
> Vain are these arts the joys of life to win,
> For what we seek without must dwell within.
> A cheerful mind, exempt from guilt and care,
> May find its pleasures here or anywhere;
> Kings without this in palaces may fret,
> And joy with this pervade a Lazaret."

We received pratique, or release from quarantine, about a week ago, and are now moored at the entrance of the canal waiting for cargo. Much might be said of this fine city and its surroundings, but as that would take me out of my element, I pass to say, that with a cargo of rags and brimstone we sailed for Boston, arriving there after a fair passage, without any remarkable experience.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRIP TO CUBA.

AFTER making eight or ten voyages to Europe as chief mate, most of them to Liverpool, I made the last one in this capacity to Cuba, which, as it had some peculiarities, I will describe. The brig *Samos* was a first-rate vessel, equal in all respects to any other of her class that floated. To the credit of her eccentric but very liberal owner, she was well furnished, in respect to stores and provisions, for a voyage to Havana and Europe. On the morning of our departure from Liverpool Wharf, the crew came on board in good, old-fashioned shape, each one with a good chest of duds, a clean and neatly-lashed hammock, with clothes-bag to match. To be sure, their landlord came with them, and a part of them were a few sheets in the wind, — one or two might have been considered drunk, — but these drawbacks were chargeable to the miserable system of advance-wages, which, in general, benefits only the landlord, and is productive of much trouble between officers and men, and frequent loss to the owners. There were enough sober men to loosen, sheet home the topsails, and get the vessel clear of the wharf. They all had the appearance of good seamen, and would do well enough after the rum was out of them. As they were passing their traps on board, a brother mate, who was there to see me off, pointed to one of the hands among the crew as one who had sailed with him on a long voyage, and said: "There is a man who is every inch a sailor; he is a first-rate seaman, always sober, attentive, and obedient. You will never have any trouble with him." And old Lufkin proved himself during that voyage, and in after years in which I had knowledge of him, to be as fine a specimen of a Yankee sailor as any captain could wish to see. But more of him anon.

I knew nothing of Captain C., our commander, previous to sailing, but soon found out there was little prospect of comfort for that voyage. Captain C. was a good marlin-spike sailor, but as for any of the requisites which are considered necessary to constitute an officer in American ships, and especially a captain, he was sadly deficient. Most of his life had been spent in the forecastle of North Country colliers, where he ought to have remained. He was a Scotchman, ignorant, close-fisted, and mean. He was not content to earn and eat his bread beneath the Stars and Stripes, but sought every occasion to speak disparagingly of the Yankees. Sometimes, of course, this was the occasion of strong argument between us. He could not command the respect of his officers and crew; and he did not. In contrast with this man, I hold in pleasant remembrance many shipmasters and gentlemen of that nation, who were ornaments to humanity.

How such a man obtained command of so fine a vessel was always a mystery to me. It might have been that he went for low wages, and reasoned, like his countryman, "It was nae the muckle wages that he cared about, but the wee things he could pick up about decks." If this was so, the result in both cases was probably the same. The wee things paid the best.

The passage out was remarkable for nothing but its length of twenty-seven days' hard work, hard words, and scant fare. The cabin breakfast, for the entire passage, consisted principally of lobscouse. Every sailor knows what this mess is, — good, occasionally, when well put together; and no doubt it was a feast to a person brought up, as our captain used to boast he had been, "on oatmeal burgoo, fed with a horn spoon." But twenty-seven breakfasts in succession, of lobscouse, were too much of a good thing for Yankee officers. There were many articles put on board marked "Stores," which are usually found on the tables of American ships, and no doubt were intended for ours; but as they never appeared there, they were probably on the list of "wee things."

The crew were mostly Americans, and just such men as I should like to see on a ship's deck, if I was a captain; but they were badly treated by Captain C., who was continually interfering with the authority and duty of the mates, to the destruction of all discipline. I felt convinced that the crew were determined to leave the ship at the first port.

We arrived at Havana, and, after the usual preparations, hauled into the quay, to discharge. The method of loading or unloading there was to lie with the ship's head against the quay, with the stage rigged from the bow to the shore. The morning after we were thus connected with the shore, all hands were called at an early hour. The call was responded to by the "Aye, aye, sir," of Lufkin, and he alone made his appearance. "I am all hands, sir; there is nobody else in the forecastle," was his reply, in answer to the call to "hurry up there." Sure enough, on going into the forecastle I found but a single chest. The crew had cleared out, bag and baggage, and had taken the cook with them. I felt vexed at first, but, on reflection, could not blame them, especially as their "dead horse" expired that day. They probably felt they had worked for all the pay they had received, and could reason themselves into the belief that they had a right to flee from such servitude as was before them. So aft I went, and reported to the Captain. Of course he was furious.

"Go, sir," said he, "and have Lufkin's chest and duds brought aft. He'll go to-night."

I told him "the man was at duty, and would not desert. If he had intended to do so, he would have gone with the others."

"Have them aft, sir, immediately; and if he says a word, put the irons on him."

I went forward and told Lufkin "his chest must be passed aft for safe keeping," and sent the second mate down to help him get it up. After a sufficient time had elapsed, as the chest did not make its appearance, I called out to know the reason, and was informed "that the owner would not let it come." I went down, and found the old sailor sitting on his castle, like a man that had a perfect right to do so.

"Your chest must be taken aft. Such is the Captain's order."

"What for, sir?"

"To prevent your running away."

Planting himself firmly on his chest, and straightening himself up with the look of an insulted man, he replied:

"I am only a common sailor, Mr. P., but I am an American. I have been at sea longer than you have. I never sailed under any flag but that of my country; I fought under it when Captain C. was probably fighting against it. If ever there was cause for a man's running away, it exists here. I never yet deserted from a ship, and never mean to; but this chest is my own, bought and paid for with my own earnings. It shall not be taken from me, for I have done nothing to forfeit it."

I felt the justice of his arguments, and made up my mind that if the Captain wanted the chest, he must get it himself. I made my report accordingly, and freely offered my opinion that the man should be trusted; but this only aroused the Captain's anger. With oaths, which I will not repeat, he shouted:

"You are a coward, and afraid of a sailor. I'll have his chest, and go for it myself."

"Well, sir, you may go if you please, I will not. You may call it cowardice, or what you choose."

The captain rushed to the forecastle hatch and jumped below, as furious as a tiger; but in fifteen or twenty minutes he emerged as calm and subdued as a lamb. What the arguments were that produced the change we never knew, but no violence was used. The chest remained in the forecastle, its owner at his duty.

Old Lufkin finished the voyage in the vessel, and proved himself to be "every inch a man," and so fine a specimen of the Yankee sailor, that I am glad to be able to trace him for many years after the above voyage. His character continued to be such that he is justly entitled to public record.

About thirteen years after the above occurrence, I sold the ship I was in charge of, and took passage for Boston at Valparaiso, in the ship *Chili*. On going on board, who should greet me at the gangway but old Luff. He was boatswain of the ship, and had been in her more than one voyage. The same stout, hearty-looking tar of former years, but rather gray, — too old to lay out to the lee-earing in a gale, and obliged to use "barnacles" in repairing sails on deck, or strapping a block. How long he remained in that ship I know not; but some three or four years afterwards, when the diggings in California were inducing the desertion of both officers and men from most of the ships that entered the Golden Gate, I read a letter in a Boston paper, from the Captain to his owners, stating "that the ship *Chili* was laid up at San Francisco, and that all hands but himself and old Lufkin had deserted. Here we will leave him, and return to the good brig *Samos*.

A shore gang discharged the cargo, and got the hold in readiness to take in. It being necessary to overhaul the rigging, we, *i. e.* the two mates and one man, had been compelled to work hard day after day, and all day, under a burning tropical sun. Any Captain of common humanity would not have allowed us to work so in the intense heat. Other Captains, who occasionally came on board our vessel, remonstrated against it, telling Captain C. "he must be more careful of his mates, or he would soon be without officers, as no white man could stand such exposure in this climate." His answer would be: "They are paid for working; they let the crew desert, and now they may do the work themselves. I shall not prevent them, whether they get sick or not."

There were at least three masters of American ships, at that time, who soon cut his acquaintance, as being an unfit associate for gentlemen. One of them was "Hawser Martingale," a gentleman well known to the community of Boston as an accomplished ship-master, an able editor, and an efficient Mayor.

One forenoon, after a smart, drenching shower, succeeded by a hot, scorching sun, through all of which we were continuing our work, — which was setting up the topmast backstays, — I was taken down with the usual symptoms of Cuban fever, dizziness and delirium, and was passed aft, under the awning. The second mate, leaving me in charge of Lufkin, went on shore, hunted up the Captain, and reported my case. His reply was (I will not repeat all of it), "I will not come." And he did not; but the Captain of the ship *Cowper*, of Boston, did. He, seeing my condition, and learning the circumstances, without waiting to confer with my Captain, called a *caleche*, put me into it, and had me conveyed to a quiet, comfortable house, where I was well cared for.

I well remember that when I returned to consciousness, many days after, I found myself on a comfortable mattrass, under a high mosquito-bar, with soft pillows and snow-white sheets, and other *et cetera*, which seemed new and strange to me. The room was cool, singing-birds and flowers were in the darkened windows. I thought I must be dreaming. I tried to sit up, but fell back from weakness. I could only remember being carried under the awning; there my reckoning seemed to be up. Again I looked around, but saw nobody. I made some exclamation. No one replied. I was too weak to get to the window, to see if I could tell my whereabouts by observation; but I did observe that near my bedside was a small table, that on it was a bowl and spoon, that above the edge of the bowl something projected that much resembled a chicken's leg, minus the feet and feathers.

About the same time I also discovered that I was very hungry. Whatever had seemed like pleasant dreams before, there were now two established, wide-awake facts, that could not be controverted:

I was hungry, and here was something to eat. It was very evident I had been sick, and that somebody had taken care of me; also, that in anticipation of my waking, something had been prepared for me to eat, — probably chicken-broth. If it was not proper for me, why was it there? For the further elucidation of the matter, I put out my hand to reach the mess, whatever it might be. By getting to the edge of the bed, and making a long arm, I just reached the edge of the bowl and got hold of the drum-stick. Accomplishing this, I found it was impossible to get back to bed, as I could not relinquish my hold without falling on the floor, neither could I hold on any longer. Therefore, in my next effort, the table, with the bowl of broth, was capsized in the opposite direction, and I, with the chicken propeller attached to me, fell to the floor.

As I could not get up, and evidently had undisputed possession of the floor, I was proceeding with the discussion of the chicken question, when I was interrupted by a voice from the door-way, "Lordy, Lordy, massa die for sartin!" A jolly-looking, fat, middle-aged black woman stood on the threshold. She wore a checked apron, and a clean fancy handkerchief ornamented her head; this is all I remember of her dress. She was in the next room, heard the crash, and rushed to the scene of the disaster.

After getting me back to the bed, she sat down, at my request, to gave me a history of myself. She spoke English tolerably well, and I think came from New Orleans. She said: "I was brought there by a good Massa Captain, who had one of his men sick in an adjoining room; that he had been to see me every day for the last week; that he had brought old Massa Dr. Osgood to see me, — the best doctor in Havana, — and had provided everything for massa's comfort." I was doing nicely, but instead of chicken meat, I was only to have "a spoonful of broff." Then, again, raising her hands, she exclaimed, "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, massa die for sartin!" But massa didn't die. In a few days he was able to sit up, and the next thought was, Who could this good Massa Captain be? I supposed that my own Captain had something to do with my being in such good quarters; but the chicken-broth was against that supposition. Lobscouse, with a horn spoon in it, would have been his prescription. The problem, however, was soon solved, by the entrance of the good Massa Captain himself; and, as the reader has doubtless been expecting, it was "Hawser Martingale." He it was who took care of me, when deserted by the one who should have cared for me. He it was who then sat by my bedside, whispering words of kindness, hope, and encouragement. Never for a day did he discontinue his visits, till I was nearly restored to health and returned to duty. I was a stranger to him, but that mattered not. I believe that, under God, to him I owe my escape from "Yellow Jack." "May the blessing of him that was ready to perish be upon him!"

Thou prince of shipmasters, gentle and good "Martingale!" When you left the quarter-deck, the merchant service parted with one of its best commanders, and poor Jack with the fatherly care of one who treated him as a man should be treated, — kindly and justly. May you, when life's voyage is ended, and the old "Hawser" parts its last strand, find good moorings, in a port of peace, where, undisturbed by sickness, sorrow, or the storms of ocean, one unclouded sky shall encircle all!

After waiting a few weeks for freight, we commenced loading with sugar, and, much to my joy, for the port of Boston, instead of Europe. A new crew was shipped for the passage home; the treatment on the homeward was but a repetition of that on the outward passage. We arrived on a winter's coast, but got safely into port without accident. I remained by the vessel until after the cargo was discharged and the Captain dismissed. In all probability I should have gone in her again, had I not received a louder call from my former employers, to take charge of the *Mermaid*, which was my first command.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN COMMAND.

IN March, 1831, I took command of the *Mermaid*, not the Fejeean, but a beautiful brig of the above name, belonging to Robert Edes & Brother, of Boston, bound for Smyrna and elsewhere. She was considered an unusually fine vessel of her class, being half clipper, and altogether a model of beauty in hull, sparring and rig; she attracted much attention then, and would be quite noticeable now, lying at India Wharf, newly coppered, and fresh from the painter's hands, with all her yards aloft, and everything about her just as it should be. Admiring sailors, old and young, daily swarmed around her while loading, to get a chance to go in her, so that I had no difficulty in selecting a choice crew of Americans, all of them young men, who did not intend to be before the mast any longer than was necessary to fit them for officers. We took out, as passenger, a gentleman with whom I had previously made a voyage to Smyrna, whither he was now returning to establish the commercial house of Clarke & Co., accompanied by his lady, three daughters, and son. After a quick and pleasant passage we arrived at

Syra, an island of the Greek Archipelagos, and in a few days after at Smyrna.

The cargo was landed, and while we waited for a return one the plague broke out, and raged so violently in the city as to cause a perfect stagnation in business. The bazaars were all closed, the merchants retired to their country residences, or shut themselves up in their city houses, the streets were deserted, and the crews of the ships remained on board. Most of the vessels left to look for business elsewhere, and I was very desirous of getting away from the "plague-stricken city." The only way I could communicate with my merchant was by letters; being passed through a pigeon-hole in the door, they were taken in a pair of tongs and fumigated over a charcoal fire, before being opened. The answers were received in the same way. After much discussion of the matter, it was decided that I should go on a wool-gathering expedition to the coast of Barbary. At this time the low grades of wool were in greater request at home than the higher qualities, as those invoicing not over eight cents, at the place of shipment, were free of duty. Considerable quantities of the article were brought to Smyrna, in small Austrian and Greek vessels; but few knew the ports from which it was obtained; we only knew that it came from the Barbary coast. Therefore, in the hope of doing something while the plague season was passing, I was despatched with 5,000 silver dollars, and instructions to hunt for wool where I thought best. Andreco (a Greek), the interpreter of the house, to which I was con-signed, who understood all the languages used in the Mediterranean, was ordered to hire an Armenian wool-sorter, who was a judge of the article, and with him to report on board the brig. Having gained all the information which Andreco could get from the boatmen regarding the South coast, we departed from Smyrna on our cruise. Owing to light winds, we were six days in getting past Candia, four days after which we made Cape Razat, on the Barbary coast, the land moderately high and barren. On the chart, the port of Bengazi was laid down about sixty miles to the westward of this point, without any intervening harbor. Keeping along parallel with the coast, at a mile distant, we ran with a fair wind, about fifty miles to the westward. I found the land now gradually sloped away to a low, sandy desert. Thus far no sign of a human being was seen, nor the least vegetation; not a rock, tree, or shrub, hill or valley, could be discovered to relieve the sight.

The chart of the coast being incorrect, I was obliged to keep nearer the land than was agreeable, for fear of running by the port. At dark, judging myself seventy-five miles from Cape Razat, and seeing no signs of a place, I hauled off for the night. At daylight next morning, closing in with the land again, I continued the exploration. About 2 P. M., we discovered a large, white object ahead, which, on our nearer approach, we made out to be the castle on a low point, at the entrance of Bengazi Harbor; soon the red flag with the crescent was displayed from the walls, and responded to by the

Stars and Stripes; shortly after a number of small craft at anchor opened out from behind a ridge of sand. Backing the main topsail when abreast the port, we fired a gun to bring off a pilot. The shore was thronged with a multitude of objects, bearing a near resemblance to human beings, gazing at us with apparent astonishment. We waited for about an hour, during which time a number of boats put off from the shore, and pulled towards us a short distance, then lay on their oars, or returned to the shore. I thought they did not intend to come off, and was preparing to lower a boat, and to sound out the entrance, as many shoal spots were visible from the masthead, when I noticed a boat leave a small Greek vessel, and pull fast towards us. She came alongside, and proved to be the harbor-master's boat. Andreco was soon in communication with the high officials, one of whom was "Veli Khalet Moutkai," port captain, pilot, and superintendent of marine. The individual bearing all these titles was dressed, I presume, in full uniform, consisting of a dirty strip of cotton cloth about his loins, and a green turban on his head. Another character who had on some clothes was "Senor Thomazi Beglier," Directeur de Medicin for his Serene Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli. It seems the people here had never seen the Stars and Stripes, and the appearance of (to them) a large vessel with an unknown flag, occasioned much consternation and conjecture to the Bey of Bengazi.

An English Vice-Consul was established here, but was absent. In this dilemma they sent a courier after the Consul, and determined not to allow the brig to enter the port without first knowing who she was, and what she wanted. Fortunately for us, the Greek skipper of a small bombard hailed the Port Captain, telling him that he was well acquainted with the flag, and the nation to which it belonged; therefore the noble "Veli Khalet & Co." repaired on board the bombard for information. The Greek told him that the Americans were a great nation, and traded largely with the Levant; that probably this vessel had come here to purchase a cargo of bullocks and wool. Veli could not believe this for some time; it was impossible that so large a vessel could have dollars sufficient on board to purchase such a cargo with, — bullocks were two dollars a head, and sheep seventy-five cents. The Greek assured him that American ships sometimes carried dollars for ballast. Veli took another look at the brig, and offered to go to her if the Captain would accompany him; and off they came, rowed by six naked Arabs, in uniform also, having a strip of blue cotton tied round the waist of each. Through Andreco, I told him our object was to trade with them, and asked him to pilot us into anchorage. He demanded to know what water the vessel drew. I told him one foot more than she actually did draw. He said "there was not water enough to admit her, and he could not take her in until next day." I assured him that the vessel should go in that night. Upon this, he got half way up the fore rigging, and sung out "Boodji" (bear away).

We filled away and steered for the port with the pilot in the rigging, his cotton garment blowing over his shoulders, leaving the most of his body bare, vociferating with rapidity, "Oorsa," or "Boodji," as the occasion required. The passage was narrow, but well marked out, as the clear water on a white, sandy bottom, plainly told us to avoid the black spots on either side. We anchored and moored ship in eight feet of water, the pilot priding himself on such a display of his nautical ability.

Next morning I went on shore with my interpreter, and was met on the beach by "Thomazi," the doctor, and an Italian who held the office of Consul for the Austrian, French, and Sardinian governments; he proved to be a very clever fellow, and was of much service to us while here. They demanded my papers in the name of "Mahmoud Zusseeff," Bey of Bengazi. My ship's papers I told them I could not part with, but I gave them my bill of health, and that was a foul one; but, as it was in English, I thought it would not enlighten them much. I was ordered to perform eighteen days quarantine if I remained here, and until the expiration of it none of us must go over ten yards from the boat. I ascertained that much wool was to be had here, and concluded to remain and comply with the port regulations, hoping, also, to shorten our quarantine by greasing the doctor's hands. I found here about a dozen small craft, — Greek, Austrian, Turks and Maltese. The Malta vessels came here for bullocks and sheep for the supply of the island. The Austrians bring coarse cottons and French goods of various kinds, which they barter for wool, hides, etc. The Turks trade between Tripoli, Candia, and this place, in various commodities. The Greeks were purchasing wool and butter, which they carry to Smyrna, finding there a ready and profitable market; some of them bring cargoes of wheat and beans from the islands, to barter with the Arabs.

We marked out our limits on the beach, where we pitched a tent for business head-quarters, to which Andreco was instructed to summon all the wool-dealers at or about Bengazi to come, if they had wool to sell. In two or three days we had as much as we could attend to. The price of wool, at first, was one Austrian dollar for sixteen fleeces. The fleece of each sheep is rolled up separate, and sold for so much per fleece, without regard to weight or quality. The average weight is about six pounds, making the cost just one cent per pound, — the Austrian dollar being ninety-five cents. The wool is very dirty, giving a net of clean, when washed and picked, of less than fifty per cent. This would answer very well, and we purchased all that was offered. The price soon advanced, as we had competitors among the small craft, but their funds were soon gone. In a week I had secured half a cargo at very satisfactory prices, and the town supply was exhausted. We had now to watch for the caravans coming across the desert; we learned that the Arabs kept their wool back, not bringing it in until they heard of vessels being at the port wanting to purchase. I had hoped to be allowed liberty to go with Andreco across the desert and make purchases; but Mr. Warrington, the British Consul, was summoned before the Bey to translate my bill of health, which informed him that the plague was raging at Smyrna on the departure of the *Mermaid*, and I had my quarantine extended in consequence. I protested, as there was no sickness on board, we had been at sea eleven days, and were quarantined for three weeks before leaving our last port. But it availed nothing; I must submit. I was, however, offered my choice of any spot on the beach, and as large a space as my business might require; therefore we selected a point which all the caravans must pass in arriving, with the promise that no one should locate outside of us. Two guardianos were appointed to watch, and keep us from contact with the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A YANKEE VISITOR.

JULY 3d I had an interview with Mr. Warrington, who sent word that he would call upon me. Previous to his coming his servants put up a small tent just without my enclosure, bringing with them sundry baskets, and planting a staff in the sand, with a small English flag on it. The Consul soon made his appearance. A chair was placed on each side of the line for us, and we were soon well acquainted. A large waiter was placed between us by his servants, and each helped himself to what was before him, — cold roast chicken, bread, olives, dates, figs, coffee and sherbet; after which wine and cigars concluded the collation. I had read in the Scriptures that "our fathers did eat manna in the desert," and this reminded me of it. Mr. Warrington is the son of the Consul-General at Tripoli; his principal business here is to forward supplies of sheep and bullocks to Malta, for the use of the garrison there. I was the first person he had seen for six months with whom he could converse in his native tongue; he was glad to see me, and promised any assistance he could render; and said that he had much influence with the Bey. Mr. Warrington had been here about a year, held a commission in the navy, and appeared very genial. I was indebted to him for many acts of kindness.

The same afternoon the dragoman of the Bey came off in a boat with Mr. Warrington, and bade us welcome to the port of Bengazi. Mr. Warrington had called upon His Highness, and enlightened him upon the history of America, the result of which was the despatch now received. I was assured of being placed on the same footing as the most favored, and any assistance I should need he would be happy to render.

July 4th the *Mermaid* was dressed in bunting, and a salute of thirteen guns fired at noon in honor of the day. Mahmoud thought the salute was intended to compliment him in return for the gracious offers made me the day previous; and again the dragoman made his appearance with the thanks of His Highness for the honor shown him, expressing his high opinion of the Americans, and apologizing for not being able to return the salute, as his guns were so heavy that the concussion might shake the walls of the castle down. He sent me, as a present, a pair of beautiful gazelles; and, as a further mark of his favor, an officer of his household to act as my guardiano, who was selected for his great knowledge of the English language.

I did not undeceive His Highness as to the nature of the salute, and replied that I should be sorry to see the venerable walls tumble down on my account. I thanked him for his presents, including the officer, and then, turning to the distinguished official, I made some remarks, closing by asking him his name and title. "I see," was the reply. I repeated the question, and added, "Do you speak English?" Again it was, "I see," which assertion I was slow to believe, inasmuch as he had only one eye, and that was encircled by flies. But "I see" was the whole extent of his English, and these words he always used in replying when spoken to, and, indeed, on all occasions. I turned him over to Andreco, to see what he could make of him. "The beast," said Andreco, after questioning him in five or six tongues, receiving for answer to all, "I see;" "he knows nothing but Arab, but he looks like old Hadgi Bey, the Chief of Police in Smyrna." He was called by that name thenceforth, and whenever the name was called, he responded with "I see."

I had been here but little over a week, when I was much surprised and pleased by the arrival of a Greek schooner, which anchored near by, with the stars and stripes at the fore. "What schooner is that?" I asked, and the answer came in a well-known voice, "The *Admiral Miaulis*, Captain Yarni, Larkin supercargo; come to bring you more funds, old fellow; how are you, and how is wool?" It seems that shortly after I left Smyrna, my merchant there obtained information concerning Bengazi, which led him to the conclusion that I was there, and doing well, but would probably get short of funds; therefore he despatched the schooner with Mr. Larkin, the book-keeper of the house, with funds sufficient to load both vessels. Mr. Larkin was just the man needed, — "the right man in the right place"; for, notwithstanding he was always

Larking, he had a clear head, and a ready hand for business. I was soon alongside with my boat and my constant attendant, "Hadgi Bey,"—but must not come in contact; my letters were fumigated before reading. I got all the news, and was pulling away, when Larkin shouted out, "For God's sake, P., take me with you; I can't stand it here; I am most starved, and half eaten up by fleas." "I can't take you, my friend," I replied; "I should be glad to do so, but the guard will not permit it. I'll introduce you to him; he is a high officer, and speaks English. 'Hadgi Bey'—Mr. Larkin." Captain Yarni and Mr. Larkin plead with Hadgi quite strongly, and awaited his answer. "I see," said Hadgi; but he did not see it, and we left poor Larkin to the tender mercies of Captain Yarni and his fleas.

In a few days we arranged our business, so that every caravan arriving came directly to our depot; but now stocks were rising, and we had to pay much higher prices than at first. Caravans returning across the desert met those coming to the coast; naturally inquiring the news, they were told that "a great ship with a gold bottom (referring to our bright copper bottom), and full of dollars, is at the port, and will buy all the wool we will carry there." Still we bought, and all were satisfied in regard to the business; but poor Larkin was awfully wrought up at being so long a messmate with Captain Yarni, and so long a bedfellow with Greek fleas; with a prospect of thirty or forty days more of such enjoyment, he got outrageous.

"You can get me out of this miserable, filthy vessel, if you try. I know you can; my blood will be upon your head if I remain here another week. Look at my face, punctured all over like the top of a pepper-box, and bleeding at every pore; see my emaciated form, wasting away upon a diet of beans and rotten olives. There will be murder or suicide soon."

I promised to do all I could for his relief, and the irrepressible Hadgi added "I see." By the use of strong appeals to Doctor Thomazi, in the shape of sundry bottles of a fluid forbidden to Moslem lips, and through the efforts of our friend the Consul, who used "a mighty deal of very delicate diplomacy" with the Bey, permission was given that Mr. Larkin might be transferred to my vessel after going through the cleansing process. Accordingly, on Sunday morning I went alongside of the Greek with Hadgi, who was to superintend the fumigating and purifying of the individual. I informed my friend that the prospect of his release was better, and the next day he would probably be able to join us at dinner, adding that I had ordered an excellent one to-day, hoping for his company, recapitulating some of the delicacies which awaited him. "Let me come now, for heaven's sake; I'll jump overboard if you will take me in." "But you are yet considered an infected person," I replied; "however, upon further consideration, and with the consent of the guardiano, if you will jump overboard with all your clothes on, we will accept the act for complete disinfection, and receive you." No sooner said than he pulled out his watch. "Hold that for me, Captain Yanni, and here she goes." Suiting the action to the word, he sprang over the rail, and struck out for the boat. Hadgi thought the submersion was not sufficient, and, on reaching out to help him, gently forced his head under. He had probably heard of the manner by which a fox rids himself of fleas, by backing into the water slowly, stern first, and letting the water drive the vermin towards his bows, and finally, when they are all gathered on the end of his nose, suddenly ducking that under, leaving his passengers afloat; — and our careful health officer, perhaps fearing there might be a solitary flea left, again repeated complete immersion, much to the disgust and indignation of the bather.

While in the enjoyment of the good things of the table that afternoon, and while I was endeavoring to soothe the wounded spirit of my friend, I sent for the one-eyed Arab to take a glass of wine with us, which he was not averse to doing (giving the forbidden article another name). As he entered the cabin with his usual salutation of "I see," a part of a water-melon from Mr. Larkin's hand struck him full on his only eye, and for a few minutes, at least, his favorite English sentence would have been inappropriate.

The gentleman above mentioned will, perhaps, read these lines sitting in his arm-chair in State Street; and I trust that, while admitting their truthfulness, he will pardon the liberty taken with his name. We were then young, but are now old;

yet never has our friendship, then so pleasantly formed, suffered any decay. "May his shadow never be less"!

Much more could be said of adventures at Bengazi, and of further mishaps which befell my friend Mr. Larkin, while there, but it would spin out a yarn that might be tedious; therefore I will close by saying that the *Mermaid* soon sailed thence with a full cargo, leaving Mr. Larkin and Andreco behind to load the schooner and follow me to Smyrna, all of which was accomplished in good season. On returning to the above port, the pestilence was past, and business had revived; our Bengazi cargoes were landed, the wool washed, picked, and assorted, neatly baled, and reshipped for Boston, resulting in a very profitable operation for the owners, and gratifying to myself, this being my first command. I hailed it as being ominous of future success.

On my passage down the Mediterranean I fell in with a British squadron off Sicily, bound down to ascertain the situation of a volcanic island which was thrown up from the sea about ten days previous, in the neighborhood of Maretimo and Pantellaria. In beating down with a westerly wind I was rather near the Admiral's ship about sundown, when the breeze entirely left us; being on different tacks, we were becalmed within easy hail of the *St. Vincent*, Sir Henry Holland's flag-ship. Quite a group of officers was collected on the poop-deck of that vessel, and a number of ladies in the stern and quarter galleries, surveying with apparent pleasure the saucy-looking little Yankee who ventured so near the majestic wooden walls of England. An officer hailed us, asking many questions, requesting to know the dimensions of the *Mermaid*, where built, etc., evidently pleased with her appearance. In comparison we were the gazelle alongside an elephant. Before dark a couple of boats were sent with a request to throw them a tow-rope; we were from Smyrna, and with a cargo to be avoided in plague time; they looked upon ours as an infected vessel, and wanted us out of the way. "Don't throw your rope into the boat, but into the water," said the officer; this indicated what they thought of us. We were towed about five miles on our course, and cast off. A fresh breeze sprang up in the night from the west, and stretching towards the Barbary shore, at about 10 A.M. we made the volcano right ahead. The fleet at this time were five or six miles to leeward; here was a chance to take possession, and get ahead of Johnny Bull. I intended to approach to windward, and, if a landing was possible, to plant a Yankee flag on the island and leave it, but was headed off, when it was about three miles distant, by a strong easterly wind which came rattling down the Mediterranean, and we squared away on our course. At this time the volcano bore south by east from the vessel, the island of Maretimo north-half-west per compass, no other land being in sight. The volcano was still active, frequent eruptions of dark smoke issuing from the sea; at one time it cleared away, exhibiting two distinct islands. The British fleet took possession by landing and planting Saint George's cross on the island the same day I bore away from it. The Austrian government claimed it, as a vessel of that nation was nearest to it when it was thrown up; and the Sardinians also, by right of jurisdiction in those waters. The quarrel among them was assuming a serious aspect, when the question was settled by the island's disappearing without the leave or license of either party. About a year after this I passed with a vessel directly over the spot, finding there a shoal with five fathoms of water on it.

I continued in the Levant trade, making several voyages in the same employ, visiting for trade many of the Greek islands, and for pleasure many sites of old cities of Asia Minor, all of which have been so well described by various travellers, that I omit any description of them.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SHIPWRECK.

SINCE I commenced these random sketches I have had the question asked by friends, "Have you no shipwreck to tell of? There ought to be one, for variety's sake." I reply, yes, not for the sake of variety, but a tale truly sad and sadly true.

In the *Regulator* I sailed from Boston for Malta and Egypt, in September, 1835. Leaving a part of the cargo at the former place, I proceeded to Alexandria, having a young gentleman as supercargo and part owner on board. We had letters to M. Rossetti, Tuscan Consul-General for Egypt, and also a merchant; he was known to have much influence with Mehemet Ali, and his Prime Minister, Bhogas Bey. Rossetti's father held the same office previously, and was in like favor. On our arrival M. Rossetti accepted the consignment, and found a ready purchaser of the cargo in the Minister, who was the great business manager of the Pasha. The history of the Pasha and his Minister is well known. I will only relate a few incidents which I obtained from Rossetti. Mehemet Ali (an Albanian Turk), when an officer in the Turkish army in the Morea, formed a friendship with Bhogas Bey, who was then a sutler in the same service, — both of them of low rank and origin. When Mehemet was sent by the

Sultan with the troops to subdue an outbreak in Egypt, his friend Bhogas followed his fortunes. As one rose in rank and power so did the other. Step by step Mehemet advanced to supreme command in Egypt, and his friend became his Prime Minister, whose advice and counsel were always listened to, until one day, when something had gone wrong with the Pasha, and he ordered that the Minister should be tied up in a sack and cast into the sea. But the guard were bribed, and he was conveyed to the house of Rossetti and concealed. The latter knew the Pasha would soon regret his hasty action, and wish his friend back. This proved to be the case; he was in trouble, and missed his able and faithful adviser, and wished he was alive again to set things right. At a proper time Bhogas was produced and reinstated in office, but the guard who failed to carry out the cruel order were put to death. In company with our consignee we had several interviews with the above officer in relation to the business of the vessel. He was a fine-looking man, graceful in his manners, and very polite; it was said of him that he could refuse a favor with more grace than most people show in conferring one.

We landed the cargo, and were to receive five hundred bags of salt for ballast within a week. This was to be brought from the dried-up lake "Mareotis," some miles distant from the city. We were to furnish bags, when required to do so, and receive them again at the quay when filled. The donkey-drivers at the landing-places had been a most intolerable nuisance, much more so than the hackmen are in New York. We had daily been obliged to fight our way through their lines on leaving our boat to go up town. On the morning when we brought the bags on shore, according to orders, the fellows with their animals crowded towards the boat, thinking there was a good job in prospect. Shortly a guard of soldiers appeared in their rear, cutting off retreat. One hundred of the poor fellows were pressed into the service of the government, with their donkeys, each one taking two bags, and were escorted to the lake, where they filled them and returned to the boat. This operation was repeated daily until the amount was completed. For this service we were charged five cents for the man and beast; they were allowed but three by the government. In a few days the fellows knew our boats, and on their approach would scamper off in a hurry, much to our relief. The Alexandria of thirty-two years ago was a place of but little business, compared with its present condition.

Having completed our business, we proceeded to Smyrna to finish loading for Boston, departing thence, and calling again at Malta. The close of the year found us homeward-bound to a winter's coast. The first of February we got soundings in the South Channel, wind south, with a warm, drenching rain. The passage across the Atlantic had been pleasant for the season, and we were now within a day's sail of our port, with a fair wind, and reasonable prospect of a speedy termination of a voyage which had been remarkably favorable.

Every stitch of canvas was spread to the breeze, and a heavy press carried on the vessel in order to get to the northward of the shoals, and into Boston Bay, before a change of wind should occur. About 3 P. M., judging the vessel clear of shoal ground, we hauled north-west for the back of Cape Cod, the studding-sails were taken in and booms sent down. At about 4 P. M., those well-known indications of a sudden change of wind to the north-west warned us that our fair wind and good prospects were soon to be changed for a contrary gale, and the biting breath of winter. The light sails were all taken in, the topsails clewed down to be reefed, and all possible despatch used to get the vessel snug. Owing to the heavy rains which had continued for the twenty-four hours previous, the sails and rigging were so saturated with water as to retard the work very much. The wind now hauled suddenly to the north-west, blowing furiously, and the cold became intense. In ten minutes every sail was frozen stiff. The rigging and spars were coated with ice, from the mastheads to the deck. One reef was secured in the topsails, and, after ineffectual attempts at a second reef, the men were ordered from the yards, half the number being badly frosted. The gale continued to increase, the vessel under a heavy press of canvas driving to the north-east, shipping much water, the ice fast accumulating on the decks and about the bowsprit. At midnight wore ship, and stood in shore. At daylight made Chatham Lights ahead. At 7 A. M. wore ship again, about two miles N. N. E. of the lights, and headed off shore. The cold now became more severe, thermometer at eight degrees below zero throughout the day, and the ice continually increasing on the vessel. The rudder had frozen up; the rigging, from its increased size, was wholly useless; the vessel had settled a foot, by the head, owing to the weight of ice about the head-stays and rigging of the bowsprit. All hands were employed throughout the day, trying to clear the vessel of ice.

February 3.—During the forenoon of this day the wind moderated, hauling west. All hands at work beating off ice, there being nearly two feet on deck, and the vessel unmanageable, with two streaks heel to starboard. At daylight, succeeded in freeing the rudder, clearing the braces, and heading the ship to the south. In the course of the night the wind changed to eastward. At midnight got the topsails and foresail set, judging ourselves in the latitude of Cape Ann, and steering accordingly.

February 4, 10 A. M.—The wind increasing, hauled to the N. N. E., and extreme cold weather. At noon made the highlands of Plymouth. The rudder was again choked up by ice, and all our attempts to keep it clear were unsuccessful. We could now keep our course for Boston Light, steering the brig by the braces. At this time the weather was clear. If the wind had continued as it then was a few hours longer, we should have been safe in Nantasket Roads. But, alas! fate decreed otherwise. At 2 P. M. the wind hauled to the north, increasing in violence. Four of the crew badly frosted, the vessel covered with ice and deprived of the use of her rudder; working ship was out of the question. We therefore hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away for Plymouth Harbor. Seeing a brig at anchor in safety inside, we had strong hopes of assistance to enable us to reach the anchorage. It was now near low water, and the sea was breaking violently across the entrance, threatening destruction to any vessel that approached it. We had no alternative, as the vessel could not be kept off shore more than an hour longer, and we accordingly pushed for the entrance. Abreast of the Gurnet Head the wind headed us off, and the anchors were both let go in three fathoms of water, the vessel striking heavily between the swells; the land, on one side, was less than half a mile distant, between which and the vessel a furious sea was breaking, which forbade all hope of relief from that quarter.

About the same distance from us lay a brig in perfect safety; but as the sea was making a fair breach over us, it was impossible for her boats to approach. Night was fast closing upon us, the breakers were sweeping our decks, the vessel striking on the hard sands every few minutes with a force sufficient to demolish, at each concussion, a vessel of ordinary construction. The crew were worn down by fatigue and unremitting exertions, a long night of severe suffering and anxiety was before us, and no prospect of relief till the morrow; and fearful doubts whether the vessel could sustain the severe shocks for an hour, rendered our situation one of the most painful and distressing that can be conceived.

As yet the hull was unbroken and tight; the sails were secured as well as circumstances would permit; the yawl got out and veered astern; tackles got up and hooked on the long-boat, oars and buckets lashed in, and a hawser made fast to her, everything being in readiness to get her out if the brig should bilge during the night.

About 8.30 P.M., the flood tide making, the vessel lay easy and afloat; the wind also moderated, and at midnight we flattered ourselves that at daylight assistance could be rendered us from the shore and the brig. As we were unable to do anything more for the preservation of the vessel, the crew were suffered to relax awhile from their severe toils; the frozen were taken into the cabin, where a fire had been kept in the stove, and their sufferings alleviated as far as possible. A kettle of chocolate was prepared, which refreshed and cheered us wonderfully; so much so, indeed, that the brave fellows laughed at past toils, and fondly dwelt on the comforts that were awaiting them, and which their vivid imaginations painted as almost within reach; but their rejoicing was of short duration. Before daylight the wind increased to a gale from the north, and the tide at that time being the last of ebb, we were again in shoal water with a heavy sea tumbling in; the vessel began to strike again violently, every shock taking us off our feet, and causing the masts to swing about like reeds in the blast. After thumping in this manner for half an hour, we found she had bilged. The sea was now breaking fore and aft; the long-boat was so heavy, that, with our weak crew, we were unable to get her out. The main topmast backstays, and the weather rigging of the foremast being cut, the foremast was cut away, taking with it every spar but the bowsprit and mainmast; the latter was broken off just above the eyes of the rigging. Relieved of this weight, the hull lay easier for awhile, but the sea increasing, the work of destruction continued. The cables were now slipped, in the hope of the wreck driving higher up on the shoal, or over it on to the beach, where she would lay less exposed to a furious sea, which every moment was tearing her asunder. The cabin and forecastle were full of water, and at daylight we found that the keel and many of the planks had left the vessel. She was now lying head to the breakers, and we again attempted to get out the long-boat by cutting away the bulwarks and stanchions, in order to launch her over. Before we could accomplish this, the wreck swung round broadside to, with the gangway to windward, and the wreck of the masts and yards under the lee hanging by the rigging, which we could not get at to cut away, therefore we were obliged to abandon our attempts in that direction. The flood tide was setting athwart the breakers, carrying the fragments of the wreck and drift stuff into smooth water. We had hoped to escape in the long-boat by the help of the current, if we could have launched her.

We had now drifted to within a third of a mile of the brig at anchor, the crew of which had been anxious observers of our situation all the morning, without being able to render us any assistance. A boat had been despatched early in the morning to our relief. Approaching the wreck as near as the sea would permit them, they lay on their oars waiting for an opportunity to rescue us, should any occur, of which there was but a faint hope. Sometimes entangled in the ice, they were carried a mile or two from us; and again worked their way towards the spars and fragments of the wreck, which the current carried clear of the breakers, to see if there were any human beings clinging to them.

The sea was breaking with such violence over us, that we were frequently buried beneath the fragments of wreck; and now the Angel of Death boarded the ill-fated bark, and began to number his victims. The first sufferer was a beautiful little Greek boy, about twelve years of age, an orphan. I had known his parents in Smyrna, and took him as an apprentice. When the cabin began to fill with water, I brought him on deck, wrapped in a blanket, and stowed him in one corner of the round-house, which had resisted many heavy seas, and yet remained entire. The heart-rending cries of the poor little fellow, who was a favorite with all on board, drew tears from the eyes of the hardiest, and all seemed for awhile to forget their own sorrows in view of the sufferings of poor Jerome. A tremendous sea at this moment boarded us, the round-house was shivered into fragments, and the poor boy's agonizing shrieks were hushed in death.

The same sea lifted the long-boat overboard, but did not capsize her, and she lay to leeward of the wreck, upright, but full of water, out of our reach. One of the seamen was also buried beneath the ruins of the round-house, and perished there. The mainmast was still standing, and the rigging on it firm; to that we now retreated.

The vessel was fast breaking up. Plank after plank was leaving her. She had broken in two amidships, the cargo was washing out, and every sea was reducing her to fragments. While on deck, with the sea continually breaking over us (the water not being as cold as the air), the ice did not accumulate on our clothes, nor did we feel the cold so keenly as we did after gaining the rigging. Here we were more exposed to the action of the air; and in a few minutes, with the sea occasionally reaching us, we resembled clods of ice more than human beings.

About this time a refluent sea brought the long-boat near the lower part of the rigging, where three seamen and myself were clinging. Two of them threw themselves into her; the other, Augustus Tileston, a fine young lad from Vermont, was on the point of following them, but, seeing that I had moved towards the boat and again retreated, he hesitated what to do, until just as the last chance offered of reaching her, hearing me express my determination not to leave the others who were unable to get into the boat, he embraced my knees in an affectionate manner, and jumped into the boat. In a second she was out of reach again. They now cast off, or cut the hawser, and drifted astern. At this time I believed that they, and they alone, would be saved. I shouted to them "to get out an oar and keep her head to the sea," but, exhausted by their previous exertions, and chilled through by the ice and water which filled the boat, they were unable to do so. The boat was in the trough of the sea, the first heavy roller capsized her, and they perished before our eyes.

Five were now dead, and in their sad fate we saw the probable prelude to our own. While in the rigging, I saw the poor boy Jerome washed from the opposite side of the deck, a stiffened corpse, and in a few moments he floated from the wreck with his head jammed to a pumice.

Finding that we were fast freezing in this situation, I succeeded in regaining a part of the quarter-deck, for the purpose of keeping more under water, and less exposed to the air. To this place I was followed by the others, with the exception of one poor fellow, whose hands were badly frozen, and his fingers bent like hooks. He had caught one hand over a ratline and lost his foothold, and was dangling in the air, until the top of a heavy sea lifted, and fortunately extricated, him from his singular and perilous situation.

We were unable to lash ourselves, but succeeded in getting into the bight of some water-cask lashings that were around the quarter stanchions, the casks having washed out of them. Here we remained for about an hour, watching with intense interest the party in the boats, who for four hours made fruitless exertions to rescue us. They were often in imminent danger of being carried by the ice among the breakers, or of freezing in the boats; in vain forcing their way through bodies of ice, impelled by the loud supplications of their suffering brethren to their rescue; approaching even within the whirling foam of the breakers, but well knowing if they ventured further all would be lost, they again retired, and oh! with what feelings of agony did we see them return to their vessel; we hoped they had gone for fresh hands, but again hope died within us, as we saw them leave their boat, their places not taken by others, and the boat dropped astern. They could not stand idle long; again our shouts rang in their ears, and aroused their hearts to greater daring. Their long-boat on deck was stowed full of cotton bales; it was speedily emptied, and hoisted out, and after what seemed to us an age of time, both boats shoved off again to our rescue, with orders to keep as near the wreck as possible, and remain until they saw the last of us.

In the meantime the wreck was fast disappearing, — breaking up, or settling in the sand; and, expecting that the next wave would send us into eternity, with what awful suspense did we await their motions! They approached, with both boats, to within one hundred yards of us; nearer to the terrific breakers they could not come and live. One of the boats at this time was nearly a mile from us, entangled in the ice, and being carried away by the tide. The other one, just without the breakers, was watching the drift stuff that came from the wreck, to see if any human being should be clinging to the fragments.

We were now satisfied that no boat could reach us unless the sea fell, and nothing short of a miracle could have effected that, before we had all frozen to death. I had made up my mind that man could not save us, when suddenly we were astonished by the unaccountable falling of the sea, which became comparatively smooth. The crew in the long-boat seized the opportunity, pulled in to the wreck, we threw ourselves into her, cleared the breakers in safety, and soon found ourselves in the comfortable cabin of the brig *Cervantes*, of Boston, Captain Kendrick, and receiving all the kindness and attention that humanity could suggest. The lull of the sea was occasioned, as Captain Kendrick told me, by a large cake of ice drifting by the wreck to windward, the flood-tide setting it athwart the breakers, which kept the sea from breaking while it was passing.

To the intrepid and daring perseverance of these brave men, under God, we owe our lives. When taken off, we were utterly helpless. The ice had accumulated on our clothes to such a degree, that we could not bend a joint. We felt the blood freezing in our veins, and nature was nearly exhausted. Our deliverance was unlooked for, and truly providential.

The next morning, when the *Cervantes* got underweigh for Boston, nothing was to be seen of the wreck but some of the floor timbers sticking out of the flats at half tide. The spot where the *Regulator* was wrecked is a hard sand shoal, called Brown's Island, over which, at low water, the sea breaks furiously in northerly storms. Plymouth Harbor was frozen over for some miles below the town, with much broken ice intervening; so that while hundreds of spectators were witnessing the wreck, they were unable to send us relief. A boat was worked over the ice and reached the vicinity of the wreck after we were taken off, but their arrival would have been too late had there been not other help.

On the morning of the 7th, we were landed at Rainsford Island. Boston Harbor was frozen over nearly down to the islands. Here we experienced every care and attention that our wants required, or hospitality could bestow; and for the kindness of Mr. Minot and his excellent family, and the medical care of Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the survivors feel under deep obligations. The Humane Society of Boston bestowed gold medals and money on the officers and crew of the *Cervantes;* and the citizens of Boston, with their accustomed liberality, subscribed six hundred dollars for the relief of the mates and surviving seamen of the *Regulator*. The only article saved from the wreck was a trunk belonging to myself, picked up on the back of Cape Cod.

CHAPTER XX.

AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIENCE.

IN less than six weeks from the time of the disaster, I was again proceeding down Boston Harbor, with a cargo of ice for the Mediterranean. I was a cripple at the time, from the effects of a frozen foot and sundry contusions, which still necessitated the use of crutches. Arriving at Malta with the first cargo of ice ever taken there, an injunction was served on my consignee at the instance of a Sicilian house, forbidding its being landed there. This house, some two years previously, had obtained from the Maltese Government the monopoly of supplying the island with snow for twenty years, to the exclusion of all other parties. This snow was obtained from the sides of Mount Etna, was transported on donkeys to the shore, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, then by open boats across the channel about sixty miles more, and the business had proved very profitable. Mr. Paul Eynaud, the American Consul, insisted that we had a right to sell and land our cargo; therefore the matter was referred to the courts. The decision was that ice and snow were different articles, and the monopoly guaranteed to the Sicilians for the one article applied to that alone. Accordingly the blue blocks of Yankee ice were landed and deposited in an ancient catacomb near the shore, from which it was speedily distributed among the natives, to their great satisfaction and to the profit of the owners; but the dealers in snow were highly indignant.

Proceeding to Smyrna, we found the plague prevailing to such an extent, that business was almost paralyzed. Therefore after landing the balance of the outward cargo, I was again obliged to fly from the pestilence. With the requisite empty casks, and a gang of Greek coopers, we sailed for the Gulf of Adrymittia, and at a small port took on board about one hundred casks of olive oil, then passed down the straits of Scio to the island of Samos, where the loading of the lower hold was completed with "Samian wine." Returning to Smyrna we found the plague had ceased, and here the balance of the homeward cargo being taken on board, we departed on the passage home, and arrived at Boston in September, all well and in good condition.

And now, for the especial benefit of my seafaring brethren, I will give them a short chapter on agriculture.

From my own experience and observation, I know it to be a fact that the majority of sailors, while pursuing their calling on the deep, are very prone to look forward to the time when they may be enabled "to coil up their ropes and cast anchor on shore"; how many lonely hours of the night watch are whiled away in "castle building," not in the air, but on *terra firma*, the climax of all being a farm; of their hopes and wishes leaping forward to the exchange of the hoarse midnight cry on a dark, stormy night, for "all hands to reef top-sails," for the sweet voice of his wife singing, —

> "I'll be mistress of my dairy, a-milking of my cow,
> While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plough."

With a snug little farm, a snug little wife, and "an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn," what more could be wanted? In fact, this seems to be the only legitimate way for the sailor to quit the ocean. With me, this crisis was near at hand. Therefore I purchased a snug little farm within twenty miles of the city, and with the other two requisites above mentioned, I went to work, not as a gentleman farmer, but a worker, — an independent tiller of the soil. When a boy, I had ridden the horse to plough on the "old farm," had dropped potatoes in drills, had planted corn, — sometimes, when in a hurry to get my stint done, depositing half a pint in a hill, thereby manifesting a talent for "pushing things," — so that I could now manage a farm understandingly. I would have good crops, "I'd have hogs, dogs, cows, sows, turkeys, ducks, and barley-mows." I now laid aside "Bowditch's Navigator" and the "Nautical Almanac" for agricultural reports and Thomas's "Old Farmer's Almanac." The "Coast Pilot" was also rejected, for here it was all plain sailing.

I navigated very well for a few weeks, until one day I was hauling compost on to a field with a cart and my "pad pony," which, by the way, was a mare named "Jinny," and a hired man helping.

In ascending a knoll, on the right hand of which was a deep hole full of soft mud, I was helping up hill by applying my shoulder to the wheel, while my man led the horse by the bridle; old Jinny got stuck, the man let go of her head and jumped to the wheel; at that moment the starboard wheel cut down into a rotten stump of a tree, which slewed Jinny's head round sharp towards the mud-hole. Being pointed down hill, she could not keep back with a heavy load pressing on her, at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, so she dove into the mud, burying her figure-head and bows, and there she stuck, as a whaleman would say, "socket deep." To discharge the cargo and capsize the cart occupied some time, during which the poor old buried-alive creature made her exit, not from the mud-hole, but from life.

We then rove a tackle, — blocks and ropes being among my farming tools. Hooking the single block to the trunk of an apple-tree, and the double one to her tail, we hauled her out stern first; and here I was cast away in a fresh water mud-hole, — old Jinny a total loss, and no insurance. However, the damages were speedily repaired, and all went well for a while. Then ploughing time came. My new "old horse," named "Tom Bowling," was not strong enough alone, therefore a yoke of steady oxen were attached to the plough, with Old Tom ahead and a boy on his back. The line of furrow was marked out by a shingle at the end of it, for which the boy was ordered to make a bee line, and steer small. On the first tack we made a straight course without any leeway, but when we had to tack ship it was another matter. The craft mis-stayed, and wouldn't come round. The boy got off the horse to help me; he said I was on the wrong side of the oxen (just as if I couldn't put a ship about standing on either side of the deck). One of the beasts seemed willing to come round all ship-shape, but the other backed astern to wear ship, and they both got in the doldrums. The horse turned round with his stern to windward, and stepped outside of the traces, so that altogether we were in a bad fix.

A neighbor, witnessing the scrape, stepped over and asked what the matter was. He was told there was matter enough, for the larboard ox had got on the starboard side; Old Tom had got foul in the rigging; they were making a stern board, and were all going into the ditch together. The oxen were taken away, and I finished the job with the horse in good shape, with the determination to do all my work in future without the help of the ruminators. The planting was well done, and in course of time the crops appeared. They looked as well as my neighbors', while my walks, walls, and fences were a pattern for anybody. What with milking two cows, taking care of pigs, poultry, etc., I had to work hard. When haying time came, I gave a helping hand to a brother sailor by employing him.

Captain Bowers, a man of Falstaffian proportions, and of an excellent spirit, was my neighbor; he was out of employ, waiting for a ship, and I shipped him. He was to have a dollar a day, taking his pay in potatoes at a dollar a bushel. The hay was cut and well made; then with Old Tom and the hay rigging we were getting it in. In taking on the last load, which was a large one, I told Captain Bowers that he must get on and I would pitch it up to him. To this he objected, because he was too heavy; but as he was told that he would forfeit his pay if he disobeyed orders, he was too good a sailor to hesitate, and up he mounted. As the load was rising higher and higher, I heard frequent inquiries as to how he was to get off. Still the heap increased, and at last all being on, he called for a ladder; but no, — he was ordered to "lie down and keep quiet until the barn was reached." "But," he remonstrated, "I can't do it, — you will capsize me." Regardless of his remonstrances, I started up Old Tom, the Captain calling out, "Now mind your helm, or you'll capsize me, and I know you mean to." But I had no such intention. As it happened, the pin which fastened the bow of the cart down got loose and shook out, so that when the team ascended the road the cart tipped up, and the entire load, with the Captain in the heart of it, was deposited in the middle of the road. He was soon extricated, alive and unhurt, but was ungrateful enough to insist upon it that the capsize was not accidental. The haying was not finished without many a hearty laugh.

The crops at the harvesting were as good as anybody's, and the winter passed pleasantly; but the figuring up of profits was not very satisfactory, and I began the spring work without much enthusiasm.

Now and then something would occur to caution me against parting with my quadrant. For instance: while I was working up a pile of compost to cast out on a field, an old retired "sea-dog" came along and bid me good-morning. Leaning on his silver-headed cane, he watched my operations for some time, and then came out with a remark which stuck in my crop so hard that it did not digest until I was west of Cape Horn. "Well, sir," said he, "there is a good deal of difference between walking a fine ship's quarter-deck and turning over a pile of manure with a fork." This cruel speech quite unsettled my agricultural ideas; but my labor was not relaxed until the final blow came. I was hoeing a field of corn, a hot day in July. Getting to the end of a row I sat down to rest. Observing a shingle near by, I took it up and figured out with my pencil, as near as possible, what I should realize per day for my work. The yield was promising; there would be so many bushels, which, at a fair price, would bring a certain sum, from which, deducting all expenses, I should realize twenty cents a day net profit. I jumped up, and throwing the hoe as far as I could throw it, walked into the house with the shingle in my hand.

"There!" said I to my wife, "I'll never hoe another hill of corn as long as I live!"

"Well, what is the matter now?" asked my better half.

"Matter enough. Look at that shingle, — there's the whole story. Twenty cents a day and working like a slave. I am done with farming. I am ready for a ship, and 'again shall my plough go to ploughing of the deep.'"

I sold the farm, with Old Tom, at a discount, and the following January was on the way to Cape Horn. I hope my experience given above may benefit some Brother Webfoot who may think of exchanging the ship for the farm. My advice is, do all your ploughing with your cutwater in the broad acres of Old Ocean; when done with that, if you must plant and dig, plant yourself in the arm-chair of an insurance office (if you can), or dig clams, but let alone a farm.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CALIFORNIA CRUISE.

A VOYAGE to California, in the years of which I write, was considered a matter of greater importance than it is at present. The early history of the country and the Pacific coast, and of the oldest residents and traders there, has been the subject of so many writers of late years, that there is not much left to be said. Not being there early enough to rank as a pioneer trader, I was yet early, comparing the condition of matters and things then and now. In June, 1840, I arrived at Monterey in the ship *Alert*, — the same ship on board which Mr. Dana, on a previous voyage, served a part of his " two years before the mast." We were prosecuting a similar voyage. I read his book some years since, and was impressed with the correctness of his description of the manner of collecting and curing a cargo of hides; therefore anything I could now say of that business would only be a repetition. The author of that work is charged with stating that the ship's crew had to skin some thirty thousand bullocks to obtain the cargo. I think Mr. Dana does not make such a statement. I will only say, that the crews, on these voyages, kill and skin only the animals required for the supply of beef for ship use. Passing over the details of the journals of three voyages to California between the early part of 1840 and 1855, with intervals of absence between, I propose only to give a few fragments of history of men and events, which may help to connect the past with the present.

In 1840, one of the fathers of the Missions was still living, who assured me that the older fathers spoke of a tradition handed down to them by the Indians of a generation long since passed away, and which they believed, to the effect that the time was within their recollection when the "Golden Gates" were not open, and when the water of the great bay passing through the valley had its outlet to the sea in Monterey Bay, near Santa Cruz; that at certain seasons of the year the Northern Indians were accustomed to emigrate southerly by the coast in large bodies, to live upon the shell-fish which abounded on the shores, and the old Indians insisted on the statement that they passed from Bodega to Santa Cruz uninterrupted by water. The large mounds of shells which are still to be found along the coast, seem to confirm the truth of a part of this tradition.

At this time there was also living Captain William Smith, an ancient mariner, who was contemporary, and well acquainted with Vancouver, and also with Captain Gray, who discovered the Columbia River, and gave the name of his ship to this grand discovery. Captain Smith was in command of the ship *Albatross*, in the North Pacific, trading between the west coast, the Sandwich Islands, and Canton. This old veteran was for some months a guest on board the *Alert* in 1840, and deserves more than a passing notice. By birth a Virginian, but a Bostonian by adoption, he was then seventy-six years old, and had been to sea ever since he was eleven years of age. He began his sea life on board an English gunboat previous to the war of the Revolution, and during that war served on various ships and vessels in the American Navy. At the close of the war he entered the merchant service, and, at an early period of the present century, was engaged in the sealing business and fur trade of the North-west. In the war of 1812–15 he was still in the *Albatross*, navigating the Pacific. Ruschenberger, in his "Three Years in the Pacific," speaks of Captain Smith as being "a remarkable specimen of an old seaman," and relates a conversation with him, in which the old man said that "but two things in this world ever chafed him,—a California saddle and a missionary." Another incident, about which he did not like to be questioned, probably caused him greater irritation than the above.

When Commodore Porter, with the *Essex* and *Essex Junior*, during the war with England, was lying at Novaheva, in the Washington Group, repairing, the *Albatross* made her appearance, running down for the island, and was telegraphed to the Commodore by his lookout from the hill. Captain Smith intended calling there, but was fearful that an English ship-of-war might be in the harbor, and therefore approached the entrance cautiously. On board the man-of-war it was thought the ship in the offing might be English, and the flag of that nation was hoisted to decoy her in. The *Essex Junior* (Lieutenant Downes in command) was ready to slip out in pursuit. Captain Smith was at the end of the flying-jib-boom, to satisfy himself as to what was in the harbor as it opened out from behind a headland. "Up helm," shouted the old man; "hard up and square away the yards, rig out the boom, and pack everything on to her; there's two infernal Englishmen in there." And away flew the *Albatross*, with her white wings expanded to the uttermost. The mate expressed his opinion that the ships in port were not English, but the Captain listened to no one. His own opinion he had been accustomed to stand to when expressed; he always relied on his own judgment; he knew that a ship could not safely have but a single will, and that the will of the master; he was determined to manage his ship in his own way, — he cared not a fig for the opinions of his mates, and was never more bent on having his way than when all hands grumbled, and opposed him. Before his yards were trimmed to make his escape, the *Essex Junior* was covered with canvas, and in a few minutes she slipped her moorings in full pursuit. Captain Smith and his ship were well known to the Commodore, but he did not intend to let him run away, so pursuit was ordered. "Preciously rot 'em," shouted the old man, using his favorite expression, "here they come, — I knew they were English." The chase was not a very long one, the pursuer coming up hand over hand. Finding escape impossible, the Captain turned his attention to his means of defence, consisting of six six-pounders. "Load the guns and blaze away at her," he ordered, but the crew refused to do so. "If we fire a gun she will send us to the bottom," said the mate. "Mutiny!" exclaimed the Captain, but he was not obeyed. Descending into the cabin, he ordered the steward to throw all the cabin furniture overboard, and as piece after piece of his nice Chinese "cumshaws" went through the windows, with, "Rot 'em, they shan't have that," the most valuable articles were selected to ornament the ship's wake. Going on deck and looking at the advancing "red cross of England," he saw that it was all up with the *Albatross*. The quarter-boat and gig had just been nicely painted: "Rot 'em, they shall paint them over again," he said, and calling for a black paint bucket, he had them daubed over inside. Just then a gun from the chase caused Captain Smith to look astern, and behold! the Stars and Stripes were at the peak of the ship in pursuit. When taken on board the *Essex Junior* and welcomed by his old acquaintance, Lieutenant Downes, it is probable that he then chafed considerably. In the closing years of his life the old seaman was quite dependent, but at every house in California he found a welcome. Mr. Sturgis, in sending a ship to the coast, always requested his captains to offer him a home on board, so that he was transferred from ship to ship, until it was thought best for him to be located on shore. He was kindly cared for, and died at Santa Barbara in 1843 or 1844.

Prominent among the early visitors to California, and the first to open a direct trade between this coast and Boston, was William Alden Gale, Esq., a descendant of Hon. John Alden, one of the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, and of historical and poetical memory. Mr. Gale sailed from Boston in 1809, in the ship *Albatross*, Captain Winship, and was engaged in the sealing business, in both Pacifics, for eight years. During this period he was left with a sealing gang on the South Island of the Farallones, off the entrance of San Francisco Bay, where he remained for many months, obtaining from there, in two seasons, over seventy-three thousand fur seal-skins. It was during this voyage that an attempt was made to establish a settlement at the Columbia River, by Captain Nathan Winship, in the ship *Albatross*, who first broke ground and planted corn at that place, although the credit of that transaction has been ascribed to others. Greenhow, in his work on "California and Oregon," speaks of the above ship landing a party of hunters there at that time, and states that William Smith was Captain. A more recent writer mentions the ship *Winship*, and a Captain Gale, as being in the early trade at the river. Both accounts are erroneous; there was no such ship as the *Winship* on the coast. I was personally well acquainted with Captain Smith and Mr. Gale, and am able to state, not only from their own lips, but also from the *Albatross's* log-book, the simple facts in the case: namely, that William Smith was mate to Captain Winship, and Mr. Gale was assistant trader and clerk on the same ship. It is singular that in the various histories of the North-west Coast, the names of the three brothers, Abiel, Jonathan, and Nathan Winship, who were among the earliest and most active participants in its earliest trade, are entirely ignored.

On his return to Boston, Mr. Gale gave so favorable an account of the prospects of opening a trade on the coast of California, that a number of enterprising merchants, among them Bryant & Sturgis, Trott, Bumstead & Sons, and some eight or ten others, fitted out the ship *Sachem*, Captain Gyzelaar, of which Mr. Gale was supercargo and part owner, — thus beginning the first direct trade between California and Boston. The ship sailed from Boston, with a cargo of assorted merchandise, in January, 1822. The trade was continued successfully by Messrs. Bryant, Sturgis & Co., until near the breaking out of the Mexican war. The knowledge obtained through this traffic in a great measure led to the acquisition of California, at the close of the war, by our Government, at a cost of fifteen millions of dollars in gold, — money well spent. Right on the heels of this came the discovery of the abundance of gold on its soil, and the immediate emigration consequent thereon, producing an extension of civilization unprecedented in the history of the world, and a marvel of the nineteenth century, to be ranked with the invention of steam and telegraphic machinery.

Mr. Gale returned from his last voyage in 1835, but continued his interest in the trade until his death, which occurred in Boston in 1841. Captain

Gyzelaar was drowned in the attempt to cross a river at Bodega, in March, 1825.

Mr. Gale was succeeded by Alfred Robinson, Esq., who was interested with Bryant, Sturgis & Co., and managed their business on the coast as long as they continued in it. Mr. Robinson early identified his interests with those of California, by marrying one of its fairest daughters, Senorita Anita Noriega, daughter of Don Jose Noriega de la Guerra, an old Biscayan, one of the best of the old Californians. On the first of the California steamers Mr. Robinson returned to the country after a few years' absence, and was the first agent of the company in San Francisco.

In connection with the above, it is proper to state that B. T. Read, Esq., and others, were in the trade for some years previous to the Mexican war. Joseph B. Eaton, Esq., also had two ships trading on the coast during the war. These two vessels, with their boats and crews, by coöperation with Fremont and Stockton, rendered important assistance, and so contributed somewhat to our acquisition of the country.

Thomas O. Larkin, and the lady who became his wife, arrived at Santa Barbara in a ship from Boston, in 1833, — Mrs. Larkin (then Mrs. Holmes) being the first American lady to arrive at California. Their first child was also the first born in California of American parents. Mr. Larkin became established in business at Monterey, where he resided for many years. He held various offices, and was a very useful man to the California and

United States Governments. He held the office of United States Consul previous to the Mexican War, and afterwards that of Navy Agent. He was also sent to Mexico by the California Government, as their commissioner, to negotiate in their behalf.

Captain John Cooper (a step-brother of Larkin's) was an early resident in Monterey, and an old trader between California and Canton. He married a sister of General Vallego, and owned a fine farm at Petaluma, and a house at Monterey. He could not relinquish the sea altogether, and was placed by the Government in command of their Navy, which consisted of an old schooner named the *California*, on which the Commodore hoisted his pennant when ordered to perform any naval duty. The old gentleman is still living, and long may he survive! As he is a rather original character, I may as well revive some amusing incidents respecting him. A seaman of the old school, he despised a long-tail coat, and would not discard a sailor's jacket. Known throughout California for his integrity and good nature, his honest countenance was always welcomed wherever it appeared. That slouched white hat, blue short jacket, gray satinet pants and cowhide shoes, constituted his every-day dress at all seasons, from year to year, and his uniform on all occasions. "Methinks I see him now," as he one morning was called out of his house to see the Stars and Stripes waving at the masthead of his flag-ship. Commodore Jones, with his squadron, had arrived the previous evening, and early next morning took possession of the fort, town, and government property, including Cooper's schooner. On hearing the news he rushed out of doors, and beholding the change, scratched his left elbow with his right hand, which operation was always indicative of unusual and immense excitement. His neighbors, anticipating some extraordinary outburst of passion, awaited the explosion; but, looking for a few minutes at the old flag which he had sailed under so long in former years, and which still looked so glorious, his old love for it came back, so that his only sorrow was expressed in another scratch at his elbow, and, "Well, I wouldn't care a snap for the loss of the old schooner, if I had only got a well-rope out of her first." He had been digging a well, and a rope for the bucket was needed.

Once Captain Cooper was ordered to get his vessel ready with all possible despatch, to take Commissioner Larkin down to Acapulco, and await his return from the city of Mexico; and, as illustrating what was meant by "despatch in getting ready," the California naval department issued an order for the vessel to proceed to the Bay of San Francisco, and there provision the vessel for the voyage. Accordingly, in about three weeks the vessel arrived at the bay, with an order on the mission of Saint Rafael for so many fanegas of wheat; another on the mission of San Jose for a certain number of hogs; "Santa Clara" must furnish all the bullocks, while "Dolores" contributed "frigoles," beans, and other vegetables. All these things had to be collected together at Yerba Buena; there the wheat was to be made into bread, the bullocks into salt beef, and the pork prepared for ship's use. One launch was borrowed from one ship to bring down the wheat, another would be loaned him by some other friendly captain to bring the beef, and the live hogs were to be dressed near the vessel.

In about three weeks most of these supplies would arrive at the port, with a gang of Indians to assist during the process of preparation; the salt, vinegar, pepper, and barrels necessary would be bought, begged, or borrowed from our ships. Jack Fuller, a runaway steward from an English whaleship, and living in Yerba Buena, was a good cook; to him was confided the putting down of the pork, making sausages, etc., while the Commodore was off with a gang of "bummers," making requisitions on the missions. In his haste to get ready for the "bearer of despatches," the Commodore met with sundry mishaps. One was in consequence of inviting his friends, during his absence, to call at Jack Fuller's and taste his sausages; they did so, and the taste suited so well that Jack urgently requested the company to call again, as he could still improve on the seasoning. This invitation was also accepted for the next, and in fact every day until sausages were no more. The friends, by way of compensation, furnished a vessel, and all the material except the pork, and Jack prepared a fine barrel of souse for the cabin use of the swift-winged bearers of despatches. This was very toothsome, the Commodore informed us, but we were not invited to a taste, and "J. F." was ordered to admit no person within his doors while he went to order up his boat's crew to take the barrel on board, and so fearful was he that his tormenting friends had designs against it, that, for greater safety, he escorted the Kanakas who carried it to the boat, and accompanied it to the vessel. Once alongside, he shouted defiance: "You don't taste this, not a bit of it; this is all for my tooth"; but alas for him! the old proverb of "many a slip," etc., interposed. In lifting the barrel from the boat to the vessel, the boat was pushed off from the side by accident, and the package, which was open on top, fell overboard and went to the bottom. This misfortune was too much for poor human nature meekly to bear in silence, but he found consolation in an extra scratch, and a hearty laugh "in thinking how Larkin would be disappointed." However, when the vessel was ready to leave the bay, all the above losses were amply made up to the kind old man, by his friends of the two Boston ships in port. In about three months from the receipt of the order to "get ready and sail with all possible despatch," Mr. Larkin left Monterey. This was really then considered by the authorities as "pushing things."

But we will follow our friends to Mexico, and note some of their proceedings while there. Arriving at Acapulco, Mr. Larkin invited Commodore Cooper to accompany him to the capital. As he would have to wait his return if he did not go, he concluded to go. When they were in the city, Mr. Larkin and Cooper waited upon General Waddy Thompson, then the United States Minister to Mexico. The Commissioner introduced his "Brother

John" as "Commander of the California Navy"; an invitation to dinner followed. Larkin and brother John accepted, — the latter, of course, went in his full uniform. The conversation during dinner led to the discussion of wines, practically and theoretically. The General, who prided himself on always having the very best, and of the most renowned vintages, said that he was the possessor of a few bottles of a very superior quality, which he obtained with great difficulty, and at a great price, from a high official, who vouched for its richness and great antiquity. "It is wine, gentlemen, that I only allow to be brought to the table on special occasions, such as the present, and then only to be looked at." The guests desiring to see the curiosity, a bottle was produced, antique in form, and containing a dark liquid. Mr. Larkin expressed his doubts of the great age claimed for it, and thought some of his old California was equal to it. "My dear sir," exclaimed the General, "you are mistaken: there is not a bottle of such wine in any other city of the world; a single smell of it would convince you." "I would like to be convinced," said the Commodore. The ancient seal was broken and the bottle opened. General Waddy Thompson poured out the least possible number of drops in his glass, and passed the bottle to Mr. Larkin to do the same. "There, gentlemen, smell of that; what do you think of it?" "It smells good," was the reply of the Commissioner. "Just apply the end of your tongue to the fluid, — it is not to drink, remember. I sometimes allow distinguished guests the privilege of sipping a drop, as I now do you." Mr. Larkin had helped brother John after the manner of the Minister. "How does it taste, Mr. Commodore?" The few drops had disappeared without attracting his notice. "Pass me the bottle, Tom." It was passed, with many winks from Mr. Larkin to abstain, but they were unheeded. Filling his glass and emptying it at the same moment, to the consternation of Waddy Thompson, the Commodore exclaimed, "Good, but I think I have drank as good from my ranche." It was in vain urged by the host that that wine was only to be looked at, — a single glass of it was priceless, — it descended from the Montezumas. "Mr. Minister," said the Commodore, "if you put that wine on the table to be looked at, all I have to say is, that you have made a mistake this time. Tom, pass the bottle." The old Commodore will not hear the last of the "Montezumian wine" as long as he lives.

CHAPTER XXII.

CALIFORNIA IN 1840.

MONTEREY, in 1840, was the seat of Government, and the only port of entry on the coast. All ships intending to trade on the coast came there to make the best bargain they could with the authorities respecting the duties on goods, gave security for the payment of the same, and received permission to trade at all the ports until the voyage was completed. The duties on an invoice of cargo averaged about one hundred per cent., payable one-half in cash, and the other in "esquilinos," hides and tallow, or goods from the ship. There was scarcely any money in the country at that time. Bryant, Sturgis & Co. not only furnished most of the goods used in California, but also most of the coin for the payment of the salaries of the revenue and military officers, which payments were contingent on the arrival of the next ship, — the duties on a cargo always being anticipated by Custom House orders on such ship for their pay, in goods and cash in equal proportion. What a contrast between then and now! Then gold and silver were scarce commodities; now the precious metals of California not only abound there, but find their way to every commercial city in the world.

It is well known that the great powers of Europe have, for many years, sought every possible opportunity of getting a foothold in California, and several times have nearly reached success. One of these approximations was in 1840. On our arrival at Monterey we found at the port the United States ship *Saint Louis*, Captain French Forrest, and a French corvette. They were investigating the doings of the Mexican authorities, who had accused the foreign residents of conspiring to overthrow the government, and, without a trial or hearing of any kind, had sent about forty of them to Acapulco, in irons. The news of the outrage reached Saint Blas, where the ships of war were lying. They immediately got under-weigh, and came to Monterey to look into the matter. The individuals so unjustly sent away were mostly Americans; some were taken from their families in different parts of the country, and treated with much cruelty. The American commander was only authorized to take depositions and forward them to his government. The Frenchman, clothed with power and authority to obtain immediate redress, was much disappointed in not finding one of his own countrymen on the list of those sent away; had there been a single one claiming the protection of France, perhaps the flag of that nation, instead of the Stars and Stripes, might now be floating over California. The Frenchman, with his broadside swung on the town, was only waiting for an excuse to open his battery; but finding none, his officers enjoyed themselves hugely, for a few days, in giving and attending parties, which was much more agreeable to the people of Monterey than to have their houses battered down. While our officers, from the force of circumstances, were obliged to manifest a coldness towards the natives which they did not feel, the Frenchmen were on the best of terms with them, and were especial favorites with the fair sex. One morning, at the Old Presidio Church, during some particular service to the Virgin, which called for the attendance of all the virgins of Monterey, the French officers were there also, and so marked were their attentions to the fair devotees, that the officiating priest ordered the strangers to leave, saying that "they only came there to coquet with the girls." Hereupon arose a tumult. The virgin devotees exclaimed, "Let them stay; they are as good Christians as we are"; and the padre had to submit.

The trading ships, after entering their cargoes and supplying the wants of Monterey, usually proceeded to San Francisco, where, mooring off Yerba Buena Cove, they despatched boats to various points of the bay to bring the Rancheros and their families to the ship. Goods were sold on a year's credit, to be paid for in hides and tallow.

In 1841, Yerba Buena was in an almost uninhabited condition. In the early part of that year there were but four permanent residents there,—J. V. Leese, Nathan Spear, John Davis, and Jack Fuller. Seated on the top of Telegraph Hill, with the whole expanse of the broad bay spread before him, one might look in the direction from Sansitio to Angel

Island, across the Bay of San Pablo to the Contra Coast, and away south towards San Jose and Santa Clara, without seeing a single sail of ship, boat, or any other craft moving over its waters, — the only signs of humanity being confined to the few dwellers at the cove. Perhaps, on another day, from the same place of observation, might be seen a solitary ship at anchor, seeking for hides; or above Angel Island an old launch at anchor, two days out from Yerba Buena, bound to Sansitio, where lived Captain Richardson, the Port Captain of a port then without ships, but where it was hoped they might come hereafter. He was also the owner of all the navigation belonging in the bay, consisting of two old launches. Perhaps once a month he would cross the bay in one of them, rigged with a temporary mast and piece of old canvas for a sail, the crew consisting of himself and two Indians. Dropping down with the last ebb, he calculated on taking the flood tide in the vicinity of Alcatras Island, and, as it swept him far up the bay, he would endeavor to make northing enough to get through Angel Island Straits when a favorable opportunity offered, which he would wait for at anchor.

As showing the condition of the region round about the cove, I may also state that Mr. Leese came on board the ship one morning to breakfast, and told us that the evening previous an Indian boy, eight years old, was taken away from his yard by a panther, which had been seen prowling around the settlement for some days previous. Mr. Leese's house stood where the corner of Dupont and Clay

Streets now is. The boy was not seen afterwards. Again, during the same same year, the second officer, with a gang of men, was sent on shore from my ship to cut firewood on Rincon Point. At noon they went towards a tree where they had left a firkin containing their dinner, and found a she "grizzly" and her cub, with the firkin between them, discussing its contents. The wooding party made for the shore as fast as possible, and hailed to be taken off. This was repeated a few days after, when, with a party well armed, we went on shore to hunt the beasts. We tracked the creatures to where they took the water at Mission Creek, and heard no more of them.

Up to July 27th of the same year, the river Sacramento had never been ascended by a ship's boat. The Bay of San Francisco was well surveyed by Beechy, but no survey was known to have been made of the waters above the Bay of San Pablo. On the day of the above date, I left the ship with the cutter and six men, well armed and equipped, for the purpose of visiting Captain Sutter, who had begun a settlement about a hundred miles above the bay. I had previously formed an acquaintance with this gentleman, and, from his glowing account of the beauty of the country in that region, and his assurance that a keel boat had not disturbed the waters of the Rio El Sacramento, I felt very desirous to be the first visitor there from the sea. For three months previous, the Captain and supercargoes of the two ships who were to anchor at the bay, and to whom I proposed the expedition, were very eager to join in it, but when the time came to move in the matter, they could not go, and made many excuses. "It was a bad season of the year, the river was low and the weather hot, mosquitoes ravenous, bears were numerous, and the Indians cannibals." I had made my preparations, and I went without them. The remarks that follow are extracts taken from my log-book which I kept at the time.

Leaving the ship at noon, we crossed the passage with a strong breeze in our favor. We passed through the Bay of San Pablo, the Straits of Carquines, and ran across the Bay of Sia Suni. We entered the Sacramento just after sundown, passing the outlet of the San Joaquin about a mile inside of the mouth of the Sacramento. The courses by compass and the soundings had been observed and noted (which I omit here). There was water enough for a frigate to pass through the Straits, but there were shoal spots between that and the river. With a strong, fair wind, and a bright moon, we kept on until the low "Tule," or flag bottoms, were passed; reaching the high wooded banks, we encamped for the night under a large sycamore, where we built a fire and made coffee. After a hearty supper we spread our blankets, and, regardless of who might be our neighbors, slept soundly until daylight. After breakfast we started again. The camp we left I judged to be about ninety-five miles from the ship. We had scarcely pushed off from the bank when we observed a good-sized panther smelling around the spot where we breakfasted. I gave him a parting shot, when he moved off, perhaps hit, perhaps not. The greater part of this day was passed in sailing and rowing against a strong tide; the heat was so intense that we had to stop occasionally under the wide-spreading shade of some lofty sycamore. We lay by in the heat of the day, and thus made but little progress. We saw several deer on the banks, but they were out of reach, and many otter in the river, of which I obtained one. Passing over a somewhat lengthy description of the beautiful scenery around us, I resume the narrative to say that the next day, at 11 A. M., we arrived at a rancherie of Indians belonging to a tribe under the jurisdiction of Captain Sutter. There were about thirty of them stationed here, to catch and cure fish for the Captain's establishment. The place was afterwards called the "Russian Embarcadero"; it was about fifteen miles from Sutter's by the river, but less than half that distance by land.

The heat being quite oppressive, I concluded to rest here in the shade, and send a note across to Captain Sutter, requesting that a horse be sent to me. One of the Indians understood a little Spanish, and I had no trouble in making my wishes understood by the old chief, who sent one of his fleet runners with my note. In about three hours the Major-domo of Captain Sutter arrived, bringing a fine saddle-horse for me, and I rode with my guide over a beautiful and rich tract of country, abounding with flowers, shrubbery and forest. Coming in sight of the fort, I was unexpectedly received by a military salute of cannon, and a gay display of flags. I received a most cordial welcome, and was soon seated at dinner, which consisted mostly of venison cooked in various ways. Captain Sutter is now too well known to need here a repetition of his history, which I had from himself, twenty-eight years ago. His name and fame as one of the boldest pioneers, and his connection with the discovery of gold, inseparably link his history with that of California.

About three miles from Sutter's Fort, on the right bank of the American Fork, resided John Sinclair, who planted himself here shortly after Captain Sutter made a beginning. Sinclair was an intelligent Scotchman of considerable education, hardy and enterprising; he had been some years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, but possessed too much spirit and independence to remain subject to the arbitrary requirements of that service. He left it and went to the Sandwich Islands, and for some time edited a newspaper there, but his old habits of hunting and trapping were too strong to be overcome, and he emigrated to California. In connection with his neighbor, Captain Sutter, he managed to control a number of Indian tribes, among whom they found abundant help in cultivating their wheat-fields and managing cattle. These two men, at the time of my first visit, were the only ones in that region who had "a habitation and a name."

I spent a week in exploring the river above New Helvetia, as the settlement was called, enjoyed a successful elk hunt with my host, and returned down the river much gratified with my visit. My good friends, Captain Sutter and Mr. Sinclair, had collected a great many beautiful articles of Indian manufacture, such as fine woven ornamental baskets, feather blankets, bows, arrows, etc., which they kindly forced me to accept; as I was their first visitor from the sea, they said I was entitled to them.

Dropping down the river at night, with a bright moon and a cloudless sky, the scene was indeed lovely. It was quite calm; I let the rowers lay on their oars, to take a nap, while the current was sweeping us along. The river at this place was broad; on either side were spread thick primeval forests, where the sound of the axe had never been heard; the lofty sycamores threw their broad shade along the margin of the silver surface of the beautiful river; but all was silent, save the chirping of the cricket, and the gentle rippling of the eddies as the majestic torrent moved in solitary grandeur to mingle with the sea. I saw the waters run and shoot onward like the course of destiny, and I thought how the tide of time sweeps on to eternity. So passes man! How applicable are the lines of Bryant to this solitude. He sang of its sister river, "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings." Here the waters are seldom disturbed by the oar or whitened by a sail; the trapper paddles his canoe along the margin to entrap the beaver, or, monthly, a sail-boat from New Helvetia drops down on her way to Yerba Buena; all else is silent. We reached the ship on the third day.

And this I claim to have been the first passage of a ship's boat on that river, and the first time that the Stars and Stripes waved over its waters.

The United States ship *Vincennes*, the flag-ship of the South Exploring Expedition, arrived at San Francisco the following August, in charge of Captain Ringgold, and the first regular survey of the river was begun by him with seven boats from that ship, August 30, 1841. I copy from the *Californian*, the first newspaper printed in the country, edited and published by Rev. Walter Colton, Chaplain of the frigate *Congress*, and Robert Semple, who came to California as doctor in Fremont's Exploring Expedition, the following article written by Mr. Colton, under date of Monterey, February 6, 1847: —

"The Sacramento Valley is now fast filling up with an active and industrious population. Civilization, with its humanizing blessings, will soon make the wilderness blossom like the rose, and the day is not far distant when the lovely banks of the Sacramento will be dotted with fair cities, towns, and villages, resounding with the busy hum of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. The broad bosom of its waters, which has for ages upon ages been undisturbed, save by the solitary frail rush canoe of the Indians, will ere long be whitened by the numerous sails, or darkened by the smoke of adventurous commerce. In after years, when our children are reaping the blessings of peace and prosperity in this fair region, beneath the broad folds of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' should some curious person ask, Who first displayed the glorious emblem on this majestic river? for the edification of such we would inform them that Captain W. D. Phelps, of the good ship *Alert*, of Boston, owned by Messrs. Bryant, Sturgis & Co., with a boat from that ship, for the purpose of trade and discovery, was the first one to ascend the river with a keel boat, and first to exhibit the flag of our country to the wondering savages of these solitudes."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE COMMODORE JONES WAR.

OCTOBER 28th, 1842, we were at San Diego, getting the ship ready to load for home, when I received a note from our supercargo, Mr. Robinson, at Santa Barbara, saying that war was declared between Mexico and the United States; that Commodore Jones, with two ships, had taken Monterey and hoisted the American flag on the fort, without any fighting; that General Micheltonena, with a large force, had left Los Angelos for San Diego, to seize the American property there. I was instructed to abandon the property on shore if it seemed necessary for the preservation of the ship, but to use my own judgment in the matter. The courier who brought the note, said the troops would be upon us in twenty-four hours.

We had over thirty thousand hides on shore, which we had been thirty months in collecting and curing. They were not to be given up without a struggle; therefore, while a part of the crew were getting the stores on board from the hide-house, others were bending sails, and getting the ship in a condition to leave the port in a hurry, when we could no longer remain. The ballast was all out of the ship, and it would take a week of regular work to get her ready to leave, so we adopted the only measures possible for defence.

The fort, on a narrow point two miles below us, must be passed within a stone's throw in going out. It was important to secure that. There were five beautiful long brass eighteens and three iron twenty-fours in the battery, but no garrison; therefore to spike the guns, pick up a barrel of copper shot that would fit the ship's guns, and throw all the rest overboard, was not a difficult job. The only road leading to the beach was by a high bank; the ship was moored with a view to command this, and all the guns, six in number, placed in position. The next day five canoes came in from sea-otter hunting; each one contained two hunters, Americans, who could put a rifle ball through an otter's head at a hundred yards while the boat was in motion. They had four thousand dollars worth of furs from their hunt, which I invited them to put on board the ship and there defend them, — which offer they gladly accepted. We had taken on board nearly half of the cargo, by working night and day, and were still driving at the work, expecting the next hour to be engaged at the guns, when another courier arrived with a letter, saying that Commodore Jones had made a mistake. He found in an old newspaper of more recent date than he had seen previous to his arrival, that war had not been declared; consequently he rehoisted the Mexican flag on the fort, and saluted it. Our courier passed Micheltonena and his vagabonds, who were intending to pay us a visit, within two hours' march of the ship; they also received orders which turned them back, much to the regret of my "boys in blue." Thus ended "The Commodore Jones War."

The sea-otter, which were once very numerous on the coast and islands, are nearly exterminated. Senor Amador, the Major-domo of the Mission of San Jose, told me that, with three or four Indians, he rode to Point Saint Quinten, on the Sanchez Ranche, near San Francisco, in 1830, and caught, by lassooing, thirty sea-otter out of about a hundred which were on the shore. Previous to 1846 there was a small community of these animals that had not been disturbed, about the entrance of Sonoma Creek, and were under the special care of General Vallego, who would not allow them to be hunted; but, in the above year, some hunters from Santa Barbara were at the Bay, and not having the fear of the General before their eyes, paddled their light canoes to the spot, and shot every one of them. They obtained forty-two skins, worth sixty dollars apiece; after which "slaughter of the innocents" I never heard of one being seen in the Bay.

In former years the sea-otter, being unmolested, came on shore to bring forth their young. Being much hunted, they abandoned the shores altogether, and took refuge in the thick, tangled masses of kelp which abound at a short distance from the land. The hunters, during the summer season, have followed the coast in pursuit of them. During the forenoon, when it is calm, they sometimes find the animals basking in the sun on the kelp; but they are so watchful that it is difficult to approach them within shot, — the usual distance at which they shoot being from seventy-five to a hundred yards, — and then they are very careful to put a ball through the head, as a hole through the body would spoil the sale of the skin. With the canoe in motion this is great shooting, and only attained by much practice; yet they tell me they seldom miss. The party referred to as coming on board with their hunt, was composed of the most noted canoe hunters on the coast; they had hunted from Santa Barbara to a hundred miles south of San Diego, and were now returning. Their method is to launch their canoes in the morning, when it is usually calm, and the water smooth, and hunt until a breeze springs up and the water becomes rough. They then land at the nearest convenient place, haul up their boats, and camp until another opportunity offers to put out. When in camp they clean and dry the skins, and obtain provisions; they often obtain a deer or other game on shore, while fish abound on every part of the coast and at the islands.

Sea-otter hunting is considered a perilous business, as the boats used in its prosecution are necessarily quite small. The hunters meet with adventures of a thrilling character on shore. For example, one of this party was a colored man, named Stuart. He was a man of great strength, and a good shot. One day they had landed as usual, towards noon, hauled their boats up, made a fire, and, while preparing their dinner, Stuart started off with his rifle to look up a deer. He had been absent a short time when his companions heard him shoot, and expected soon to see him return with his game; but as he did not make his appearance, late in the day some of the party went in pursuit, and at about half a mile distant from the camp they found a large grizzly bear, dead, lying on his side, with Stuart in his close embrace, bleeding, and too weak to extricate himself. The man and bear were separated, and the former taken to camp, where, when his wounds were dressed, and when somewhat restored, he told his story as follows: He had shot at and wounded a deer, which limped off into a thicket near by. He knew she could not go far, and laid down his rifle to follow her. Discovering his game in a thick brush, he crowded through to get her, when he was suddenly confronted by Grizzly. Before he had time to reach his hunting-knife from the sheath buckled round him, he found himself in the embrace of the bear. The bear had his paws over Stuart's shoulders, with his terrible claws deeply inserted in his flesh, and had bitten him severely on his breast. Stuart, with both hands, seized the bear by the throat, and endeavored to choke him. This operation kept Bruin from biting again, but the claws sank deeper, and the blood flowed freely from the wounds. Thus far it was a stand-up fight. Stuart now thought to release one of his hands from the throat of the bear, and get hold of his knife, but this gave his antagonist the advantage, and he was again in the act of taking another bite, when both hands were successfully applied to the choking process, and the combatants fell to the ground closely locked together. Both were getting weaker, the one by the loss of blood and the other by choking. Stuart made another attempt to get his knife, but in the tussle it had worked behind him, so that at every effort to reach it the bear would gain an advantage. Therefore his only chance was to give the animal a long and strong grip before his own loss of blood should cause him to faint; the grip was maintained until the bear was nearly used up, when the knife was reached, and Stuart's remaining strength was exhausted in plunging it up to the handle in the heart of the beast. Thus the bear was dead, and the man had fainted, and in this condition they were found; the bear with his claws still in Stuart's back, and he, having regained consciousness, was too feeble to get away from his enemy, who stuck to him "closer than a brother."

The fur-seal, once very numerous about the coast and islands, are wholly extinct. Since their destruction on the Farralones, by Mr. Gale's party, these islands have abounded with hair-seal. The latter were also to be found at most of the islands I have visited on the coast. I have killed many sea-elephants on the Coronadas, and at the island of Santa Barbara, for their oil, but I never saw a fur-seal on shore there.

Some of these islands formerly had an Indian population, but they have passed away. The only history I could find of them was gleaned from the otter hunters. I copy their account from my journal written at San Pedro, in 1841: "In 1825 the island of San Nicholas was the only one of the group which had not become depopulated (how they became so is not known). At this time there were on San Nicholas thirty Indian men and twenty-three women. During that year a party of Russian hunters and Kodiaks, numbering twenty-five persons, from the Russian territory on the north-west, were left there to hunt for sea-otter among the islands along the coast, making this island their depot.

"After having many quarrels with the Indians respecting the women, the Russians killed all the men except one, who escaped badly wounded, and took possession of the women. The Russians lived with them about a year, when one day, when their masters were drunk, they embraced the opportunity to gratify the revenge which may slumber in an Indian's bosom, but never dies, and destroyed every Russian and Kodiak in their sleep. Three years ago there were but three women, and the man who escaped the massacre, living on the island."

Captain Robbins, from whom I have this account, called there with a vessel, and persuaded two of the females to leave the island and go to the main, where they were kindly provided for. The other ran away, and could not be caught, and is now occasionally seen by the hunters who visit there, but is too wild to be approached. The man was brought to Mr. Foster's, at San Pedro, where I frequently saw him, much disfigured, and blind from his wounds.

After the Commodore Jones war was ended, we were left to our peaceful pursuits, — to load the ship and wend our way homeward. We arrived at Boston with a full cargo, in a passage of one hundred and twenty-three days, after an absence of three years, three months, and thirteen days. The entire crew who sailed from Boston in the ship returned in her, excepting a lad, who was drowned while bathing in the surf. This was the last voyage fitted out by Bryant, Sturgis & Co., and I had reason to believe it was conducted to their satisfaction. To give some idea of the labor and incidents of one of those voyages, I will state that we were seven times at San Francisco, thirteen at Monterey, three at Santa Cruz, four at St. Louis, seventeen at Santa Barbara, seventeen at San Pedro, five at Refugio, and returned to our depot ten times, frequently anchoring at various other places along shore. The bower anchor was hove up one hundred and thirty-one times, and we killed and consumed, while on the coast, two hundred and three bullocks. In collecting and curing a hide cargo, and finally stowing the same on board ship, each hide has to be handled twenty-two times.

It is much to be regretted that the late Captain William Sturgis did not prepare and publish a history of the early trade of the North-west Coast and California; from his own practical experience and keen observation, he was most eminently qualified to give a reliable and valuable work. Hon. Samuel Hooper, the junior member of the firm of Messrs. Bryant, Sturgis & Co., informs me that Mr. Sturgis loaned all his old journals to some person who was going to the Pacific, and, much to his regret, they were never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

IT is well known that the above powerful body, in pursuance of their determined system of monopolizing all the benefits of the fur trade on the North-west Coast, finally compelled our ships to relinquish the business. It is true that the Company treated the Americans who came to the coast by land or sea with the utmost kindness and hospitality, so long as no interference was offered with their trade. The weary emigrant or missionary from the United States, or any other country, was well received at the Company's establishments, and assisted in his object, if it was not of a commercial character; but if a ship arrived on the coast for the purpose of hunting, to trap, or trade with the natives, unconnected with their Company, their whole force was directed against such an enterprise. The price of beaver was three dollars a pound throughout the coast. An American ship arriving, the Company's agent would immediately purchase every pound in the hands of trappers and natives. If the ship would offer a higher price, the agents of the Company would purchase at a higher, or any price, to obtain it.

Indeed with such an organization, with their immense wealth, no other company or body of men could compete, and consequently, for many years previous to 1840, the fur trade of the North was almost wholly in their hands.

At the time when, by convention, it was agreed that our people had equal rights with the Honorable Company in the waters of the Columbia River, an expedition was fitted out from a port in Massachusetts for the purpose of catching and curing salmon at the Columbia. On the arrival of the vessel at the river, Doctor McLaughlin, the Hudson Bay Company's chief factor resident at the Columbia, was waited upon by the head of the party, who informed him of their intentions, and hoped that there would be no objection to their establishing their fishery. The reply was, "We are happy to see you, gentlemen; the river and the fish are yours as much as ours, — go on with your business, catch all the fish you can; you cannot interfere with us in the least; shall always be glad to see you at the fort, and to render you any assistance in our power."

This certainly was encouraging. The party selected a site to put up their cooperage and land their salt, and when they were all ready they began to set their nets in the river. Immediately the servants of the Honorable Company put their nets above every one of the new comers, and prevented the fish from being caught by the Yankees, — and all this was done in such a very polite manner that offence could not be taken.

Not satisfied with driving us from the North-west, they followed us to California. In a voluminous work recently published on California, in speaking of the early trade, the writer says the Hudson Bay Company had the most of the trade at San Francisco in their hands from 1837 to 1841. This is a mistake. Previous to that year their only trade in California had been for cattle and wheat from the north side of the bay. They had some parties of trappers and hunters about the Bay of Sia Sune and the mouth of the Sacramento, but with the other parts of the coast they had no intercourse. The cattle purchased in California were driven to Oregon, and a vessel came to the bay once a year to bring supplies for their trappers, and procure wheat.

In January, 1842, the Company's bark *Cowlitz* came to San Francisco with a cargo of goods, to open a general traffic with the people of the country, and, in short, to monopolize the trade of California. With the ship came Sir George Simpson, the Deputy Governor of the Company, and Doctor McLaughlin, the chief factor, together with a number of under officers of various grades. The house built by Jacob P. Leese, with a hundred vara lot of land, was purchased, their cargo landed, and their first trading-post in California was then established.

When the ship left the port, Mr. Glen Rae, an under factor, and son-in-law of Dr. McLaughlin, was left in charge of the business. Mr. Rae was a Scotchman (as most of the Company's officers were), and very socially inclined. We Yankees were desirous of finding out the intentions of our powerful competitors, and were often visitors at the establishment of our friend Rae, especially at evening, when he was prone to indulge in the "barley brae." At such times he was quite communicative. In one of his merry moods he told us that it cost his Company seventy-five thousand pounds to drive Bryant & Sturgis from the North-west fur trade. "And they will drive you Yankees," he said, "from California, if it costs a million." Before leaving here, Sir George and other of the Company's officers proceeded down the coast. He had lately crossed from the Atlantic, via Hudson's Bay, to the Columbia River, partly in canoes, visiting all the principal stations and trading-posts on the route from the Columbia to their extreme northern post, touching the Russian territory, thence to the Sandwich Islands. And now in California he was visiting every part of the coast, spying out all business that was doing, and who was doing it, making himself acquainted with the people, dancing at their fandangoes with the pretty Senoritas, and their mothers also, puffing a cigaritto with the old Don, and sparing no effort or expense to make a good impression for the interests of the great Company he represented. Sir George, in fact, was a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, of free and courteous manners, and a great favorite with all; but he could not compete with the Boston traders. Their system of doing business was different, and far better adapted to the condition of the Californians.

Doctor McLaughlin, who was chief factor of all the Company's business west of the Rocky Mountains, was a very modest, unassuming, and kind-hearted man. He had spent most of his life in the Company's service, at the Columbia River. His hospitality and friendship have always been extended to distressed emigrants and others. Many of our countrymen who have visited the Columbia River, speak of him in the highest terms.

At the time of this visit the Company had a trading party of seventy men above the Bay of San Francisco, in charge of Mr. Ermitinger, who was Captain of all the Company's hunters and trappers west of the Mountains. I met this gentleman frequently while visiting his friend Rae, at the Yerba Buena, and was much interested in him. He was a fair specimen of many who have risen to positions of responsibility by long and laborious service. Beginning at the lowest round of the ladder, with low pay, compelled to perform duty in any capacity and in any place to which they may be ordered, at the desk, or chopping wood, pulling an oar or cultivating the ground, the Company's servants are promoted, from time to time, according to their capacity and merit. Ermitinger was a good representative man of his class, — hardy, vigorous, and active; extravagant in word, thought, and deed, heedless of hardship, daring of danger, prodigal of the present, and thoughtless of the future.

Twenty-five years' life as a trapper and a chief of trappers, had accustomed him to perilous encounters with bears and Indians. His simple and frank manner in relating them contrasted singularly with the wild and startling nature of his themes. I was amused at a remark of his, which showed the contempt in which these sons of the wilderness hold the comforts of civilized life. "Captain," said he, "this is the first time I have slept in a house for two years, and last night I did a thing which I have not done for twenty-four years: I slept in sheets, but I was drunk, and Rae put me into them, therefore the sin must lie at his door."

One evening I was at Mr. Rae's, at a small party. Ermitinger was present. In the course of the evening Padre ——, of the Mission of Saint Rafael, entered the room, pretty well "sprung," and began to use disgusting familiarities with the company, such as hugging and kissing the gentlemen after the Spanish fashion, — which is annoying to most people, especially when the parties are both of the male sex. The priest embraced those he knew, and proposed to extend his fraternal caress to Ermitinger, who was a stranger. After an introduction, when he made advances for that purpose, the trapper tried to avoid the contact. He told him "he was glad to see him, but he did not allow any man to put his hands on him." In vain we tried to keep the priest quiet; but as he increased his libations, so grew his foolish persistence. Making a desperate effort to accomplish his purpose, most unexpectedly he came in contact with the back of the hunter's hand, which sent him sprawling across the room. "Stranger," said Ermitinger, "when I was in the Rocky Mountains I swore that I would never allow myself to be hugged by a Blackfoot Indian or a grizzly bear; but I would suffer the embraces of either in preference to those of a drunken priest." The poor Padre found he was "barking up the wrong tree;" and as his cowl and shaven crown found but little reverence in such rude company, he thought he had better leave, which he accordingly did.

The experiment of the Hudson Bay Company in the California trade was a failure; their long established system of cash or barter, and no credit, could not be departed from. The people of the country had no money; they had been accustomed to buy their goods of the Boston ships on credit, and to pay for them in hides and tallow when they could. With them they knew they could continue to traffic in this manner, so that the Honorable Company's factor found no customers. Poor Rae was discouraged, and took to drinking freely. In about a year he made a bad matter worse, by putting a bullet through his head. He was buried in the yard back of his house, which stood at the corner of Clay and Dupont Streets. Some months afterwards, a ship was sent from the Columbia to take away his family and remove his body, with all the Company's effects. The building and land were sold to Mellus & Howard, in 1846, for five thousand dollars. Thus ended the attempt to "drive the Yankees out of California."

It is a well-known fact, that the fur trade is less productive than formerly in all the territory of the Hudson Bay Company, on account of the diminution of the number of fur-bearing animals, and especially of the sea-otter of the coast. This may in part account for their evident desire to extend their business operations in the direction of California. The Company are very careful in the management of their hunting districts; particular portions of them are hunted and trapped over in one season, and then a sufficient number of animals being left to secure a future crop, the district is left unmolested for a number of years. Their immense tracts of hunting-grounds, with innumerable lakes and watercourses, spreading from the Atlantic to the Pacific, afford ample room to crop or cultivate the fur fields as they choose.

A certain amount of furs is shipped to England each year. The quantity of each kind necessary to supply the markets of London and Leipsic, where the greater annual sales take place, is known to the directors, who instruct their factors not to take more furs than is sufficient to supply the demand. In case of a surplus on hand, furs are sometimes destroyed to prevent overstocking the market. Mr. Rae informed me that one year previous to 1840, he superintended the burning of thirty thousand fur-skins which had accumulated above the needful number to ship, the Company's agents having made large purchases to prevent their falling into other hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW CALIFORNIA BECAME OURS.

AGAIN in September, 1845, I sailed with the bark *Moscow* for California, on a trading voyage on the coast, as Captain and supercargo, being also interested as owner. I was also to take charge of and direct the voyage of the ship *Sterling*, which had been on the coast about a year, and belonged principally to the same owners as the *Moscow*, Joseph B. Eaton, Esq., and others. In one hundred and thirty-six days' passage we arrived at San Pedro; and as the Governor, "Pio Pico," was residing at Los Angelos, I hoped to be allowed entry at this port. This was not permitted, and I was ordered to Monterey, as being the only port of entry.

Early in March commenced the series of events which resulted in the occupation of the country by the United States forces. I am well aware that the story has been told by a number of writers who were not in the country at the time, and by some who never have been there, and whose statements in many instances are not as correct as they might have been had the writers been in the vicinity of the operations. Any facts throwing light on the early movements towards the possession of California, may hereafter become of much interest to the historian. Therefore, as I was in that country during the entire war with Mexico, had much to do with both arms of the service in chartering ships for transporting men and material, furnishing supplies, and in various ways coöperating with our forces there, it is fair to assume that my observations of those times are worthy of credit, especially as the occurrences there were of frequent and almost daily record.

About the 1st of March, Fremont, who was then Captain, came to the neighborhood of San Juan, about fifty miles from Monterey, with his exploring expedition, worn down and exhausted by severe toil. His object in coming there was to recruit the party, and ask permission of the authorities in Monterey to proceed south to Santa Barbara, to get the stores and provisions which had been placed there for him by the American Consul. Leaving his camp, Captain Fremont, with one or two men, came into town and called upon the Military Commandant, Gen. Jose Castro, in company with Mr. Larkin, the American Consul. The request was made and granted. Castro was in bed, and pretended sickness; he told Fremont to camp in any place he thought proper, and remain in the country as long as he wished. Fremont thanked him, saying he was only desirous of remaining long enough to recruit man and beast, when he should return to the United States, and requested that the permission should be given in writing, so careful was he not to violate any rights of the country. Castro flared up:

"He was a Soldato Mexicano; he was too unwell to write; his word was as good as his bond." Capt. Fremont was led by such assertions to believe he was dealing with a man of honor. They parted with very profuse offers of assistance on the part of Castro, and Capt. Fremont returned to establish his camp in a suitable place, where the animals were turned out to feed, and the men employed in the usual camp duties. Capt. Fremont sent an officer to Monterey with his compliments to the Consul, requesting a few needful articles to be sent him, and saying that in a few days he should visit him with a few officers to pay his respects, etc.

And now we will see what preparations Mr. Castro was making, in the meantime, to entertain his guest, notwithstanding his repeated protestations of friendship (which in a Mexican are very wordy, but mean nothing). No sooner had the Captain left town, than Castro immediately set about raising a force to drive the Americans out of the country; and when the officer with the note from camp arrived in town, Castro was actually on his way, with over two hundred well mounted men, and a field-piece, to attack the camp, calling upon the people of the country to unite with him in cutting the throats of the Americans, whom he designated as robbers, vagabonds, etc., etc.; all of which, though coming with the utmost ease from a Mexican throat, cannot be swallowed with equal ease by a Yankee. I was at the Consulate when the man arrived; and while Mr. Larkin was preparing an answer I also wrote a note to Fremont, with offers of assistance, if an opportunity should occur of rendering it, and telling him that if he should be attacked and driven to any point of the coast, I would proceed there with my vessel and take the party on board. We were indignant at the perfidious conduct of Castro, but had no fears for the safety of our countrymen, against whom he was breathing destruction. Castro had now collected about three hundred men at the Mission of San Juan. We expressed our fears to Godey, the messenger, that he would not return to camp; but the old trapper, who was used to "playing possum," said "he could work his way where there was grass enough to cover a snake."

With his force drawn up in front of Capt. Fremont's small party, Castro sent a verbal message to the American Commander "that he had received orders from Mexico to drive him from the country, and if he did not move immediately he would attack and destroy every man." Fremont replied "that he would not be driven away, and furthermore, that he would hold no correspondence with a man who had so shamelessly broken his faith." The Americans removed to a hill, on the summit of which they cut down trees, and partially intrenching themselves, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, determined "to do or die" beneath its folds. Fremont's force consisted of fifty-four men, six of whom were Delaware Indians, the body-guard of their leader. They had been with him in all his expeditions, were devoted to him, and always kept near his person. Each man had seven shots; *i. e.*, a rifle and a sixshooter pistol, a tomahawk and long knife, all of which they well knew how to use. They were all picked men, accustomed to look death in the face, and they were prepared to do so now. In hourly expectation of an attack, Fremont addressed his men, who with one voice responded they were ready to die with him, but would never surrender. The Delawares arrayed themselves in their finery, put on their red war-paint, and singing their war and death songs, prepared themselves for their last battle. Thus affairs stood on the ninth of March. All was suspense and curiosity at Monterey, to know what the result would be. A few days after this, a note in pencil was handed Mr. Larkin by some unknown person. As showing the state of things at camp, I make the following extract: —

"*Evening of March* 10.

"I am now making myself as strong as possible, with the intention that, if attacked, we will fight to extremity and refuse quarter, trusting to our country to avenge our deaths. No Californian has come to my camp, and, from the heights where I am encamped, I can see troops mustering at San Juan and preparing cannon.

"We have in no wise done wrong to the people or authorities of the country; and, if we are hemmed in and assaulted here, we will die, every one of us, under the flag of our country.

"J. C. FREMONT."

One morning Castro formed his line to charge on the camp, three hundred strong, — well mounted and variously armed. On they came, in full sweep and with loud shouts, towards the apparently devoted enclosure, which it seemed would instantly be trodden beneath their horses' hoofs. All was quiet as death within; but a fine bead was drawn along the tubes of fifty-four deadly rifles, by eyes that never quailed at danger. Each one would empty a saddle at a distance, giving time to reload; a little nearer, and there would be newly-made widows in Monterey. But no, — all of a sudden the Mexicans pulled up short of the death-line, and further they came not. They thought to see the Americans flee in fright, but they were mistaken, and fell back to reconsider the matter. Again the movement was repeated with the same result, until, tired of waiting, Fremont gave orders to saddle up and break camp, which was done, and the party moved away in face of the Monterey braves without being molested. When well out of range, Castro's cavalry made a rush for the deserted camp, picking up some old saddle-cloths which Fremont's men had thrown away; these they held as trophies. While Fremont was moving off quietly towards the Sacramento unpursued, his poor, but brave, men, disappointed in their expectations of getting supplies of tobacco, shoes, and clothing, which they thought awaited them in the shops at Monterey, Castro sent in a flaming bulletin to Monterey, saying: —

"We have obtained a glorious victory; the enemy has been assaulted; we have driven the banditti from the country; and he retired so precipitately that he abandoned his camp equipage. *Viva* Mexico.

"Written on the field of battle, with gunpowder.

"Jose Castro,
"*Commanding General of the North.*"

Captain Fremont and party proceeded to New Helvetia, where they found the rest and refreshment they so much needed. I also sailed for San Francisco, where I found the *Sterling*, and one or two other trading ships. A few days after arriving there I was visited by Lieut. Talbot, one of Fremont's officers, who came down from the camp at New Helvetia, to obtain supplies; a good portion of the requisite articles I was happy to furnish. The scant hospitality and rude repulse received at Monterey afforded abundant occasion to the American party for hostile operations, but Capt. Fremont carefully abstained from any act which would implicate his command. When quietly proceeding through the country he always paid in cash, and at high prices, for every article purchased, and it was a standing order in his camp, that no man of the party should enter the house of an inhabitant without the permission of the Commander. Recruiting at the Sacramento, Captain (now Major) Fremont moved to the north, continuing his explorations.

The following June, early in the month, I was at Los Angelos, at the residence of the Governor, when a courier arrived from Mazatlan with despatches from the Mexican Government, informing the Governor of California that "war with the United States would soon be declared, and ordering him to put the country in a good state of defence; consider every American ship that came to the coast an enemy, and treat her accordingly." I asked Don Pio "what he intended to do about it?" He replied, "What can I do? I have not a dollar or a soldier. The Military Commandant, Castro, at Monterey, has got up a party against me, and is trying to displace me." Pio Pico was an honorable, well-meaning man, not favorably disposed to the occupation of his country by Americans, while at the same time he received the support of all the foreigners around him. I had his assurance that the ships trading on the coast should not be molested until official information that war had been declared should reach him.

Returning to Monterey, we learned that fresh trouble had broken out at the north. Gen. Castro, who in his vain boasting probably thought that he had actually frightened Major Fremont, and struck the foreigners with dread, now made a move to establish his character for valor and patriotism by some great exploits which would also tell well at Mexico; so he issued a proclamation calling all the foreigners in the country thieves and vagabonds, and ordering them to quit California immediately, on pain of death. They were not to take any of their property with them, but leave all behind, their crops, household stuff, vehicles, and even the animals they brought to the country with them; in fact, peaceable and industrious emigrants, who were quietly cultivating the lands they had obtained by grant or purchase, were ordered to leave them, and with their wives and little ones to enter the wilderness without the means of support or defence. Castro also prepared to advance against them with a large force, to put his threat into execution.

Self-preservation compelled the settlers to take up arms against a government to which they had previously yielded obedience. Sixty or seventy of these men from the Sacramento, Napa, and the region round about, with a leader named Wm. B. Ide, surprised and took possession of Sonoma, on the north side of the bay, without any opposition, and sent the principal men of the place to Sutter's Fort as prisoners. They found considerable quantities of arms and ammunition here, which they took, but not the least violence was offered to the inhabitants, or any private property taken other than their needs required, and for which receipts were given. Ide now issued his proclamation, stating the cause for which they were in arms; declaring it his intention to establish a Free Republic in California, and signing himself Governor. Their flag was the grizzly bear rampant, executed on a white cotton sheet with lamp-black. This gave to them the name of the "Bear Party."

Major Fremont was requested to take command of the revolutionary party, but he was a United States officer, and would serve under no flag but the Stars and Stripes, so he resumed his topographical work, and was moving out of California. On June 19th, the *Cyane*, United States ship-of-war, arrived at Monterey from Mazatlan. In her came passenger, Lieut. Gillespie of the Marines, bearer of despatches from the United States. His first inquiry on landing, was for Fremont. Learning that he was on his way to Oregon, he started in immediate pursuit. Passing through parties of hostile Indians, with some narrow escapes he succeeded in reaching him. In consequence of the intelligence and instructions received from Gillespie, Fremont, after a very severe fight with the Indians, returned to Sutter's Fort and took command. The Bear Flag gave way to that of the United States, and now the war between the two countries was inaugurated. Had Gillespie been but a few days later, he could not have reached Fremont; in that case, the results to the emigrant settlers at the north would have been disastrous. Castro, with a large force, was moving on them, and had reached the south side of the bay of San Francisco; he had despatched a party of seventy men under the command of Joaquim de la Torre, to land on the opposite side, intending to follow with his whole force as soon as boats could be provided; but hearing that Fremont had joined the Sonora party, the majority of his men refused to cross. The force already over were fully equal in number to the Americans, but they did not seek an encounter with our people, and the Colonel did not wish to make his attack until Gen. Castro, with his entire force, had crossed over; he then intended to destroy the boats, to cut off their retreat, and punish them at his leisure.

While on the watch for Castro, three Californians were captured by our scouts; they had come over in a small boat; they were armed, and had written orders from Castro to De la Torre to "kill every foreigner they found, man, woman, and child." These three men were shot on the spot: one of them was a notorious villain. A few days previous to this affair two of Major Fremont's men, on their way to Bodega with letters, were captured by La Torre's party. After giving up their arms they were tied to a tree, shot, and cut to pieces with knives, and their bodies thrown into a ditch. Upon hearing this, our men were highly exasperated. They pursued the Californians night and day. When Fremont passed St. Rafael in pursuit, I had just left there, and he sent me word that he would drive them to Sansilito that night, where they could not escape unless they got my boats. I hastened back to the ship, and made all safe. There was a large launch lying near the beach; this we anchored farther off, and put provisions on board to be ready for the use of Fremont, should he need her. At night there was not a boat on the shore. Torre's party must shortly arrive, and must show fight or surrender. Towards morning we heard them arrive, and, to our surprise, they were soon passing with a small boat from the shore to the launch. A small boat had arrived from Yerba Buena in the night, and proved to be the salvation of the party. The United States ship *Portsmouth* was at Yerba Buena; I despatched a note to the Commander, informing him of the movement, and intimating that a couple of his boats could easily intercept and capture them; but Captain Montgomery replied "that he had not received any official notice of war existing, and consequently had no authority to act." Thus the poor scamps escaped. At first they pulled towards my vessel, but finally altered their course. We had an entertainment provided for them which they would not have relished, had they come to it uninvited.

Fremont and party arrived, and camped opposite the ship, the following night; they were early astir the next morning, when I landed to visit Major Fremont, and were all variously occupied in taking care of their horses, mending saddles, cleaning their arms, etc. I had not yet seen Fremont, but from reports of his character and exploits, my imagination had pictured him as a large-sized, martial-looking personage, towering in height above all his companions, whiskered and ferocious-looking. I took a survey of the party, but could not discover any one who looked as I thought the Major ought to look. Seeing a tall, lank, Kentucky-looking chap, dressed in a greasy deer-skin hunting-shirt, with trousers to match, and which terminated just below his knees, his head surmounted with a coon-skin cap, tail in front, who I supposed was an officer (as he was giving orders to the men), I approached, and asked if the Major was in camp. He looked around, and pointed out a slender-made, well-proportioned man, sitting in front of a tent. His dress was a blue woollen shirt of somewhat naval style, open at the neck, trimmed with white, and with a star worked on each side of the collar; over this a deer-skin hunting-shirt, trimmed and fringed, which had evidently seen hard service. His head, unencumbered by hat or cap, had a light cotton handkerchief bound around it, and deer-skin moccasins completed the suit, which, if not fashionable for Broadway or for a presentation dress at court, struck me as being an excellent rig to scud under or fight in. A few minutes' conversation convinced me that I stood in the presence of the King of the Rocky Mountains. He expressed keen regret at the escape of De la Torre, and said that his operations were against the military force of the country; that his government had been outrageously insulted in his person, and that he would compel from Castro a public apology, or hunt him from the country.

With Lieutenant Gillespie he went on board to breakfast with me, during which he informed me that he was desirous of spiking the guns of the fort on the opposite point, which commanded the entrance, as with a small garrison of the enemy it would prevent supplies entering which might come by sea, and he wanted my assistance in boats and men. I told him I had two ships' cargoes trusted out to the people of the country; I was on good terms with all of them; I must avoid compromising the safety of the property in my charge, and not knowing that war had been declared, I must abstain from offensive acts. The Major satisfied me that war existed, and that he was acting in obedience to the orders of the United States Government. Upon consideration of the situation of affairs, that Castro had decreed the death of all Americans, and the Governor had orders to capture our ships, I concluded it was best to go in, and help, by engaging in the trouble, to bring it to a close. Therefore I assented. A large sailing-launch was soon got ready. From my trade-room such tools were selected as would be necessary, — such as crowbars, axes, and round files to spike the guns with. Major Fremont, Gillespie, Kit Carson, and twenty of their best men, including the Delawares, embarked with my boat's crew, who were to remain in the boat. It was blowing strong, and the landing-place was among strong eddies and breakers. I volunteered to go as pilot.

Running across the passage, the mountain boys were very quiet. The long roll of the Pacific forced from them an unwilling tribute to Neptune; and even the veteran Kit Carson, as he eyed the rollers of the sea tumbling in from the bar and sending an occasional spray over the launch, exclaimed, "Cap, I'd rather ride on the back of a grizzly than on this boat." The boat was anchored about a quarter of a mile inside of Fort Point, just without the breakers. One of my men swam on shore with a rope, and the boat was hauled as near in as possible, when all but the boat's crew were ordered to jump overboard and scramble on shore as they best could. Between the landing-place and the fort a number of gullies or ravines intervened, over which I had to pick my way with some caution; but what were obstructions to my web-feet were none to men accustomed to scale the

Sierras. They were very quiet, and felt out of their element while rolling in the inconsiderable swell of the Pacific, but the moment their feet were on the rocks they were at home, and skipped over them like goats. What was amusing to them, and rather mortifying to me, was, that I, who was to pilot them into the fort, could not, by any possible locomotion of my own, arrive there until they had dismounted and spiked the last gun. There were in the fort three brass and seven iron heavy fortification guns; and that they were effectually spiked could be attested by the officers of the *Portsmouth;* for a few weeks afterwards, on removing the guns to place in a new fort on Telegraph Hill, they had much trouble in withdrawing the steel files from the brass pieces, which was only accomplished by cutting around them and inserting a copper screw bolt, with a touchhole bored in it. Then they were again made serviceable.

There was no garrison at the fort, but seeing a party of horsemen collecting on the hills watching us, we hurried to the boat, embarked without difficulty, and the party was landed at their camp at Sansilito, after an absence of about two hours. This was on July 1st.

The following day Fremont's battalion, of about one hundred men, were allowed to come on board my ships and make purchases. They came about twenty at a time. Shoes and tobacco were the prime articles in demand; after these, any articles of clothing, no matter what they were. Then fancy handkerchiefs, ladies' shawls, scarfs, blue and red cloth, with a great variety of fancy articles; nothing seemed to come amiss, and, as each party left the ship rigged out in their finery, an eager party on the shore were ready to take their places in the boat. They were all pretty well supplied, except the long Kentuckian of whom I spoke previously (Dr. Robert Semple, afterwards better known in California as "The Long Doctor"). A pair of trousers could not be found in the ship that would reach below his knees, while his feet covered too much ground to find place in any pair of shoes that I ever saw. The same day Major Fremont broke up camp again to proceed to the crossing of the Sacramento, to hunt up General Castro.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TAKING POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY 8th, Captain Montgomery received a despatch from Commodore Sloat, saying "that from information he had just received, the British Admiral was on his way to Monterey, and naturally supposing that Fremont was acting under instructions, he had determined to hoist the flag of the United States there the next day;" adding, "I would prefer being sacrificed for doing too much than too little. If you have sufficient force, or if Fremont will join you, you will hoist the flag at Yerba Buena, and take possession of the bay, the fort, and the region about there, in the name of the United States." This was dated the sixth. Possession was accordingly taken at Monterey, on the seventh, by Commodore Sloat, and at San Francisco, by Captain Montgomery, on the ninth. Fremont already had full and undisputed possession of all the north side of the bay, from the sea to Sutter's Fort. He had prevented Castro from crossing over, thereby saving the emigrant families at the north from destruction, and strengthening their position so well, that during the whole war they dwelt in safety, revolt being impossible in that part of the country. July 10th, the *Portsmouth's* marines were on shore doing guard duty, and the sailors, under Lieutenant Misroon, were cutting away a portion of Telegraph Hill, to obtain room to plant a battery there, to help defend the ships. It was supposed that the British Admiral would interfere with our occupation of the country, and our Commanders were preparing to resist the attempt of any power to meddle with our affairs.

On the following day, the lookout from the hill signalled an English frigate (the *Juno*), coming into the bay. The parties on shore hastened on board their ships, the crews were beat to quarters, partitions were knocked down, the guns shotted and run out, the decks sanded and the boats dropped astern, mine with the rest, as I happened to be on board at the time. Springs were got on the cable, and every preparation made to give her a reception, should the ship prove hostile. The frigate anchored at Sansilito, and Lieutenant Bartlett was sent on board to inform the English Captain of the state of affairs, and ascertain his intentions. The Captain informed the Lieutenant that he had no orders from his Admiral to interfere in the relations between Mexico and the United States, and that his only object in coming here was to look after the rights of British subjects. Civilities were exchanged between the ships, and on the seventeenth the *Juno* sailed for Mazatlan. The *Juno* was an old-class ship, mounting thirty-six carronade guns. The *Portsmouth* was a twenty-gun sloop-of-war, but though her guns were long and heavy, her crew was less in number than the *Juno;* altogether they would have been equally matched. It was very evident that the *Portsmouth's* crew were desirous of a brush, and regretted a peaceable termination of what had promised to be a pretty naval fight.

Admiral Seymour, with the *Collingwood*, of eighty guns, arrived at Monterey about the fifteenth, — a week after the Stars and Stripes was hoisted there. It was expected he would even then interfere, especially as the authorities and leading inhabitants had before made arrangements for a voluntary transfer of the country to British protection. Sir George Seymour frankly told Commodore Sloat, that if he had arrived previous to the occupation by him, he should have opposed it seriously; "but as it is, you have played me a Yankee trick, and there will be no interference by me." Soon after these events had transpired, Commodore Stockton, with the frigate *Congress*, arrived at Monterey, and relieved Commodore Sloat.

The ship *Brooklyn*, of and from New York, arrived at Yerba Buena August 2d, with about fifty Mormon families. I called on board to look at them; they appeared to be of the middling class, mostly stout men, mechanics and farmers. Their Elder, who, by the way, was not elderly looking, but young and dandyish in appearance (Mr. S. Brannon) handed me a Sandwich Island newspaper (they had called at Honolulu), containing an account which he had furnished the editor, stating their views, and the object which led them to California. They were the pioneers of a large body of their sect who were on their way to possess this land, which a revelation from heaven had shown them they must occupy, and here they must establish a new republic of their own, extend the dominion of the Saints on the shores of the Pacific, and eventually over India and China. They were sadly disappointed to find the flag of the United States waving here, and that, regardless of their divine right, their "Uncle Samuel" had possession of the promised land.

The Mormons were prepared to take forcible measures if they found it necessary for this purpose; they were well armed, and had improved their time during the long passage in infantry drill and the use of the musket; they had a flag of their own, but as it was not unfurled in California I cannot describe it. Their arrival, and their own statements of their intentions in taking what they pleased from the people without their leave, caused some excitement at first; but as they did not actually molest any person or property, and soon settled down to various employments, were industrious and well behaved, there was nothing to distinguish them from other emigrants. Their leader turned his attention to more profitable pursuits, and became one of the most energetic and successful citizens in the country. Shortly after this a Mormon battalion arrived at San Diego, who served the United States Government during the war, and afterwards continued good citizens.

Major Fremont, hoping to meet Castro at Santa Clara, crossed the Sacramento at Sutter's Fort about the eleventh of July, and there heard of Com. Sloat's capture of Monterey. Moving with rapidity around the bay, Castro retreating before him, he entered Monterey July 19th, with one hundred and seventy-five riflemen, and embarked with them on board the United States ship *Cyane*, Captain Dupont, for San Diego, to advance towards Los Angelos from that point; while Com. Stockton landed his own crew from the *Congress* at San Pedro, arrived at Los Angelos, and completed the capture of California by taking its capital. I arrived at San Pedro, with the *Moscow*, the next day after the Commodore, with his invading army, had left for the *Pueblo Los Angelos*. Com. Sloat, in transferring the command of the station to Com. Stockton, divested himself of a great and increasing responsibility, which the latter readily assumed, as he was authorized to exercise greater power than ever had been conferred on any of our naval Commanders. It was not known that war was yet declared, but on the strength of the offensive operations in Mexico against Gen. Taylor's army, he inferred that a declaration must follow. An officer of the *Congress* came on board, and informed me that the sailors and marines who had been on shore drilling for land service three or four days, started, the previous day, with Com. Stockton at their head, to capture the capital of California.

As soon as horses could be obtained for myself and clerk, we started to overtake them. While making preparations for the march, the Commodore received a flag of truce from Gen. Castro, who was in command at the Pueblo, with a larger force than the Commodore's, requesting to open negotiations with him. To this Stockton replied, that he would treat with him after his own flag was hoisted at Los Angelos, and not before. Castro returned for answer, that the American flag should not be planted there while a drop of blood remained in a Californian. The Commodore and his officers of course thought there would be fighting, and were prepared for it. Castro was also well supplied with field-pieces, and plenty of ammunition; his men were well mounted, with plenty of fresh horses in reserve, while the Americans had barely enough to mount their officers. He could have made a good fight, and driven the invaders of his country back, but he wanted pluck.

About ten miles from the fort we met a detachment of one hundred and fifty sailors returning to the ships. The officer in command informed me that their force camped the previous night at Temple's Ranche, about half way to Los Angelos; that the foreigners at Pueblo had, during the night, sent word to our camp that as soon as Castro found the Commodore had commenced his march, he did not wait to get sight of a foe, but had cleared out with all his force for the Colorado; consequently a part of the ship's crew were ordered back, and the Commodore, with about two hundred men, continued the march. Pushing on, we overtook the invading army about ten miles from the Pueblo. We approached them by a shorter route than they were on. A great cloud of dust marked their line of march, while the high, wild mustard, which at this season covered the plains, hid them from our view. As we cut across the plain, the long and dry stems made such a crackling, as our horses broke through the mustard, that the force was halted, and with bayonets charged in our direction; we emerged from the thicket, two of us, to be received not on the bayonet-point, but with a hearty laugh.

Riding to the front to report myself, I found the Commander of the detachment, Lieut. Schenck, to be an old acquaintance in the Mediterranean, whom I had not seen for twenty years; he recognized and called me by name before I had a chance to speak to him. Lieut. Tighlman and Purser Speidan were also of the party. They were likewise old friends, whom it was pleasant to meet. The march was resumed, and here was a novel sight, — a frigate's crew landed, and marching thirty miles into an enemy's country; an almost unheard-of thing. The fate of the gallant Porter, who was suspended for landing a force to pursue a gang of pirates on one of the West India Islands, did not deter "Fighting Bob," as he was called by the sailors, from taking a similar and broader sweep. No official declaration of war had reached California, and it was not certain that war would ensue.

Com. Stockton was a man not unwilling to assume great responsibilities, and where there was a doubt in the case, to give duty the benefit of it, especially when inclination and a warlike propensity led in the same direction. It was no small matter, and an innovation on the service, to transform a crew of sailors into soldiers. "Long Tom Coffin" would have rebelled against it, and his exclamation might have been repeated now with stronger emphasis,— "May the Lord forgive him for trying to make a sodjer of an honest seafaring man." And speaking as a sailor myself, I cannot help sympathizing with old Tom; for it seems to me that an old sailor must feel rather ridiculous, with a soldier's fixings on his shoulders, marching after a fellow on shore beating on a sheep-skin. But the Commodore succeeded. His men believed in him, and readily followed wherever he led the way. The marine officer, Capt. Zeilin, was also a favorite with the crew. Under his able and efficient training, a few days' practice on shore made Jack a proficient in the use of the musket and bayonet; he was made also to march and countermarch, wheel, etc., so that when he took his land-tacks on board he could back and fill, or tack ship, in good military shape.

The invading army, as it now moved over the plains, presented quite an imposing appearance. First came the full band of music, followed by Capt. Zeilin and his marines; then Lieut. Schenck and the web-feet; Lieut. Tighlman, and a battery of four quarter-deck guns, mounted on as many bullock carts; the carriages of the guns were secured by the breechings, and ready for instant service; each cart was drawn by four oxen,— the baggage ammunition followed in similar teams; the Purser, Doctor, and some other officers,— part of them mounted on rather sorry looking horses, the others on foot. The total force was about three hundred and fifty.

The previous night, at Temple's Ranche, an alarm was given. The enemy was approaching with yells and shouts. The long-roll was sounded, and the men sprang to their arms. They were thrown into position to repel a charge, and momentarily expected that Castro would appear. The cries and yells continued, but no attack was made; they remained under arms for about two hours, and probably would have kept so until daylight, had it not been for an old Indian who was in charge of the ranche. He, hearing the rumpus, went to ascertain the cause. As the noise still continued, he was questioned as to the meaning of it; and, to our infinite disgust, we were informed that it proceeded from a couple of "coyotes," a small animal, something between a wolf and a fox, which abounded in the country. They are accustomed to prowl about in pairs, and from midnight to daylight keep up a hideous and continuous noise, and of such variety as to resemble, with the howling and yelling of various animals, the shrieks of women, the crying of children, and the barking of dogs. It was rather amusing, but not very conducive to the good humor of the party, who needed rest, to know, as they did in the course of the morning, that while these two insignificant animals were keeping over three hundred men under arms for two hours, Gen. Castro had fled from Los Angelos, and was in full retreat out of the country.

At noon the force halted for dinner, and I galloped on to join the Commodore, who, with the American Consul, had gone ahead. We arrived at the government house shortly after the Commodore, and found him sitting on a box in the court. After an introduction, and an offer of my services, he invited me to a part of the box, saying that the vagabonds had stripped the house, not leaving him a single chair. Mr. Larkin, the Consul, had set some Indians to work cleaning up and whitewashing the quarters, and before night the resident foreigners and friendly Californians had brought in sufficient furniture, and the Commodore and staff were well accommodated at the house of an American.

About 4 P. M., Lieut. Schenck, with the ships' forces, arrived at the gardens outside of the town, and there was joined by Major Fremont, with two hundred of his men. He had learned of Castro's retreat, and hoped to cut him off before he could reach the Colorado; but, finding that Castro's horses were much superior, gave up the chase, and came to Los Angelos to join forces with the Commodore. The troops marched into the town, together with a fine band of music, playing "Hail Columbia," and hoisted the Stars and Stripes in the plaza. The ship's crew had their quarters within the walls of the government house, and Fremont's party camped near the river. I passed the night at the "casa" of one of my old California friends, who was now in Castro's army, but his wife and daughters extended their usual hospitality to me. The houses were mostly deserted on the arrival of the forces; the people who had not fled retired to a hill just back of the town, where they remained to see what the Yankees would do, but seeing no violence offered, most of them returned to their homes. The following day guns were planted on the hill commanding the town, and a fort was commenced. Proclamations were issued to the people, and the Commodore now signed himself "Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Territory of California."

August 17th, Major Fremont started in pursuit of Gov. Pio Pico; he had left the Pueblo with Castro, and it was known he had not left the country, but was secreted at his ranche. He had taken away the government archives, and it was desirable to possess them. The same day the United States ship *Warren* arrived at San Pedro from Mazatlan, with the first official news that war was declared. An officer from the *Warren* arrived in town with despatches just as the band was leaving the plaza at sunset for their quarters. They were ordered back, and the troops ordered out to hear the news read; it was received with nine hearty cheers, the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Feeling that I could now attend to my own business without any risk, the Commodore gave me permission to go towards San Diego; therefore, after visiting the ship, I started the next morning with a good horse, and accompanied by an Indian "bucquero," a boy to take care of the horses, and arrived at "San Juan Capistrano" at sundown, calling at a number of ranches, and making the whole distance, sixty-four miles, using the same horse. On the road I passed some of the belligerent Californians, who had left Castro, and wanted to return to their homes, but were afraid to do so. I assured them that they had only to go to Los Angelos and sign their paroles, and they would remain unmolested. At one place on the river St. Anita I came upon a party of soldiers who had just killed a bullock, and were preparing for a feast. Most of them knew me, and, in fact, were my debtors for goods. Some of them were under the influence of aquadiente, and could easily have squared accounts with me by throwing a lasso over, or putting a bullet through me, but no molestation was offered except in a hilarious manner. These people had always been well treated on board our ships, and we had confidence in them that was seldom misplaced.

At San Juan I found two of Pio Pico's officers and relations with their families — Covoruvius, his Secretary, and Ignacio Valle, Administrador of the Custom House. These persons were visiting a sister of Pico's, Donna Isadore Foster, whose husband was the proprietor of the Mission at this place, both of whom were very excellent people. Mr. Foster was an Englishman, long resident in the country; at his hospitable house, I was always perfectly at home. The families here now were in great tribulation at the state of their country, and the danger of their relatives. Of course they could not be as cordial as formerly (especially the females), as my countrymen were in pursuit of theirs, and perhaps to the death. But I, being an old acquaintance, and an intimate friend of the family, met with kindness and attention at their hands; and was enabled, while here, to alleviate their fears, and to convince them that Fremont was not such a man as he was represented to be by Castro. The next day, while at dinner, one of Fremont's men came to the door with the respects of the Colonel to Mr. Foster, saying that he had just stopped, with his party, in the old Vineyard, and requested to have a piece of beef to cook under the trees. The man was pointed to half a bullock hanging up, and told to help himself. The company at the table stopped eating, and, pale with affright, were about retreating to their rooms to avoid apprehended danger; but I assured them that if they remained they would be agreeably disappointed in the man, and could make favorable intercession for their husbands and brothers who were in arms against him. They remained. I went with Mr. Foster, and introduced him to the Colonel. We found him with only his body-guard. In consequence of information I had sent him at San Diego, of the official declaration of war, he had left his party there under Lieut. Gillespie, and was hastening to communicate with the Commodore at Los Angelos. He declined an invitation to go to the house, as he was not in a plight to appear before ladies; but he wished me to say to the people at the house that no injury was intended towards Don Pio; and he had left a letter to be sent to him, assuring him of safe conduct and honorable treatment if he gave himself up, but warning him that if he neglected to do so, he would be liable to be shot. The California gentlemen at the house were also advised to go to Pueblo and give their paroles before the day of grace should expire. He said "that he was tired, and his people were so much harassed in hunting up fugitives, that if he was compelled to go out after them again he should bring in no prisoners." In the evening I communicated to the families the assertions of Col. Fremont, causing them to feel quite easy, and the gentlemen concluded to join me on my return to Pueblo. On my way to San Diego, I met Pio at his ranche; he seemed satisfied that entire submission, under the circumstances, was best, and that to keep good faith in dealing with the American officers was the best policy for him to pursue.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORY OF THE WAR CONTINUED.

IN a few days I was at Pueblo, and found Governor Stockton giving audience every day to the people of the country; and Lieut. Gray, who understood and spoke Spanish, was managing the judiciary department. Everything seemed to be moving on quietly and satisfactorily. There was no apparent necessity for a large force remaining at this place, and the Commodore returned to his ship, with his web-feet regiment. During their stay at Los Angelos, and their march to and from, the conduct of the entire command had been such as to merit the unqualified approbation of their officers, while the people of the country had no reason for complaint; private property was respected, and no violence offered to any one. The Commodore's fine band did as much as, and perhaps more, to induce the people to return to their homes and become reconciled, than all his proclamations of amnesty and protection. The Californians are extravagantly fond of music. A full band was never heard before in the country, and it was amusing to see its effect in drawing them out of their hiding-places.

The first evening after the occupation, the Commodore sent for me, to ask my opinion about his proclamations, and as to whom, where, and how they should be sent, suggesting, that as I was known to the rancheros, and was a non-combatant, no better medium could be found than myself. In turn, I suggested to him that music by the band for one hour in the plaza each day, about sunset, which all could appreciate, would be more *instrumental* in harmonizing the people than written proclamations, which but few of them could read. My suggestion was adopted, and the results were soon evident. At first the children on the hill ventured down and peeped round the corners of the houses. A few lively tunes brought out the "vivas" of the elder ones, and before closing for the day quite a circle of delighted natives surrounded the musicians. The following afternoon, the people from ranches at a distance, hearing of the wonderful performance, began to come in. I saw the old priest of the mission of San Gabriel sitting by the church door, opposite the plaza, and introduced him to some of the officers. The old man said he had not heard a band since he left Spain, over fifty years ago. "Ah!" said he, "that music will do more service in the conquest of California than a thousand bayonets."

Before the withdrawal of the naval forces, a fort was erected on the hill, and a small garrison of Fremont's men left, with Lieut. Gillespie in command. The Commodore, with his ships, sailed for other points of the coast, and, with the *Moscow*, I left San Pedro for the North. On my way up I called at the little island of Santa Barbara, to obtain a supply of elephant-oil. With two boats, I left the vessel at a mile distant from the shore. The landing was so closely packed with hair-seal, that a boat could not be hauled up until a place was cleared for her, by driving off the seal. As their skins would be worth only fifty cents apiece when cured, it would not pay to take them.

The sea-elephant were not numerous, or in very good condition; we killed about twenty of them, took their blubber on board, and the same night anchored at the port of Santa Barbara, on the main, where the blubber was taken on shore and tried out, producing about five hundred gallons of good oil. I have previously described these animals, and the manner of taking them; the only difference here was that we shot them through the head, as we had no lances.

At Santa Barbara, Midshipman Mitchell, with ten men from the *Congress*, had been left to occupy the place. A few days after my arrival, mine being the only vessel in port, we saw a brig coming in, with Mexican colors flying. Fearing that the vessel might be a privateer, we made all the preparation in our power for defence. When she anchored it was evident she was unarmed. Thinking that perhaps she had not heard of the war, I offered the use of my boat to Mitchell, to capture her, which he accepted. Previous to this, the Captain of the brig and two passengers had landed. They asked why the American flag was flying, and professed ignorance of the war.

One of the passengers stated that he was an English officer from Mazatlan, with despatches for his Admiral. Detaining the party on shore, Mitchell put a prize-crew on board, and requested me to keep a watch on her during the night. The next morning he came on board with the bearer of despatches, and informed me that he should not detain the vessel, saying that he had concluded to let the English officer proceed. I was introduced to Mr. McRay, the person in question, and in a short time I felt justified in stating my opinion to Mitchell, that this person was a Yankee; that the coat and boots he wore were not made in England, and he ought not to let him go so easy. Inviting him to dinner on board, I quizzed the gentleman till I was satisfied that he was not what he purported to to be. During dinner the cry of "Sail ho!" brought us to the deck. Looking at the approaching ship with the glass, I reported her to be the frigate *Congress*. "Then," says Mr. McRay, "I throw off my disguise. I am of the United States Navy. I left Washington the day after the declaration of war, with despatches for Commodore Stockton. In the disguise of a British officer I crossed the continent to Acapulco, and as such engaged my passage in this brig, which is protected, being owned by British subjects in Mexico."

Immediately on anchoring, the Commodore made a proposition to charter my vessel during the war; furnishing an armament, and the requisite men from his ship, and giving me a commission to cruise against privateers and for the protection of whale-ships; but my coast business demanding all my attention, I had to decline the offer. Mitchell and his party were taken on board the *Congress*, and the garrison on shore was to consist of Lieut. Talbot, of Fremont's party, and ten of his men. Arriving at San Francisco the latter part of September, I found here the *Congress*, *Portsmouth*, and *Savannah*, ships-of-war. The ship *Sterling* was at Sansilito, waiting my orders. With the crews of my two vessels, I put up a house, prepared vats, and what was necessary for curing and drying hides, at Sansilito, and also commenced building a schooner to be used in the bay.

The first of October, Commodore Stockton received intelligence from below that the Californians had rebelled, that Gillespie had been attacked by a large force, a number of his men killed, and that he was hemmed in. In the course of the day, the fellow who brought these tidings was picked up drunk, and carried to the flag-ship. The only communication he had in writing was contained in the wrapping of a paper cigar, which was—"Believe the bearer," with Gillespie's seal. The man said he escaped from the Pueblo in the night; that four hundred men were besieging our forces there, who would have to surrender, as their supplies and water were cut off. Also, that Santa Barbara and San Diego had been retaken. The frigate *Savannah*, Captain Mervine, was immediately ordered down to relieve Gillespie; and the Commodore sent a courier after Fremont, who was now at the Sacramento, with instructions to raise all the force he could, and hasten to San Francisco, to embark down the coast. The Commodore chartered the *Sterling* to convey Fremont and his troops to their destination, and then she was to proceed to San Diego to save the hides which I had at that place, and was now fearful of losing, consisting of over 20,000 dried and cured, packed away in a hide-house on the beach. On the fourteenth of October, the *Sterling*, Captain Vincent, sailed with Major Fremont and about two hundred riflemen, to be landed at any place designated by Fremont. The *Congress* sailed the same day for San Pedro. Fremont's intention was to land at Santa Barbara in the night, and capture the place, seize all the horses there, and by a forced march on Los Angelos, fall upon the Californians before they knew he was advancing on them. Stockton was to land at San Pedro, and going over the same ground again in connection with Fremont's forces, to reoccupy the Pueblo, hoping, also, that Gillsepie would be able to hold out until relieved.

Oct. 29th I received a letter from Captain Vincent, from Monterey, stating, that on speaking a vessel from the lower ports, and ascertaining that Captain Mervine had been defeated by the Californians on his march to the Pueblo, and had fallen back to his ship with considerable loss, and that Santa Barbara was retaken by the enemy, and all the Americans there were prisoners, Fremont requested him to land him and his party at Monterey, as being the only place where he could procure horses, as all the country below this was in possession of the rebels. Commodore Stockton arriving at San Pedro, found that Gillespie had been obliged to capitulate, and was allowed to proceed to the port, and there embark on board ship. A whaling-ship happened in there at this time, and was chartered to take them to San Diego. The *Congress* also proceeded thither to organize a force to march on Los Angelos by land, from that place.

We now received an account of Lieutenant Talbot's expedition from Santa Barbara. The affair, though on a small scale, was one of the most brilliant occurrences during the war in California. With his small force of ten men, one of whom was sick, he was surrounded by over a hundred Californians, well mounted and well armed, and summoned to surrender. He required an hour to consider the question; it was granted: during which time his men entered their barracks and packed their knapsacks. Before the time had expired they came out, bringing their sick man with them. Again the mob ordered them to lay down their arms, or "they should receive no quarter." But these men, though few in number, never had laid down their arms, and they did not intend to do it now. Forming his men in line, with their backs against the wall of the adobe building, the Lieutenant told the Californians that they never would surrender, and were ready for their attack. The enemy made feints of attacking, and loud threats, but this was all. They knew that at the first onset ten saddles would be emptied, and there would still remain sixty pistol-shots, which would not be thrown away. Terms of surrender were proposed and rejected; still the attack was not made. The Fremonters dared them to advance; they told them they were cowards, and laughed them to scorn, and finally, as they could do nothing better, formed themselves in something of a hollow square, and marched off towards the mountains, carrying their sick man with them. The "caballeros" accompanied the brave squad, reviling them. Gaining a hill back of the Mission, they halted for a rest, but it was not allowed them. The dry grass around them was set on fire, and again they were compelled to resume their march. At length the mountains were reached, and the brawling escort left them. Crossing the coast range of mountains where best they could, a march was taken up for Monterey, where they arrived, after great suffering, about the tenth of November.

Fremont was making exertions to obtain horses and coöperate with Stockton, and at length, after much hardship and severe toil, his party left Santa Barbara over four hundred strong, but very poorly mounted, for Los Angelos, while the Commodore was also advancing from San Diego. General Kearney arrived at San Diego, from New Mexico, a few days before the Commodore's force was ready to start. A few days previous General Kearney was attacked by a party of Californians under Andreas Pico (a brother of Pio), near San Pascual. This time the Californians made a good fight, in which the Americans suffered severely; and but for a relief party sent to meet them by Commodore Stockton, from San Diego, they could scarcely have maintained themselves. They lost two captains and sixteen men killed, and many wounded. The Californians in this affair were commanded by Andreas Pico, one of the most active and energetic men of the country. A few weeks after this disastrous, and, as many people in California thought, disgraceful, defeat of General Kearney's forces, I met with Pico, and, in speaking of his successful attack, he said that he found Kearney's men straggling in small parties, and without any apparent discipline. He expected only to harass them, and perhaps pick up some stragglers, but they afforded an opportunity for attack which he could not resist. They were probably worn down by a long and tedious march, were near the end of their journey, and having heard of the conquest of California by Stockton and Fremont, naturally supposed that their further progress to San Diego would be uninterrupted. But the insurrection had taken place, and General Kearney's arrival was during its height. Whether fault or carelessness was the cause of this disaster, I cannot say; but certainly it was a discredit to the American arms.

The repulse of Captain Mervine was quite another affair. He arrived at San Pedro with the frigate *Savannah*, and found that Gillespie was surrounded at Los Angelos, and must surrender if not relieved. As many men as could be spared from the ship were landed, and were joined by a small party of riflemen who happened to be there.

They could not obtain a horse or a bullock to draw artillery, so they went without any, and all on foot. General Flores, with about three hundred men, met them about a third of the distance from the port to Los Angelos. The Californians, well mounted and having a piece of artillery, advanced to meet Captain Mervine's party at a convenient distance, when, keeping out of rifle range, they alighted from their horses, discharged their cannon at the Americans, who were advancing in a solid body, remounted, and run off their gun to reload it, and returned to repeat the evolution; three or four times this was done. Captain Mervine, at the head of his men, was gallantly leading them on, but could not get near the foe. The fight was all on one side; his men were dropping at every discharge, seven or eight were killed and others wounded: proceeding at this rate was out of the question, and they were compelled to fall back to the ship, carrying their dead and wounded with them. The Californians did not follow them, for the reason (as it appeared afterwards) that the ammunition of their field-piece was expended. Captain Mervine, of course, could not know this, and took what seemed to him to be the only course to save his men. Captain Mervine, in this affair, would have been blamed, had he not made the attempt to aid Gillespie: his zeal and courage impelled him to the rescue; he cared nothing about the enemy, if he could only get at them; this he expected to do, but was disappointed. The mistake was in not having a carriage-gun.

Having completed his preparations, Commodore

Stockton left San Diego December 29th, with a force of about five hundred men from the ships, fifty mounted riflemen, and sixty United States dragoons, with six pieces of cannon. All the carts, wagons and animals to be found at San Diego and the ranches in the vicinity, were pressed into the service. All the condemned wheels of the mission were brought in, and Carpenter Southwick, of the *Congress*, with his gang of carpenters and armorers, was employed in improvising a train of wheel vehicles of the most heterogeneous character; spars, blocks, ropes and canvas, from the ships, were used in the construction, and the fitting out altogether had quite an amphibious appearance.

The command was courteously offered to General Kearney by the Commodore, but was declined; the General accompanied the party. After a march of ten days, they arrived at the Rio San Gabriel the eighth of January, distant from San Diego one hundred and twenty miles. The enemy were found in a strong position on the western bank, with six hundred mounted men and four pieces of artillery, prepared to dispute the passage of the troops across the river. The Commodore ordered the crossing, which was made under a galling fire from the enemy. The men waded the river, dragging their cannon after them; not a shot was returned until the opposite shore was gained, when the fighting became general; a charge was made by the enemy and repulsed by our men, who, in their turn, charged up the bank and routed General Flores and his entire force. The next day the march was resumed across the plains of the "Mesa," during which Flores made another desperate effort to save the capital. Concealed in a ravine with their artillery masked, the enemy opened on the American flank when within gun-shot, and charged at the same time in front and rear. The Commodore silenced their guns, repelled the charge, and the enemy fled. The next morning the amphibious army entered and reoccupied the town without further molestation.

Commodore Stockton's skill in naval gunnery is well known. A little occurrence on this occasion showed that such a reputation was merited. One of the enemy's guns had been very annoying on the right flank. The Commodore ordered his gunners to silence it, but a number of shots failed to do so. The Commodore got wrathy; jumping off his horse he sighted the gun himself, and the next discharge dismounted the gun, sending fragments of the carriage high in the air. The officer who related this to me, added, "I never before believed in sighting a ship's smooth bore-gun, but was now convinced that there was skill and science displayed by the Commodore in the matter."

The flag was rehoisted on the eleventh of January. Flores, in fleeing from Stockton, fell into the arms of Fremont, near San Fernando. The terms of capitulation were agreed upon, and a complete surrender made on the fourteenth. This was called the "Capitulation of Cowenga," and was the termination of the war so far as California was concerned. Kearney, with his dragoons, left for San Diego on the eighteenth of January, 1847, and Commodore

Stockton, with an escort, left for the same place the following day.

There is one point in the history of California which I think will remain undisputed, viz.: that to Stockton and Fremont, with their respective forces, belongs the honor of the capture and conquest of California. These two Commanders harmonized with and supported each other. After the departure of Stockton, the battalion was paraded, and the appointment of Colonel Fremont as Governor by Commodore Stockton was read to the troops by Colonel W. H. Russell, who was also appointed Secretary of State. The ships' crews embarked at San Pedro and joined their respective ships. During this month Commodore Shubrick, in the United States ship *Independence*, arrived at Monterey, ranking and relieving Stockton, and assumed the command of the Territory of California. The following March General Kearney issued his proclamation as Governor; shortly after he received orders to return home, and he was succeeded by Colonel Mason. Then came the regiment of volunteers from New York by sea, commanded by Colonel Stevenson. The new troops now arrived, together with those previously here, were sufficient for the government of the country, and the naval officers occupying civil offices on shore were ordered to their ships.

Chaplain Colton, of the *Congress*, had filled in an acceptable manner the office of Alcalda at Monterey; he was also appointed Judge of Admiralty. With the fines collected from the transgressors at Monterey, he caused the erection of a fine school-house, and, in partnership with Doctor Robert Semple, he started and conducted the first newspaper in California. Mr. Colton won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. Lieutenant W. A. Bartlett was Alcalda at Yerba Buena, and I believe performed the duty of the office satisfactorily. One act of this officer while in office, was to change the name of the town from Yerba Buena to San Francisco, much to the disgust of the residents. About this time Commodore Biddle arrived with the ship of the line *Columbus;* and during the summer three American Commodores' pennants were flying on their respective ships in the same port at one time, the red, white and blue, viz.: the *Columbus*, Commodore Biddle, the *Independence*, Commodore Shubrick, and the *Congress*, Commodore Stockton, — a circumstance which occured for the first time in the history of our navy in San Francisco.

And here I end my reminiscences of the war in California, omitting many details of events which at this late date might fail to interest. In the prosecution of my own business I had loaded and despatched the *Sterling* to Boston, purchased the prize brig *Malek Adhel*, and continued in the regular trade of the coast until the entire derangement of affairs in California by the discovery of gold; in consequence of which, crews could not be retained on board ships. Vessels arriving were deserted by officers and men. "Bound to the mines, can't do anything else," was the answer of every one who was invited to take service in any employment; and, in short, no one could be trusted to do a day's work, whatever the price agreed upon might be. When the Governor had to take turns with another high dignitary in doing his own cooking, no other commentary on the state of society is needed.

After twice visiting the mines to find debtors, and for purposes of trade, I embraced a favorable opportunity of disposing of my vessels and merchandise, and leaving the country. Gathering up the fragments of two complicated voyages, I left the coast in the bark *Tasso* for Valparaiso, the twelfth of October, 1848, but did not reach the United States until the February following, being over four months on the passage by the then most available and quickest route, taking the English steamer at Valparaiso for Panama, and calling at about a dozen ports in Chili and Peru on the way to the Isthmus; thence by horse to Gorgona on the Chagres, and down the river by canoe to Chagres Port. Here we chartered a schooner to take us to Charleston, S. C.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

AS the narrative began with my first voyage, it seems fitting to close it with the last. Many voyages have been omitted in the foregoing pages as being devoid of incident. For instance, ten voyages to Liverpool, taking out cotton and bringing back a cargo of salt and steerage passengers each time; the history of one voyage would be repeated in the succeeding ones, altogether about as interesting as ten trips in a crowded omnibus from one end of the city to the other. The long route was always my choice. Before quitting my "ocean home" for good, I felt a strong desire to wind up with a voyage in a clipper ship around the world. I assured my friends that it should be my last, and they tried to dissuade me from it. "It will be your last voyage, and you will not return from it," said they; "you had better stay at home." I was told the same when I started as boy on my first voyage. The path of duty seemed plain before me, and I heeded not their croakings. I had enjoyed the comforts of home for over five years, felt I was getting rusty and lazy, and that a change of base was necessary.

I left Boston on the morning of Christmas, 1854, in the medium clipper ship *Arcadia*, for California and China. The *Arcadia* was a new ship, belonging to old California associates; she was well found, and equipped in a most thorough manner; but when the shipping of the crew came, I found that such sailors as I had found ready at hand in my previous voyages, were not now to be had. It is true that many candidates offered themselves; all were desirous of going to the land of gold. I wanted seamen, and all who applied claimed to be such; but the cut of their jibs told a different story, and day after day they were rejected, until I found that I was reduced to a "Hobson's choice"; so that finally, if a hearty looking fellow could say he had been two trips a-fishing, he was allowed to sign himself an able seaman. One trip outside of Cape Cod qualified the ordinary ones, and the list was completed. At the Custom House, on clearing, the articles purported that the crew consisted of three mates and carpenter, eighteen able seamen, and six ordinary ditto, four boys, cook, steward, and "Jemmy Ducks." A moderate and fair wind took us clear of the Cape at dark.

Before midnight we had a gale from the southeast. The light sails were managed tolerably well, but when it came to reefing topsails, I found that we were in a bad fix. One reef was secured in the topsails, but when a second reef was ordered, there were over twenty men on the yard sea-sick and helpless. The ship was pitching heavily, and the fellows had as much as they could do to hold on to the yard and disgorge their Christmas feast. It was impossible to get the ship under snug sail with such a crew; so, with the topsail-yards on the caps, the reef-tackles hauled out, and the canvas smothered as much as possible, the ship was allowed to drive to the eastward all night at a furious rate, sometimes driving through a sea, and almost jumping over the next. It was a tough night, but not cold; the decks were full of water most of the time. A stout plank pig-pen was built over the main hatch, raised a foot above it to keep the pigs dry, and was well covered over. There were thirty good-sized pigs in it. When the gale subsided the next morning, twenty-four of them were found drowned in the pen, and the remaining six had their bristles all chafed off by washing about. The prospect was not much improved by the sick and disabled specimens of humanity who had shipped for able seamen, and who were now pulled out by the mate from under the long-boat, between the spars and other places of refuge, pictures of misery and despair. And I must say, that on a survey of the field, mingled feelings of despair and vexation came over myself as I now fully realized the extent of the imposition.

My chief mate was an excellent sailor, a regular hard-fisted, stout down-easter; and were it not for my interposition, I thought he would, as he pulled the lame ducks out of their hiding-places, have chucked them overboard with the dead pigs, so great was his wrath. With the exception of the mate, there was not one of the crew, including the under officers, who could have passed examination, according to their rates on the shipping articles, before even a Nautical College. What had become of sailors I could not imagine; neither can I at this day satisfactorily account for their disappearance, but I know that other ships' crews then were like my own; whether they have improved since, I know not. However, the mate opened his school for their instruction, the sessions of which were neither few nor far between. The pupils were well fed, well treated, and well trained, so that before we reached the Equator, their gymnastics aloft would have astonished even Dr. Dio Lewis. Every day brought with it practical lessons, according to the weather. In calms the boats were lowered and the oar exercise practised by some, while others were reefing topsails or sending up and down royal yards, rigging in and out studding-sail booms, and the like work. Frequent tacking in head winds familiarized them with their stations, and thus day by day their efficiency was increased, so that when we arrived in the vicinity of Cape Horn, all were useful, and some tolerable sailors. The boys were kept separate in the steerage, and had opportunities allowed them to become navigators; but not much interest could be felt in a crew who, it was well known, would desert the ship the first opportunity, and whose great object in view was to tread the golden streets of California.

The passage to the Cape was a good one; and from fifty degrees south in the Atlantic, to fifty degrees south in the Pacific, accomplished in ninety days, was excellent. From some considerable experience in these latitudes, I am convinced that the best passages around Cape Horn to the West will be accomplished by keeping in shore, rather than broad off, in less time and with less wear to a ship; keeping the mountains in sight there is less sea and easterly current to contend with, while broad off the land strong south-west gales, frequently of long duration, prevail, with a stronger easterly current. Being off the Straits of Le Maire, and the condition of tide being favorable, I would prefer to go through to the westward, and, passing inside of Diego Ramirez, make westing, keeping well in shore. Whale-ships do this, and I do not remember ever hearing of accident to one of them by so doing. The old rule of not bearing away north until eighty degrees west is attained, is not the rule for ships at the present day. It is said that ice is seldom seen with the land in sight; my own experience leads me to the same opinion. The ship was becalmed one day to the westward of the Cape, and the birds were abundant. Lowering a boat, I pushed off from the ship a short distance, towing astern a piece of fat pork to attract them. In less than an hour a large number of the black albatross (or goneys, as the whalers call them) was obtained, sufficient for three or four days' good fresh provisions for all hands. Passing in sight of Juan Fernandez, we crossed the Equator in the longitude of one hundred and twelve, and after a few days in the "doldrums," between the two trades, took a favorable breeze, which sent us flying to the north in fine style.

In the latitude of Cape Saint Lucas we were steering our course with a moderate breeze and smooth sea. A man aloft reported an object ahead resembling a boat; on nearer approach it seemed to be a wreck, low in the water, with men standing on it. A boat was soon in readiness to take them off, — we could count four of them. All of us were animated at the prospect of saving life. Still nearer, none of them seemed to move, and they did not, for the wreck with men on it proved to be a large tree, with four dead limbs sticking up. On the trunk of it were about a dozen gannets (a bird common on the banks of Newfoundland). I concluded there must be fish around it. The main-topsail was backed, and the boat lowered, prepared for fishing or fowling. As we approached, a raking fire from the boat swept off the birds, part of which were killed. The fish were very abundant; the boat was made fast, and we went to fishing. The fish were of a species called "leather jackets," and they took off all our hooks as fast as they were put over. The grains (an iron tripod) was then used with such success, that we soon caught all we wanted. As we were about casting off to return to the ship, I noticed a large turtle some distance off, and paddling towards the tree; we held on and kept quiet; down he came, and, projecting his long neck over the tree, tried to get on it, but did not succeed; he was evidently very tired, and wanted to rest. If he saw us he was not alarmed, as he paid no regard to our presence. After his repeated failures to effect a landing I threw the grains into his neck, and he was hauled on board. When the turtle was first seen he was about a quarter of a mile from us, and he kept on a straight line for the tree. The question is, did he see the object so far off, or did instinct guide him to it? However, we returned on board after a very successful hunt.

We anchored at San Pedro, the port of Los Angelos, in one hundred and twelve days from Boston; the passage, though a good one, was lengthened some days by not having a reliable crew to take in sail, when the ship could have been pressed more than she was. And now again, in a well-remembered spot, how familiar everything appeared! The hills were clothed in green, the plains were waving with an immense sea of wild mustard in full blossom. The colored patches of earth in the far distance marked out, as in former years, the gardens of San Gabriel. The old bluff point of the harbor, known as "Don Abe's Nose," was still there, its proportions unchanged by winds or rains. The one adobe house, and its wooden frame companion, were, as in former years, the sole tenements of the port. The cattle and horses had disappeared from the hills; all else seemed as in olden times. But the days of "hide drogging" were past. Since those days a mighty people had possessed the country, and though no sign of progress was perceptible at San Pedro, cities and towns with wealth, luxury, and civilization, were fast spreading over the land. My consignee, and part owner of the ship, came by the Isthmus to meet me here, and arrived the day previous to the ship's anchoring. While the cargo was discharging, I went to Los Angelos to pass a week with my old "Amigos." A stage-coach was running over the route daily. I took passage; the fare was five dollars. A few miles from the port the driver, who was also the proprietor, stopped the team and alighted to collect the fare. I handed my money, but it was returned. Mr. Banning, the enterprising proprietor, informed me that an old pioneer on the road was entitled to a free passage in his teams. I failed to see the right or justice of such a distinction, but argument was useless with him on the subject, and I did not press it.

The six years of my absence from the Pueblo had produced great changes in the place: many fine buildings had been erected, new vineyards had been planted, the old ones increased, and many of the old ranches were cut up into small farms, which were under good cultivation. The population had increased by immigration from the States and elsewhere, the new-comers outnumbering the native Californians, so that the latter appeared as pilgrims and strangers in their own land. I was grieved to find that not a few of the people of the country who, when I was last here, were well to do in lands and cattle, had parted with their property and become poor, not from any fault of their own, but through the bad faith of our government in the action of its Attorney-General, and the sharp practice of the new-comers.

In the settlement of land-titles in California after the war, commissioners were appointed at Washington to proceed to California for the purpose of investigating and deciding on the claims of landholders at that time. They held their sittings in various parts of the country, and in nearly every case where the old proprietors exhibited a fair claim, the decision of the Commissioners was in their favor. Against this decision of the Board appointed by his own government, the Attorney-General appealed. The poor Rancheros knew nothing of the processes of law, and were compelled to employ lawyers to defend their property, in some cases giving one-half the property to secure the other. In all cases a large retaining fee was demanded, secured by mortgage of cattle or land. It proved to be immaterial in the end how the case was decided; either the Government or the lawyers took all. The name of the Attorney-General was held in execration by most of the Rancheros in Los Angelos county, whether justly so or not I cannot say.

I spent a few days at the ranche of an old friend a few miles from the town, and partook of an entertainment peculiar to the country, and in which most of the party were Californians. There were families here with whom I had long been intimate in former years, when they were the principal people of the country, and every house was a home to the stranger, the latch-string outside, and the entertainment to be found within, furnished without money and without price. Now the scene was changed; the discovery of gold had not been productive of good to the natives. With the thousands of our people who will be a blessing to the country, the irruption of the Goths and Vandals who came in the same train had proved a curse. It was sad to listen to the relation of the wrongs of the natives, and of the manner in which they were stripped of their property by sharpers.

Notwithstanding much has been said of the habits, customs and characteristics of the Californians, there always seems room to say a little more. The present occasion was a "marienda,"—at home it would be called a picnic,—a meeting of friends and neighbors at a pleasant spot, canopied with shady trees, under which a feast and fandango, with much fun and frolic, afforded entertainment for the day and evening. The feats of horsemanship in which these people excel all others I have ever seen, formed, as usual, a prominent part. The lasso, in the use of which they are trained in early childhood, is managed by them with wonderful dexterity. I have watched them often, when lassoing cattle, with astonishment and admiration, and now for the last time the exhibition was none the less interesting.

The lasso is a rope about six fathoms long, about the thickness of a man's thumb, and made of raw hide, with the hair off, the strands made limber and laid together very neatly, with an eye or slip-noose at one end. From the fact that the cattle are seldom folded, they are very shy, and in a half wild state, for which reason it has always been necessary, in catching them, to use the lasso. In former years a time was set apart at a certain season of the year, at all the missions and ranches, for the purpose of overlooking, counting, and marking the cattle by branding them on the flank with the owner's mark.

that is, the calves, the increase of the past year, and perform other operations to accustom them to herd together and prevent their running wild. This was called a "Rodea," and was an occasion at which all the male inhabitants of the estate and its vicinity were sure to be present, and assist gratuitously, as each farm was visited in turn for the same purpose.

The cattle were driven into a large "coral," or fold, at a wide opening on one side; this was afterwards closed up, a small gateway being left for one animal to pass through at a time. The cattle not to be operated upon were made to escape at this gate, singly. A score of boys on the watch outside, to have a frolic with a bull, would no sooner discover one making off than away they would scamper after him, with their lassos swinging in the air, and in full pursuit; within point blank distance, the foremost throws his lasso over the animal's neck, others over his horns, some entrap a hind leg, others a fore one; then stopping short their well-trained horses, and bringing taut the lasso, one end of which is made fast to the logger-head of the saddle, the bull falls as if shot, tumbling head over heels. In this state the wildest bull lies motionless, and suffers any operation to be performed on him without any resistance. I cannot comprehend the art and skill by which a man at the fullest speed of a horse can throw a noose with such unerring precision as to catch a bullock by either leg he chooses, while he is in full flight from his pursuers. Ask them how it is done, and the reply is, "Quien sabe." Early and constant practice can only enable them to accomplish it. The practice of the "lassoers," indeed, begins with their earliest childhood. The first plaything in a boy's hand is a lasso of thread or twine, with which he essays to ensnare the chickens or kittens about the house, and perhaps from these elementary essays the theory of the lasso can only be comprehended; for the rapidity and magical effect with which the real lasso is thrown, leaves no time or opportunity to see how it acts. It appears that to secure (for instance) the hind leg, the large noose of the lasso, which by swinging it around the head is formed into a circle, is thrown so as to pass under the leg at the very moment when it is elevated in making the spring, while the bullock is galloping, and is placed exactly where the foot must fall on coming to the ground; and when the leg is placed within the circle of the noose, the thrower immediately checks his horse, and gives the lasso a jerk, which draws up and tightens the noose around the leg. Now whether this is the mode of operation, or whether the leg is caught while suspended in the air, I know not, and I never questioned a Californian who could tell me.

The saddles used are well fitted for the purpose of managing the cattle. They are high before and behind; a knob, or loggerhead, on which the rider can rest or secure himself, and make fast and coil up his lasso, is well secured to the horse with a strong girth, tightened up by a lanyard through iron rings. The horses are taught to lean over when checked, against the direction in which the bullock draws, and thereby secure themselves from being capsized by the sudden strain of the animal when it is brought up by the lasso.

The bridle used is equally well adapted to the purpose, is most powerfully constructed, and calculated for suddenly checking a horse. It is a single curb of peculiar construction: the bit is doubled up high in the mouth, without a joint; instead of a curb-chain, it has a solid ring of iron which passes through the upper part of the doubled-up bit within the mouth, and then passes behind the lower jaw, — altogether forming a lever sufficient to break the jaw, if powerfully applied. The use of this renders the horse's mouth so sensitive, and gives the rider such a perfect control over him, that he is checked at full speed instantaneously. It is common amusement for the California youth, when exercising their horses, to ride full speed at a wall, and when the horse's head is within two feet of it, to check him at once and bring him on his haunches.

The most amusing use of the lasso I ever saw was in this wise: the ship was lying at a taking-off place in the canal of Santa Barbara, waiting for a quantity of hides and tallow to arrive from a ranche, to be taken on board. The pack-animals arrived opposite the ship during the night. The major-domo who was in charge, had the goods unloaded and piled up on the shore, sending the Indians back with the horses, while he remained, with one horse, to deliver the cargo and get a receipt. Staking out his horse, he lighted a fire, and prepared to spend the night by it; but before daylight his slumbers were disturbed by a noise as of some

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one pulling away the hides, which covered up the bags of tallow. Supposing that Indians were stealing the hides, he aroused himself, and, cautiously approaching the spot, found that a grizzly bear had made a hole in a bag of tallow, and was faring sumptuously. The major-domo, who was a little old man, tough and active, quietly reached his horse, and clapping the saddle on him, he sprang on his back, got his lasso ready for action, and waited for daylight. Bruin had transferred so much of the tallow from the bullock-skin bag to his own, that he was not in good condition to flee or fight. Don Domingo soon had his lasso around the neck of the burglar, who made no attempt to leave the ground, but placing himself in an upright position, took the lasso in his fore-paws, and commenced hauling in on the man and horse, as a fisherman would on a halibut. The old man took a turn with the end of the lasso to the loggerhead of the saddle, and held on; but as he was gradually drawn into close quarters with the huge paws, he was obliged to slip his line and run. The bear would then start off, with the end of the lasso dragging on the ground. The man clapped spurs to his horse, in chase; stooping down he would regain the lasso, take another turn with it, check his horse, and tumble the bear head over heels; Bruin then resuming a seat on his haunches, would again take up the line, and haul in *his* game, and again the ranchero had to slip. While this play was being enacted, the mate came down to inform me of it. I went on deck, and, with the glass, could distinctly see the whole performance, which was about as laughable as could be got up on any stage. The distance was about a pistol-shot from the ship; and as the man in his turn tumbled Bruin to the ground, his shout of victory would inform us of the fact. The tongue of the bear hung out of his mouth; and as he again drew his friend towards him, in spite of the "maldetes" of the horseman, the brute seemed to be laughing all over his face. We started with a boat and fire-arms to assist Don Domingo, but before we reached the shore he had worked the bear towards a tree, against which the creature backed himself and stood upright; and now he was where the man had the advantage. With the rapidity of the whirlwind, making the bare end of the lasso fast again, he dashed spurs into his horse and rapidly described circles around the tree, until the victim was snugly laced up to it, and he was despatched with a knife. Mayor Shurtleff, of Boston, has, or had, his head.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A FAREWELL TO CALIFORNIA.

TO return to the ship from Los Angelos with the certainty that I should revisit it no more, leaving behind many kind friends, at whose hospitable homes I had always found a welcome, with the thought that never again, in the flesh, should I look upon their faces, could not but occasion a pang of regret. We sailed for Santa Barbara and discharged some cargo there, and thence to China, leaving the coast of California about the middle of June, 1855. And now, in taking my farewell of a country with which I had been so many years connected, I hope to be pardoned for going back, to revive a few more recollections of the olden times, showing, of some of the people, their former poverty in contrast with their present condition, their simple habits and hospitality, with some of the customs of those living in the vicinity of where the great city now is.

It is pleasant to revive the memories of other days, and bring to light scenes and incidents that took place twenty-five years ago, among an excellent people, who are now fast disappearing in the overwhelming population of the Great Republic. In those days all persons of respectability were welcomed on board our ships, and, with their families, entertained as long as their business or pleasure might induce them to stay, without any charge, and these courtesies were reciprocated where we had occasion to travel among them. Previous to the American occupation, money was not needed to travel throughout California.

In the afternoon I went with a boat and four men to the opposite side of the bay, to St. Leandry (now Oakland), to kill and salt a few bullocks for ship's use. I took my gun with me to have some duck shooting, it being the season when the ducks and geese were very abundant on the plains. My friend, Don Vetro, who owned the ranche at St. Leandry, was a very intelligent and clever Californian. A few days previous to my visit, he came to the ship with his own boat and an Indian crew; while there a strong south-east gale came on, and through the carelessness of his Indians the boat got adrift, and went to pieces on the rocks. Returning to his home with me, he found that during his absence the tempest had unroofed one of his houses, and the wild Indians had stolen and driven off about thirty of his best horses. The value of a good horse then was six dollars. Vetro's wife was the youngest daughter of the Martinez family, an old and highly respectable native family, ranking in beauty and natural accomplishments with the best in the country. Vancouver and Beechy make favorable mention of the Martinez family in the history of their voyages. After a bounteous supper, consisting of "carne con chile," "gesados," "frijoles," "tortillias," and some other nice dishes of the country, all of which were prepared under the direction of the lady of the house, we began to make arrangements for passing the night. Another storm seemed to be brewing, and no one could think of sleeping out of doors. The pitiless storm had spared the young couple but one house, and that contained only three rooms, which were very small. I felt rather curious to know how we were all to be disposed of. Don Vetro, although having a fine farm of his own, and a few thousand head of cattle, was sadly deficient in buildings, while the furniture was scanty enough to be enumerated at a glance, consisting, for the most part, of two bedsteads and one bed, two pine tables, five or six chairs, a wooden clock in one corner of the principal room, and an open closet opposite, in which, on some rough shelves, were arranged sundry articles of crockery, odd knives and forks, broken spoons, and a row of empty bottles. However poor California rancheros may be, they always contrive to have one handsome high post Boston bedstead, and though it generally stands on a ground floor, it has as good a bed, curtains, etc., as may be found in the best chamber of many well-to-do folks at home, and this bed is always given up to "the stranger within their gates" who passes the night with them, even if the man, wife, and children sleep in the open air, as is often the case, for the Californians are hospitable to the extremity of their means. My host had just started for himself, and had an excuse for being thus deficient of the conveniences of life, which his means limited.

Madame Vetro was quite young, and inexperienced in the art of housekeeping. I could not help comparing our wants with our necessities, the present opportunity affording a good lesson. My boat's crew were quartered with the Indians in one room, where, with sides of leather, dried hides, and deerskins, they made themselves quite comfortable. Two Frenchmen, rancheros, who had arrived the day previous, and were waiting for a passage across the bay, took their saddles for pillows and their ponchos for blankets, and stretching themselves on the floor of the room where I was sitting, soon gave evidence of being asleep. The hostess, in the meantime, had busied herself in picking over sundry bags of wool. She then gathered it up and spread it over the sacking bottom of the bedless bedstead in the next room; over this a sheet was spread, and the sides tucked under; the arrangement was completed with clean sheets, blankets, etc. The room was small — just large enough to contain the two bedsteads, which were alongside of each other, two trunks, and two chairs, leaving scant room for a person to move between them. I was told that my bed was ready, but, instead of being assigned to the temporary one, I was desired to occupy the carved mahogany high poster, with the handsome curtains. I protested against this arrangement, inasmuch as the one to which I was directed was much the widest, and the other was a very scant pattern for a man and his wife and two children. On any other ground I should have offended them by saying a word on the subject. As it was, they insisted, and I had to comply.

The next difficulty to my mind was, who should go to bed first; but a hint from Don Vetro gave me to understand that it was expected of me; therefore, bidding them a "muey buenas noches," I stepped within the curtains and soon disposed of myself. The Don and his lady soon followed my example. As they seemed to have some trouble in the stowage of the children, I urged to have one of them transferred to my bed; but no, the "Señor Capitan" must keep his bed to himself. I did so; but the idea of dispossessing these kind people of their accustomed comforts (few enough at the best) so troubled me, that it was some hours before I could compose myself to sleep.

I was awakened at early daybreak by my host rising, and mustering his Indians and horses to start off in pursuit of his cattle. I heard them depart, and again fell asleep, hoping that in the meantime my lady neighbor would make her toilet and vacate the room; but after sunrise I ascertained that she was still moored in "blanket harbor," and as there were no signs of her getting underweigh, I felt that I must. Therefore, partly dressing myself within the curtain, I emerged to behold a remarkably pretty young woman sitting up in bed, nursing an infant; however, as she did not seem disconcerted, I tried not to be; and bidding her good-morning, I took my gun and departed. This was in my early acquaintance of the customs of the country. Afterward similar experiences came easier. Don Vetro (or Victor Castro), in 1840, owned and resided on the fine ranche where I suppose the city of Oakland is now located. Vetro then was poor. If now living, he ought to be a very rich man. The adjoining ranche was that of Don J. Estidillo, whose condition was about the same as Don Vetro's, except that the former rejoiced in the possession of two very pretty daughters, who were verging into womanhood under the somewhat singular names of Donna Maria Conception and Donna Maria Jesus. They were both interesting and graceful young ladies, with regular features, symmetrical figures, and their dark eyes flashed with all the intelligence and fire characteristic of Spanish women. The ranche of Don Jose was a pleasant place to call at while in the pursuit of business or pleasure; the creeks and plains here, at certain seasons of the year, were alive with wild fowl, and as it was at convenient distance from the ship, I frequently crossed the bay to hunt them. I copy from my journal an account of my first visit there, which will answer, with little variation, for some succeeding ones:

"Proceeding up the winding creek, the left bank of which was covered with a fine forest of oak and butternut, without any underbrush, the opposite bank low and flat, with small creeks and ponds abounding with ducks and geese, at a convenient spot we pitched the tent and made a fire. In about half an hour, within half a mile of the tent, I had shot ducks and teal enough to fill a bushel basket; the boys were busy at work preparing some of the birds for dinner, and a delicious repast was soon in readiness. The young and plump teal, nicely picked and cleaned, were split open on the back, and as many of them spitted on the iron ramrod of a musket as it would contain. These were roasted before a hard-wood fire, the ends of the iron rod resting on a couple of crotched sticks driven into the ground, and a boy watching and turning the spit, produced a dinner which even now I hold in pleasant remembrance. I was joined, during the feast, by Don Jose, whose house was about two miles distant. This gentleman thought the birds were good, but the contents of the boat's chest afforded him the greatest satisfaction. I accepted an invitation to supper, and a bed at his house. The Don was a legitimate member of the Falstaff family, and, in the consumption of his 'sack and bread,' used about the same proportions as his prototype did. Of his lady, it is enough to say that she was a 'Martinez.' They also had a numerous progeny of smaller fry, besides the two young ladies above mentioned.

"The old gentleman gave me two of his tamest horses, that would stand fire, to hunt with. I mounted myself and a boy for a hunt after geese, which were found in great quantities. The method was to sit on my horse and load and fire; the boy picked up what I killed, loaded his horse with them, and taking them to the boat, returned for more. On the field I was joined by five or six boys on horseback; they were half-breeds and Californians, from somewhere in the neighborhood. They were well mounted, had their lassos with them, and were evidently intent on fun. They asked for permission to accompany me, which was granted. I did not comprehend their object until I fired into a flock of geese, and the wounded birds began to make off, when the 'muchachos,' swinging their lassos over their heads, and clapping spurs to their horses, started in pursuit. My wounded birds were lassoed and dragged in. While my boy was throwing a bunch of geese over his horse's back, the animal took fright, and, clearing himself of his load, was soon far away, and at full speed for the hills. Our auxiliaries started in chase, and could have caught him in a short time, but they wanted sport; they like nothing better than to chase a horse, and at the same time frighten him all they can, to increase their fun; frequently catching the animal by the tail, and taking a turn with it to the loggerhead of the saddle, they would tumble him to the ground while in full run. After harrassing the poor creature until he was wild with fright, and they were tired of the sport, a lasso was thrown over his neck, and he was quietly led back. Before dark I returned to the house, and was kindly welcomed by all the family.

"After a good supper and a pleasant sociable evening, I was pleased to see that my kind hostess was preparing my bed, which stood in the corner of the room we were sitting in, with clean sheets and pillow-slips. No one can better appreciate the comfort of a good bed than one who has been all day in pursuit of his game, across quagmires, through brush and briar, and climbing hill-sides, until night comes, and the excitement over, he is glad to drop on a bed or on the ground, too weary to pull off his boots. Such were my feelings while the bed was being prepared for me. For the full enjoyment of the snow-white sheets and the embroidered fringed pillow-slips, which were drawn over pillows of wool in red silk ticks, I made a successful effort, and, divesting myself of my much-soiled hunting-dress, leaped into bed, sure of a good night's rest. But alas, I soon found I had bed-fellows, and their name was legion. I had blown out the light, and could not see the besiegers, who seemed determined to drive me from my quarters. I felt their attack at every point. If I had worked hard during the day, the night brought no cessation of labor, for I found that I was literally covered by a host of the most persevering and bloodthirsty fleas it was ever my lot to lie down amongst. I could not account for their being so numerous. I knew the sheets were put on fresh and clean; whence came the foe? After an hour's kicking and scratching, and calling the villains hard names, I examined (by feeling) the bedding that was under me, and soon ascertained that the under-sheet was spread over a thick blanket; this blanket was no doubt taken from another bed, and in all probability had been the birthplace and home of the fleas of many generations. I threw the vile thing to the farthest corner of the room, turned the bed over and shook the clothing, scattering regiments of the light troops over the floor, and again tried to rest. But my assailants were not so easily repulsed. They had tasted blood probably better than they had been accustomed to, and they seemed to like it. Partially routed, they formed again, and a few minutes' march brought them back to the field of battle, where, for the livelong night, the conflict was continued, and much blood shed. I finally concluded to let them have their own way, and draw on me for what amounts they pleased, hoping that they might at length satisfy their demands, and leave me a little rest; but no — they all seemed to be daughters of the horse-leech, not asking for more, but taking it. I wished myself anywhere else; and nothing but the darkness of the night, and the stormy appearance outside, kept me from retreating to the boat. At early daylight I moved to the boat's tent, where I enjoyed a good nap before I was summoned to breakfast.

"To-day I started in company with the old ranchero for a deer-hunt among the hills, from which we did not return until about sundown. We were very successful, obtaining three deer and an antelope. We saw a large band of elk, but we being to windward of them, they took our scent and made off. At sea, having the weather-gauge gives the advantage; in elk or deer-hunting, a leeward position is best for the hunter. Returning to the house to sleep, I noticed that the abominable blanket was again on my bed, and I determined, as the night was fine, and I really needed rest, to find it at the tent; therefore, late in the evening, I sought my quarters. I found the boys all asleep inside, and preferring the open air, I camped on the outside of the tent. About midnight I was awakened by another attack similar to that of the previous night. The fleas had possession. I thought this was very strange. My blanket had not been at the house, and I had thoroughly shaken every garment I had on. I shouted to the boys to know if there were any of the pests with them. 'No, sir, not one,' was the reply. I thought there was a fatality about it, but was too tired to discuss the subject, or to be kept awake long. The morning brought to light the whole secret. I had been followed by three large dogs from the house the previous evening, unobserved by me, and after I had camped down they did the same, and, lying in close proximity to me, had transferred their passengers, without my permission being asked.

"On a hill, one day, I shot a monstrous rattlesnake with eleven rattles. These reptiles are very numerous throughout the country. The fact is well established, that, in this country, the rabbit, the ground owl, and the rattlesnake, inhabit the same hole. That one entrance is common to the three parties, I myself know; what the interior arrangement of the domicile is, I know not. Another story is believed by the people of the country, and, as I have heard it from a naturalist of high standing, whom I met in California, as a fact, I do not doubt it; which is, that the rattlesnake has a natural and most implacable enemy in a bird called by the Spaniards 'Cona Comino.' It has a body little larger than a robin red-breast, with very long legs, and can keep up in running with a horse on a fast trot. These birds always go in pairs. When they find the snake lying asleep in the sun, as they often do of a warm day, they run about and collect the burs of the cactus, which dry and fall off the parent stem; they are about the size of an English walnut, and are covered with long, sharp thorns; with these they 'coral,' or fence, the snake, within a circle. If he does not wake when the circle is completed, they then collect other burs, and, hovering over him with one in their bill, drop them on the reptile, waking him up, when he attempts to escape. Finding that he cannot pass over the thorny barrier, and irritated by the bayonets which have pierced him, he turns on himself, plants his fangs in his own flesh, and dies of his own venom."

It is with a feeling of sadness one bids a last farewell to a place of which he carries away with him remembrances of the most pleasing character, and to a people to whom he feels indebted for many acts of kindness and hospitality. I think that one of the greatest drawbacks to a traveller is, that in various parts of the world, where business or pleasure leads him, he often forms friendships of a strong character, which, as the scenes and persons are never revisited, are necessarily never renewed. It was with some such feeling that I took my last look at Santa Barbara one morning, when I weighed anchor and filled away on my course towards the "Flowery Kingdom." My countrymen had always regarded Santa Barbara with especial favor. There was nothing very attractive in the appearance of the place itself, in the buildings, streets, or situation, but the climate was far superior to that of any place north of it, and the principal families there had, at an early date, offered attractions to visitors which they could not resist. Don Carlos

Carrilla, a man whose dignified and noble appearance would command observation in any company, and whose high respectability was never questioned, gave his five daughters to American husbands, all of said husbands being of good and respectable standing; one of them was American Consul at the Sandwich Islands over twenty years, and all the others were his equals. And these husbands also gained wives who would reflect credit on them in any civilized community. The dwellers at Jamaica Plain, of a few years past, will recognize in one of them the noble-looking Spanish lady, now a widow, and resident there with her beautiful daughters.

Santa Barbara, in 1840, with its sparse population, had identified its interests with the States by giving nine of its fairest daughters to be American wives. Don Jose Noriega was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew; all respectable foreigners, who visited the place previous to our occupation of it, can testify to the unbounded hospitality and kind attentions of himself and his good lady. He was considered by some as a very austere man, and a bigoted Catholic. From my long acquaintance with him I can say that his house was truly a house of prayer, for the frequency and fervor of his devotions were such as to cause me, a Protestant, to feel condemned at my own shortcomings, while for strict integrity in all his business transactions, it is not saying too much to assert that California, at the present time, may have his equal, but not his superior. I have no sneer to cast upon those who differ from me in religious matters. In my somewhat extended acquaintance with Catholics, the world over, I am happy to recall as my friends a number whom I knew to possess all the Christian graces that adorn humanity. One of Don Jose Noriega's daughters was the wife of a Boston gentleman, previous to the Mexican war. She had completed her education in the United States, and returned with her husband to California, leaving her eldest daughter at a celebrated school for young ladies, and a son preparing to enter as a cadet at West Point. I always felt that during Señor Noriega's life, if I should be in distress of any kind that needed the active and substantial assistance of a friend, I should call upon him in preference to any of my own countrymen. As a specimen of his harshness and austerity, I will relate an incident which occurred while he was Commandant under the Mexican rule.

During the contraband times, Don Jose had intimation that an American vessel was doing an unlawful business at Refugio, just above Santa Barbara, and sent some soldiers up to look into the matter. They found the Captain at a ranche selling goods, and brought him prisoner to Santa Barbara, the boat escaping to the ship. The culprit was examined by the dreaded Commandant, and found guilty. A sentence of confiscation and imprisonment was pronounced. All the horrors of a Spanish prison rose before his imagination; the loss of liberty was certain, and perhaps a lingering death, and the ruin of the voyage highly probable. "Captain," said the judge, "you are guilty, and must suffer the penalty; you must go from hence to prison, but you may have the choice of confinement in the calaboose, or of being a prisoner at my house." Of course the latter was preferred, and the treatment received at the hands of his jailer was of this kind: the best room, with the best bed in the house, was his place of incarceration. A servant every morning brought to his bedside, before the prisoner was up, a bowl of rich chocolate, served up on a heavy silver waiter, all the other vessels being of the same material, after which he was politely invited to breakfast with the family. Then followed family prayers, and the "heretic" was duly presented at the throne of grace, and then informed that he could go where he chose, only with the injunction that if he was not back to dinner he would be sent for. The prisoner was allowed to send instructions to the mate to go away with the vessel, and return in three months. He did so; and the conclusion of the whole matter was, the Captain was allowed to join his vessel, receiving pay for the confiscated goods from the Commandant, at the highest prices, and he was dismissed with the injunction to "go and sin no more." And this was a man whom I have heard named as a bigoted Catholic. Perhaps he was: he was also a Christian gentleman; and well might the prisoner exclaim, as he was released from the silken bonds,—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Catholic."

The Padre President of the Missions in California, whom I frequently met at the table of Don Jose, was a quiet, fine-looking old gentleman; he was regarded by all who knew him as a man of piety and learning, of strictly moral character, and whose life was in accordance with his exalted station. One day at dinner, I noticed that the good father, instead of using the silver spoons and clean knives and forks provided for the company, took from a greasy looking pouch which he carried in his pocket a remnant of a knife which had once been a common table implement, but was now reduced to about two inches of blade, a fork minus the handle, and an iron spoon, all of which were quite rusty, and seemed to have been his travelling companions for many years. I inquired the reason for this singularity, and was told, that at the departure of each missionary from the College of San Fernando, in Mexico (the mother of all the California missions), they are provided with these articles at the expense of the establishment, and are prohibited from using any others. Some of the priests of the Mission are given to immoral practices, according to the showing of their own people. Cannot those of every denomination say the same of their own?

CHAPTER XXX.

A VOYAGE TO CHINA.

A FINE run from the coast brought us to anchor outside of the reef at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, about the first of July. Having lost a number of my crew by desertion, it was necessary to call here and obtain men. I found quite a respectable looking town, with a decided American appearance; handsome brick and frame buildings, with numerous stores and shops, and an abundant display of every variety of goods to be found among civilized people. The population, so largely foreign, among which Americans predominate, presented a wonderful contrast to the time I first knew the place before a missionary had landed here, and the king and his people were savages.

On entering the harbor with my boat, I was pulling by a whale-ship moored in the cove, and recognized in her the *Eugene*, formerly of Boston, but now hailing from Honolulu. Having formerly sailed in her, I called on board. The Captain said she was a good, sound, and staunch vessel; he had commanded her six years, and was part owner. In reply to my question, he said she was about twelve years old, but not over thirteen; and he was quite astonished when I assured him that I was second mate of that very ship twenty-nine years ago, when she belonged to John Pratt & Son, of Boston. The builders of that ship may feel gratified in knowing that the *Eugene* was so long a substantial witness of their faithful construction. On landing, the principal business of the whole population seemed to me to be in preparing to celebrate the Fourth of July, which was near at hand. I was strongly urged to remain and participate in the festivities, but having obtained my men, and a supply of fruit and vegetables, I sailed again after a stay of thirteen hours; and here it seems a fitting place to make mention of the first celebration of the "Fourth" ever observed at these islands.

Forty-five years ago the Boston ships *O'Cain*, Captain Jonathan Winship, Jr., the *Albatross*, Captain Nathan Winship, and the *Isabella*, Captain Wm. H. Davis, were moored in this snug and then recently-discovered harbor, where they were shortly after blockaded by the *Cherub*, and other British men-of-war, and kept there during the whole period of the war with England. The wonder is that these ships were not captured or destroyed in the port, which fate would have been in character with the cowardly attack and destruction of the frigate *Essex* in a like neutral port, by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. The log-book of the *Albatross*, which I have before me, says: "A tent was erected on shore, and a dinner given to whoever may choose to attend. Thirteen guns were fired from each of the ships at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and were replied to by as many guns from the king.

The ships displayed their colors, and fireworks were let off in the evening in commemoration of American independence." At that time the only pilot to the new harbor was the King Tamaahmaah the First, who, with his royal double canoes, each seventy-five feet in length, manned by two hundred brawny arms, always first boarded each vessel that arrived, and, taking command, brought her within the harbor. Those were famous days when the royal pilot stood up, and, with his sword in hand, directed the motion of a hundred paddles. The brothers Winship were as true patriots as ever sailed under the Stars and Stripes, and, with the consent of the noble savage, they determined to celebrate their nation's birthday. Under a shady grove of cocoa-nut trees, a royal banquet was prepared, such as the days of Tamaahmaah only witnessed; mats and tables were spread on the open plain near the King's residence, and His Majesty, the warm friend of the foreigner, ordered his servants to prepare liberally for the feast. In addition to the provision made by the Americans, the tables and mats were profusely supplied by the royal bounty. It was a grand day. Ten thousand natives crowded around to participate and witness the feast. Ever since that day the Fourth of July has been held in high esteem by the natives; they hail it with joy, and enter with as much zest and enthusiasm into the celebration of American Independence, as if it were their own national day.

Three days out from Honolulu we had *our* celebration of the Fourth. Gliding pleasantly on our course over a summer sea, the too moderate breezes of the trade-winds gently swelling every sail that could be spread — breezes so fixed and steady to one point, that the position of a sail need not be changed for days or weeks—and the weather warm enough to have the awnings spread fore and aft — the monotony of the scene I was glad of an opportunity to disturb. Our supplies of fresh provisions, vegetables, fruit, etc., were abundant. Therefore the order was given the previous evening to the cook and steward to get up a good dinner for fore and aft. Next morning the colors were hoisted at half-past eleven, and all hands were called aft to form a circle around the capstan to listen, uncovered, to the reading of the Declaration of Independence by one of the boys (Charlie, a son of Robert Rantoul, Jr.), who was mounted on the bright drum-head of the capstan. At noon the awnings were furled, and a salute of one gun for each State fired. The steward concocted and served out to each one of the crew a tumbler of punch, and then followed an hour at dinner, and liberty to skylark till eight bells. In long passages I have always embraced such occasions to relieve the irksomeness of a long road, and have felt that such a policy was productive of good feeling and harmony all round.

Owing to a very light trade-wind, we did not make the Loo Choo Islands until July 30th, and did not get clear of the group until three days after. We entered the "Chusan" group of islands on the coast of China, and taking a pilot outside river Yangtzeekiang, arrived at "Woosung" August 5th.

In entering Woosung, the ship, having quick way on her, and in charge of a pilot, met a fleet of large junks coming out; one of them, by the mismanagement of her crew, came in contact with the ship. The flues of one of our anchors, and the fore-yard arm, stripped the bamboo masts out of the junk as if they had been pipe-stems; the ship's headway was not checked, nor a scratch received.

At Woosung we found the steamer *Confucius*, belonging to the Chinese Government. She had on board a part of the officers and crew of the United States Frigate *Macedonian*, which was lying at Shanghae, and was bound down the coast to break up a nest of pirates who were committing depredations near by this port. After anchoring, I sent the pilot on shore to purchase fresh provisions for the ship. This fellow was an old Scotch sailor, and is said to be as good a pilot as any one on the river. "Mac" has his large and partly-decked boat, with a bamboo house on the stern, of Chinese construction, in which he lives with his family,—that is, what he calls such. I saw a Chinawoman's head, while she was looking through a bamboo grating of the hurricane house, but what else there was inside I did not ascertain. Mac returned to the ship about dark, drunk, and without any supplies. I refused to let him on board, and advised him to drop his craft astern, and retire to the hurricane house and recruit; he did so, and there soon appeared to be a hurricane in the house, probably got up by Mrs. Mac. During the evening the pilot had a call from the captain of the junk, which was dismasted while the ship was entering the port: no doubt he was seeking to recover damages; however, they made such a "bobbery," that the mate cast off the pilot-boat rope and let the belligerent parties drop away from the ship, to settle the matter. The next morning the pilot came on board in good shape, when we hove up the anchor and proceeded up river to Shanghae, twelve miles distant, anchoring near the "Bund," or foreign part of the city.

Calling upon the house of Russell & Co., and consigning the ship to them, I was politely invited to take a room at their house, which in a few days I did, and soon found that the invitation meant that I should enjoy the unbounded hospitality of Messrs. Cunningham and Gray — the gentlemen who represented the house.

Remained at Shanghae about three months, without any incident occuring worthy of record.

We loaded with silk and teas, and sailed for New York November 14th, clearing the river on the 20th. After passing the islands at the entrance, we took the strong north-east monsoon, and made fine progress down through the channel of Formosa, and passed Pedro Branca on the 25th. The same morning one of the crew was found dead in his berth; he had been sick in port, and never recovered from a weakness which wasted him away. At noon the colors were hoisted at half-mast, the service for the dead was read over him, and his remains, sewed up in his hammock, were committed to a sailor's grave.

December 5th entered the Straits of Banca, and anchored for the night near Great Nankin Island;

and on the 8th, in the Straits of Sunda, came to near North Island. Here we were boarded by some Malay boats from Angier, and from them obtained a large supply of sweet potatoes, plantain, mangosteen, pine-apples and cocoa-nuts, fowls, paddy, Java sparrows, and monkeys. We were detained by calms, and did not get clear of the Straits until January 1st. Off the Cape of Good Hope, on the 29th, we experienced the severest gale of the voyage, but met with no damage. Two days after, passed the Cape of Good Hope with a strong south-easter, having a fine view of Table Mountain. Crossed the Equator February 23d, in longitude 36.50, and arrived at New York March 21st, having performed the voyage round without splitting a sail or losing a spar.

And now, in bringing these sketches to a close, I desire to express my deep obligations to an overruling Providence, who has shielded and protected me in all my wanderings. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits!"

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